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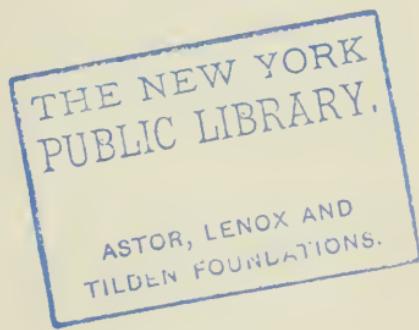
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Pilgrim Meeting House.

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VIEWS FROM PLYMOUTH ROCK;

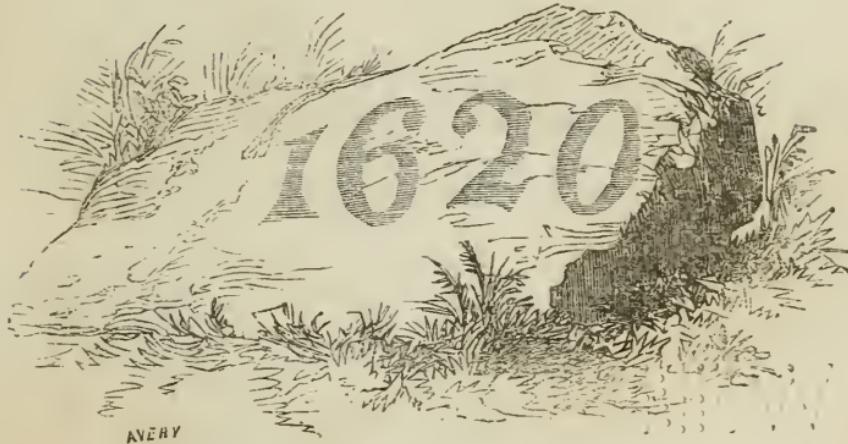
A SKETCH OF THE

EARLY HISTORY OF THE PLYMOUTH COLONY.

Designed for Young People.

BY *Zachariah A. Mudge*,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHRISTIAN STATESMAN," "FOREST BOY," ETC.

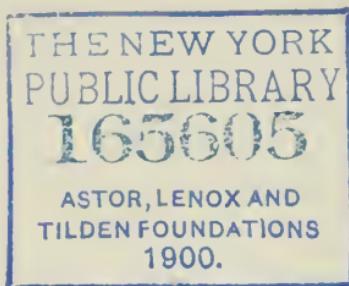


SIX ILLUSTRATIONS.

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P R E F A C E.

THIS sketch of Plymouth Colony is confined, as the title-page states, to its early history; yet it embraces the principal facts in the career of the Mayflower Pilgrims. It is mainly an attempt to present in a popular form, for the gratification and instruction of young people, the narratives of Bradford and Winslow, of late for the first time published in their unmutilated form. No liberty has been taken with the facts to make a lively story at the expense of the truth of history.

We take pleasure in acknowledging our indebtedness to articles in “The Sabbath at Home,” on “The Footprints of the Pilgrims,” written by Rev. Dr. H. M. Dexter, of Boston.

We desire that this unambitious effort may stimulate the youth of our country to study and emulate the integrity and genuine piety of the founders of our Republic.

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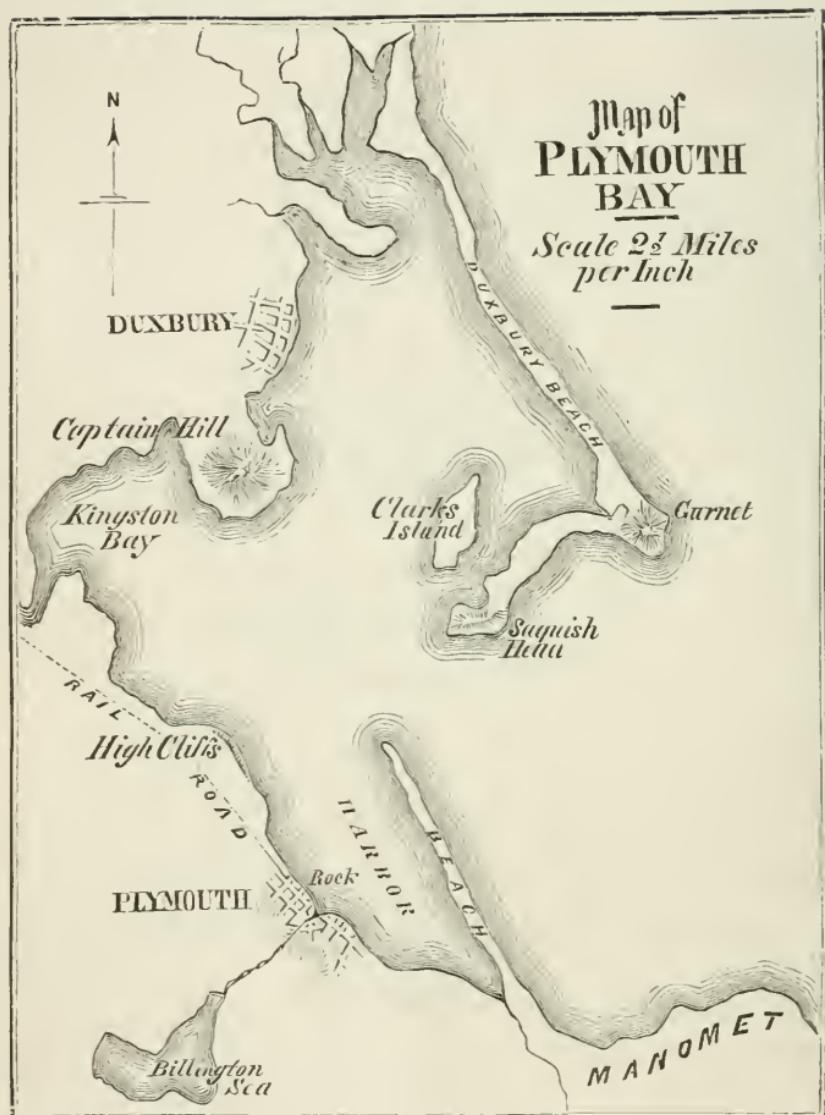
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Map of Plymouth Rock.

VIEWS FROM PLYMOUTH ROCK.

CHAPTER I.

THE EARLY HOME OF THE PILGRIMS.

THE interest connected with *Views from Plymouth Rock* cannot be fully appreciated without some acquaintance with a locality far away from it. As these views extend to a people who have widely scattered from this center, forming villages and cities and States in the New World, so they glance back to a few despised persons in the Old World—the fathers of them all. We propose to fix our attention upon these, and to follow them through the well-fought fields of moral conflict, until they are settled about the Rock which they have rendered famous.

Taking, then, an ocean steamer from an American port, we cross the Atlantic, pass through

the English Channel to the Thames, and land in London. Here, entering the cars, we turn our faces northward, and after a ride of one hundred and forty-eight miles, every one of which is full of interest to the stranger from the New World, we step out at the obscure village of Scrooby. It lies in Nottinghamshire, on its extreme northern border, near where it joins Yorkshire, and not far from the border of Lincolnshire. The noble river Trent passes near it, and joins the Humber about twenty-five miles further north; and the shore of the North Sea is forty miles to the east.

Scrooby is of itself even less important than our own Plymouth. We leave the railroad station and walk about the vicinity, and see nothing not usual in an English rural district. It is a rolling country, with highly cultivated lands which have been reclaimed from meadows, and fields neatly divided by green hedgerows. Here is a small but venerable-looking church, well constructed of smooth hewn stone. Within its walls the humble villagers have worshiped

for at least seven hundred years. Externally it has remained unaltered from its erection. Near it is a small Methodist chapel, which reminds us of a New-England school-house in a past generation.

But that which most demands our attention is a pasture-lot on one side of the village. Let us take our stand under a group of aged sycamores near its center. This area is surrounded by "a moat" or ditch, now dry. On the north side is the streamlet Ryton. On our right, as we face the stream, is the railroad whose bridge spans the Ryton, adding to the beauty of the scene. Near to the stream is a curious-looking farm-house, with its out-buildings. Standing just here, viewing things as they are, we will endeavor to describe them as they were a little more than two hundred and fifty years ago.

On the spot pressed by our feet there stood "the manor-house of the bishop" having the oversight of the Churches of the vicinity. It was one of the lordly mansion of the times.

It was built of heavy timber, and inclosed by an inner and outer wall within the moat, showing that the spiritual leaders of those days were much afraid of the carnal weapons of the wicked. Nothing remains of this manor-house now, except a part of its “room of state,” or reception-room, which has been put to the mean purpose of forming portions of the frame of the cow-house of the present cottage. In this mansion kings and queens, and other great personages, had rested for the night on their journey from London to the capital of Scotland; for Scrooby was on the great mail road between those places. Here, in the season for game, bishops from surrounding manors came to hunt; and it is still more sad to record, they came at other times to enjoy its nearness to a race-course, whose sports they delighted to witness. To this mansion the celebrated Cardinal Wolsey retired when dismissed in anger from the presence of the King whom he had served at the peril of his soul; and it was at the time he was here that he bitterly exclaimed,

“If I had served the God of heaven as faithfully as I did my master on earth, he had not forsaken me in my old age.”

And here in this manor-house, after it had ceased to be an Episcopal mansion, in 1606, commenced the *Pilgrim Church* whose members made the Plymouth settlement—a vine which, transplanted to the rocky soil of New England, has spread its rich foliage and choice fruit over the North American continent.

How there came to be a Church in this place, and what kind of a Church it was, we shall briefly state.

For many years the professed people of God had been contending about *ceremonies* of religious worship and the *discipline* of the Church. For about fifty years the Protestants had ruled the country; but many thought that too great a number of the *forms* of the Roman Catholic Church were still in use. Good men, and even the bishops and great men, were divided in opinion about these questions; but Queen Elizabeth, whose long reign ended in 1603,

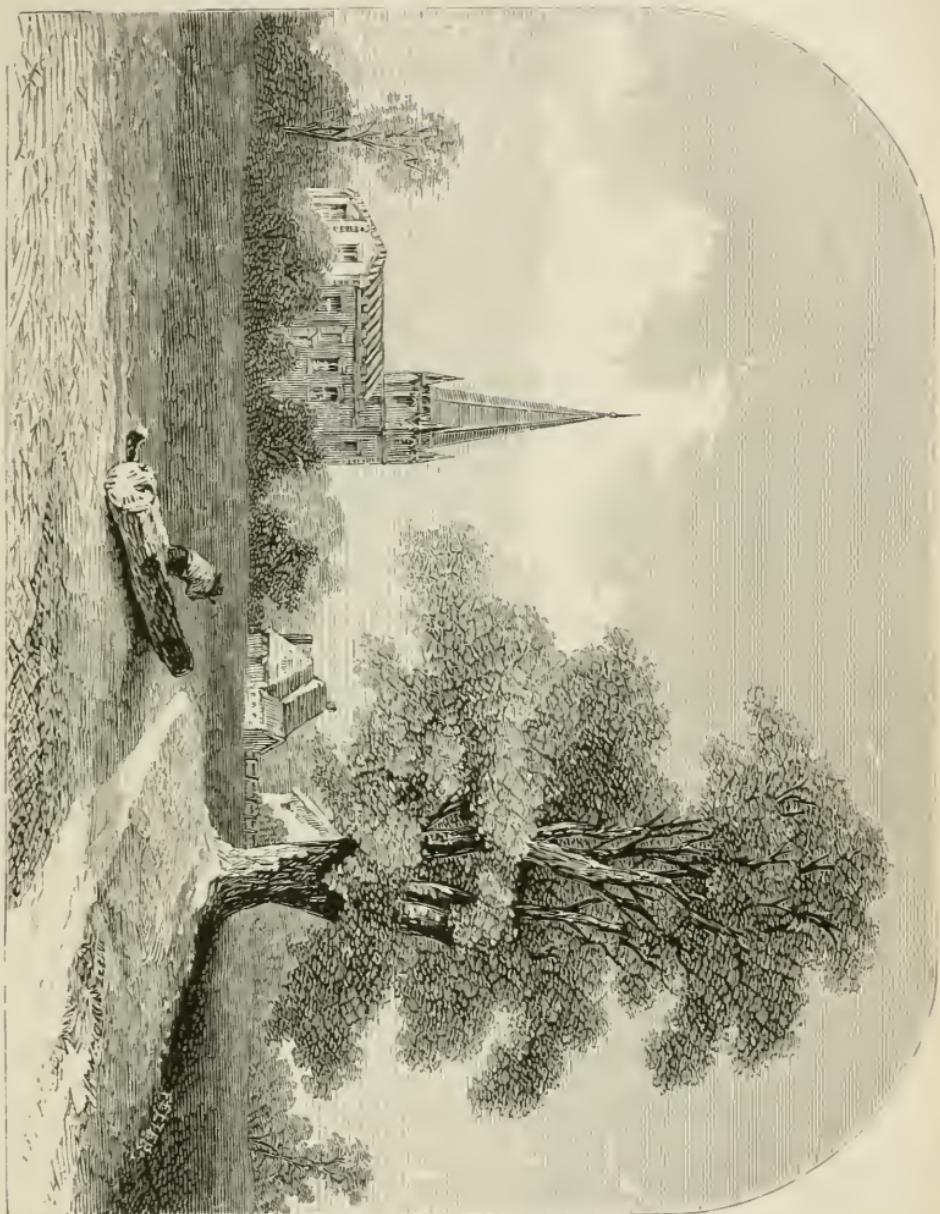
although a Protestant, favored forms and ceremonies; and the weak-minded, fickle, and unprincipled James I., who now reigned, did the same with less intelligence and more obstinacy. He declared, with loud and threatening words, that he would make those who disliked the ceremonies of worship in the Church "conform," or "harry them out of the land, or do worse." Some of the forms about which this King of a great nation became so angry appear trifling enough. Certain ministers, in their complaints to the government, say that they were arrested, fined, and imprisoned for matters of small moment, as they thought, such as singing the psalm "Now dismiss us" in the morning; putting the questions to the "godfathers" instead of to the infants, at baptism; for not lifting up the cross in baptism; and omitting the ring in marriage!

No wonder some became prejudiced, and engaged in bitter opposition to the State Church. Others, more reasonable, wished simply to see

the wheat separated from the chaff. In the midst of these contentions there were little groups scattered over the land whose hearts were sincerely and earnestly set upon loving God and being saved in heaven. Some of these were members of the State Church, and loved its ceremonies, except the Roman Catholic vanities ; others would have nothing to do with it, and were willing to suffer ; and some of them did suffer the loss of all things, even life itself, for this conscientious belief. How strange that the King, and the other rulers of the country, did not allow all men to think and act as they pleased in these matters, while they did not interfere with the rights of others, leaving them to give account to God only. But the *freedom* we enjoy has grown slowly, and cost much.

The Church in the manor-house was a company of these pious people. They had felt King James's *harrow*, and it had teased and lacerated them. They loved and held Church fellowship with the truly holy in the Church

of which the King was the chief earthly shepherd, but believed very strongly that the people of God should be “independent” of all such rule. These persons belonged not only in Scrooby, but in Austerfields, Gainsborough, Bawtry, Babworth, Worksops, and other neighboring parishes. Many of their ministers, who could not conscientiously “conform,” were turned away from their pulpits and met at times with them. Common sufferings and wrongs, and a common faith, make a strong bond of union, and the Church in the manor-house lived as brethren. The large and aristocratic rooms of this ancient home of the great were strange places of meeting for these despised and persecuted Christians; but its landlord at that time was one of their warmest friends and most self-sacrificing adherents. His name was William Brewster, a man with whose intimate acquaintance we shall be pleased and instructed. He was now, at the commencement of their Church in 1606, about forty-six years of age. He had long been a member of the State



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Church ; but the enforcement of the law against those who did not conform to all its ceremonies had driven him to these people, and to the adoption of their views. He was at the time a postmaster under King James. The business of the office was very different from that which now bears this name. His duty was to keep horses and men to pass the messages of the government between certain places. The common people had no mail in those days. Brewster occupied the mansion because he held this office ; and very welcome did he make the ministers and people who here sought to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences. They had Richard Clifton for their first pastor. “He was a grave and fatherly old man, with a great white beard.” He had been parish minister at Babworth, and had been very useful and greatly beloved, but was now “cast out.” A young minister by the name of Robinson was chosen their “teacher,” and Mr. Brewster their “ruling elder.” This Church was very free in its mode of worship. The

pastor took of course the lead of the religious instruction in their stated service. But the “teaching elder” had a prominent part, and the “ruling elder,” although it did not belong to his office to do so, made free remarks. These intelligent and pious members of the Church were often called upon to speak in reference to the Scripture which had been explained. Thus it had somewhat of the special character well fitted to their peculiar relation to each other. But they were allowed the enjoyment of these precious privileges only a short time. The agents of the King were set diligently at work “to harry them out of the land.” Brewster, who had as his friends “the good gentlemen of those parts,” besides being an officer of the crown, was a shining mark. His office was taken from him, and an implied “leave to quit” the manor-house granted. He was also commanded to appear before the court to answer to the charges held against him for his mode of worship; and, as he did not appear, was fined a hundred dollars. As the master of the

house was thus smitten, the religious family began to think of seeking a new home where they might worship God in peace in their own way. Thus commenced the early wanderings of our pilgrim fathers.

CHAPTER II.

W A N D E R I N G S.

THE attempted arrest of Brewster, and the fine imposed upon him, were followed by attacks upon the whole Church worshiping at the manor-house. One of their number says: "Some were taken and clapped into prison; others had their houses beset, and watched night and day, they barely escaping; while the most part were fain to fly and leave all—habitations, friends, and means of living." In these trials Brewster was a "special stay and help to them." He was one of the oldest of their number, the most experienced in public affairs, and possessed the greatest wealth. It is evident that his counsel was decisive in guiding their course. Finding that they could not live in peace in their fatherland he directed their attention to Holland. In the wars which had raged for many

years between the Protestants and Roman Catholics, in which Spain had used her great power on the side of Rome, the Low Countries of Holland fought bravely for religious liberty. With the help of England their enemies were driven back, and a truce of twelve years was declared. The Dutch then offered a home to the persecuted of all nations, and with them all might worship God as their consciences dictated.

To Holland, therefore, the pilgrims unanimously decided to go. It was a hard decision, requiring the sacrifice of very much that was dear to them. They were, with few exceptions, plain tillers of the soil, and strangers to traffic and mechanical employments. If they removed they would be in a foreign country, among a people unlike themselves, with whose language and mode of business they were unacquainted. They loved their native land, with all its faults; or rather, in spite of all they had suffered from its wicked rulers. A large circle of kindred and Christian friends must be left behind. But they were willing to submit to all

these privations that they might worship God in peace. They prized that above all earthly good.

Having made their preparations to go, a new difficulty appeared. All the ports were shut against them, and the officers of the law were watching at every point to prevent their departure. They could go only in private ways, at great expense, which they could poorly afford, and running at the same time as great risk of detection and punishment as if they were fugitives from crime. But none of these things daunted them. Brewster with a large company went to Boston, the nearest port which seemed to afford a chance of escape, chartered a ship for their sole use, and at the appointed time repaired to the place at which she was to receive them. But neither ship nor captain was there. With increased expense and painful solicitude they waited many days. The ship came at last, and took them and their goods on board; but as soon as they were in the power of the captain he gave them up into the hands of their enemies, with whom he had made an agree-

ment for this purpose. The officers placed them in open boats, ransacked their goods, and indecently searched the persons of men and women for money. Their books, among which was the fine library of Brewster, their money, and the large part of their goods, were taken from them. They were then hurried into the town, where the people came in crowds from all quarters to gaze at them. They were next presented to the magistrates, who seemed to have had some pity for them, but dared not release them until they heard from the higher authorities; they were, therefore, thrown into prison, in which they were confined for a month. At the end of this time all but seven were dismissed to return to their old homes in and about Scrooby. The seven, among whom was Brewster, were held for trial at the higher court.

These events carried them to the spring of 1608, when a portion of the same company, with others, made another attempt to escape to Holland. They proceeded very cautiously this time with their arrangements. Going to Hull,

a port on the Humber, some thirty miles north of Scrooby, they met a Dutchman with his ship just from his own country. Hoping that he would be more faithful than the other captain had been, they arranged to meet him on a common at an obscure place on the shore of the Humber, not far from its mouth. To this place the goods were forwarded with the women and children, in a hired boat, while the men proposed to go by land. The boat arrived before the ship, and the sea being rough and the women sea-sick, they persuaded the captain of the boat to put into a quiet creek, where, at low water, they were aground. In the morning the ship came, and the captain immediately commenced taking the men on board who were standing upon the shore. He had taken but one boat-load, and was about to send the boat for the remainder, when a body of armed men, infantry and cavalry, came suddenly upon them. The Dutch captain threw up his hands, exclaiming his country's oath, weighed anchor, hoisted sails, and put to sea.

Here now was a scene of anguish. Those of the men on shore who had most to fear from arrest made their escape, and the rest remained to relieve, if possible, and comfort those in the boat. They needed comforters surely! Many of their husbands, fathers, and protectors were in the ship. The dreaded enemies were rushing upon all who remained. Mothers felt their own utter helplessness, while the children clung to them trembling with fear and cold.

They were taken by the officers and hurried from one magistrate to another, none seeming to know what to do with them. The officers had, in their zeal for a bad cause, pounced upon a prey not worth taking. Their small amount of goods would hardly pay the trouble of thus carrying them about the country. To imprison so many women and children simply because they had attempted to follow their husbands and fathers might raise a storm of reproach, and possibly not be approved by their masters. Even a kind attempt to send them to their homes would be difficult, since those homes had been so gen-

erally broken up for a prospective settlement abroad. So sad, indeed, was their condition, that sympathy was excited for them not only in the obscure region where they were arrested, but in the not distant towns of Hull, Grimsby, and Boston. So a way was opened to relieve the burdened officers of their prisoners, and to supply the wants of the latter. Thus stimulated in heart and hope, the most of them immediately renewed their efforts to escape.

While these efforts were being made, the fugitives in the ship which had so suddenly left were enduring "a great fight of afflictions." They wrung their hands in anguish as they saw the arrest of their loved ones, knowing that imprisonment or destitute wanderings were before them. As to themselves, they possessed nothing but the poor apparel on their persons. To add to their distress a fearful storm arose. For seven days neither sun, moon, nor stars appeared. They were driven violently to the coast of Norway. The ship seemed about to sink, and the sailors themselves with shrieks

gave up all for lost. This was the time to test the faith of the Christian pilgrims. Says one of their number: "With fervent prayers they cried unto the Lord in their distress, even when the briny waters were running into their mouth and ears, and the mariners were crying out, 'We sink! we sink!' They without distraction, but with great faith, cried, 'Yet, Lord, thou canst save; yet, Lord, thou canst save!'"

From this moment the ship began to be manageable, and the fierceness of the tempest to abate; "and," says the narrator, "the Lord filled their afflicted minds with such comforts as every one cannot understand."

After fourteen days of buffettings upon the sea they arrived safely at Amsterdam. Here many people flocked to see them, wondering at their escape, so violent had been the storm and great the damage upon the coast.

Early in the summer all had come over, "some at one time and some at another." Their pastor, Mr. Robinson, and Elder Brewster, though most exposed to arrest, were the

last to leave the English shore, having nobly exposed their own liberty and life the longest to help the weak and timid.

Their historian says: "Being now come into the Low Countries they saw many goodly and fortified cities, strongly walled and guarded with troops of armed men. Also they heard a strange and uncouth language, and beheld the different manners of the people, with their strange fashions and attires; all so far differing from their plain country villages wherein they were bred and born, and had so long lived, as it seemed they were come into a new world. But those were not the things they looked on, or long took up their thoughts; for they had other work in hand, and another kind of war to wage and maintain. For though they saw fair and beautiful cities, flowing with abundance of all sorts of wealth and riches, yet it was not long before they saw the frightful face of poverty coming on them like an armed man, with whom they must buckle and encounter, and from whom they could not fly.

But they were armed with faith and patience against him and all his encounters ; and though they were sometimes foiled, yet by God's assistance they prevailed and got the victory."

At Amsterdam the pilgrims found two Churches of English refugees, who like themselves had come here to worship God in peace. One had been in the city some years, having come from London, and had a Mr. Johnson for pastor. One of the pilgrims says : " This Church had one ancient widow for a deaconess, who did them service for many years, though she was sixty years of age when she was chosen. She honored her place and was an ornament to the congregation. She usually sat in a convenient place in the congregation, with a little birchen rod in her hand, and kept little children in great awe of disturbing the congregation."

That good woman if she had lived in our day, would have made a grand Sunday-school teacher, only she would, no doubt, have conformed to the times and left the " little birchen rod " at home.

The other English Church at Amsterdam had a Mr. Smith for their pastor; they had recently come from the vicinity of Scrooby. Mr. Johnson's Church was suffering by divisions among its members, and was also having some strife with Mr. Smith's people. The Pilgrim Church was at peace with both, and had unity at home; and, as they desired to seek those things which make peace, and feared the influence of the strife of their neighbors, they decided to move again. The sacrifice in doing so was great, but the end they sought was to them precious.

CHAPTER III.

S O J O U R N I N G .

THE place to which they determined to remove was Leyden, on the Rhine, thirty-eight miles from Amsterdam. In the winter of 1608-9 they forwarded a petition to the magistrates of that city for leave to come there "by the first of May next," to have the freedom of the city "in carrying on their trades without being burdensome to any one." The magistrates replied that they refused no honest persons the privileges of the city, and therefore "the coming of the memorialists will be agreeable and welcome."

It was early in the summer of 1609 when our emigrant company started for Leyden. They had been from their English homes one year, long enough to be prepared for the strange appearance of this ancient city. It is

built on thirty islands, formed by the two branches of the Rhine, the "New" and the "Old," and canals, connected by numerous bridges. Instead of our modern omnibuses and horse-cars were various water-crafts for passengers and freight. Here were famous old churches, which even then had stood for several hundred years, and which may be seen to-day, looking very much as in the pilgrim days. Here were dwelling-houses with curious gables, in true Dutch style. Many fine streets met their gaze, with shady walks and noble buildings. A busy population of many nations was here, recent wars in other parts of Germany having driven multitudes to Leyden for a place of safety. Among the general throng a small but peculiar class must have attracted the attention of the pilgrims; they were the students of its famous university.

"Leyden," exclaimed one of the pilgrims, "is a fair, beautiful city, of a sweet situation." "Of a sweet situation" truly, as they were now viewing it in the midst of surrounding verdure,

extending over the level district of Rhine land with its seventy villages, tufted groves, numerous flocks and herds, and countless windmills. Nearer than these beautiful sights, skirting the city, were the grim evidences of the spirit of the times, in walls, towers, and watchful soldiers.

But not long could these things attract their attention. They had other and more painful subjects of thought. Their situation was more embarrassing than ever before. The detentions, imprisonments, and robberies which they had experienced in England, the high rates of passage to Amsterdam, their unsettled state in that city, and their present removal, had nearly exhausted their means, small at the beginning.

But a band who had suffered so much thus far for conscience' sake were not easily dismayed at fresh trials. They were but new lessons of which there were to be many more of increased severity before their life's mission was accomplished.

In deciding the question, How shall our daily wants be supplied? it was a favorable circumstance that the pilgrims were both able and willing to work. But in a population suddenly increased by foreign and germane strangers paying employment was not always to be obtained. We are sorry we are not permitted through a window made by the minute records of some one of their number to look upon their daily life. There was among them a young man by the name of Bradford, who had come with them from Scrooby, of whom we shall soon know much that will interest us. He *might* have opened such a window. What we have already stated, and what we shall state of their affairs we owe to his pen. But he allows us to see only a little where we would like to know very much. We suppose he did not think the world would ever care about what they did or how they fared. How little men think what records, or what *materials* for records, they are making for future time and for eternity!

As their aged Pastor had remained with the brethren of the other Churches in Amsterdam, their first care was to supply his place; this they did by electing his young assistant, John Robinson. William Brewster was their Ruling Elder. The little flock seem to have provided conscientiously in their poverty for their Pastor. His habits of life were simple, and no doubt he made their burden as light as possible.

From the feeble light given us by Mr. Bradford we know something of the daily life of the members. He says: "Being now here pitched, they fell to such trades and employments as they best could, valuing peace and their spiritual comfort above any other riches whatsoever; and at length they came to raise a competent and comfortable living, and with hard and continual labor."

Of Brewster's and Bradford's employment in the city, and concerning their worldly condition, we know more. Brewster, who had, as we have seen, been a man of some wealth, was now poor. He had liberally distributed "to the necessities

of the saints" until his worldly condition was a very humble one. Besides, his own immediate family consisted of seven persons; and numerous former dependents and domestics had followed his fortunes into Germany, for whom he had *a great charge.*" Of all others, he at this moment needed "faith in God." Most happily for him, and the whole company of whom he was an acknowledged leader, he did not lack that faith. Though his education had been that of the college and court, and his associates the great and wealthy, he was not now idle. In spirit he gave "an example of cheerful contentment with his lot;" and in the time of his greatest need God afforded him an opportunity of becoming an example of diligence in business. By his early training he was a good Latin scholar. The business between England and Leyden had, by the peculiar circumstances of the times, greatly increased, and it was very desirable, therefore, for young men to be acquainted with both languages. Many, especially of the university, were already

good Latin scholars. This afforded them a means of communication with Brewster, and they came to him to learn English. A class was formed; some from families of high distinction. Under these circumstances he turned for support to the occupation of teaching. Danes as well as Germans were among his scholars. He prepared a grammar after the plan of the Latin grammar, and their progress in learning the English was very gratifying. Thus his own wants were supplied in a manner both honorable and agreeable to himself.

Later in his stay at Leyden he was engaged, by the aid of some friends, in publishing religious books. One of them was written by his Pastor, Mr. Robinson, and was a defense of freedom for all in religious worship, such as they had come to Leyden to enjoy. Such works he could not have published in England without being liable to imprisonment and the loss of both books and press. But the books now found their way to England. They were slyly but eagerly read by thousands; and thus

what King James meant to prevent by driving such men away from his dominions was greatly aided. He meant to keep the common people ignorant, and so in subjection, concerning great religious and political questions. So little can even *kings* do against God's truth! But the King was, of course, very angry to be thus defeated in his plans. He had an ambassador living at the Hague, near to Leyden. He commanded him to endeavor to have the printing of such books prevented, and the publishers who had been engaged in it hunted up and punished. Though Holland was not his country, the Prince of Orange, its ruler, wishing to please him, consented to have this done. But to prevent the circulation of such books King James must needs first know where they were printed, and to punish the publisher he must of necessity catch him. In this work he directed his ambassador to engage with a hearty good-will. The will proved *hearty*, but not so good nor well directed. At one time he reported to his master that he had caught the rogue. The next message was

rather humiliating, for he “had the honor of informing his Majesty” that the man caught was not the right one, since the scout who was employed by the magistrates for his apprehension, being a drunken fellow, “took one man for another.”

The ambassador, after full and painstaking inquiry, found out, or *thought* he found out, that, “A William Brewster hath been for some years an inhabitant and printer at Leyden, but is now within three weeks removed from hence, and gone back to dwell in London, where he may be found out and examined.” And again he writes: “I have made good inquiry after William Brewster at Leyden, and am well assured that he is not returned thither; neither is it likely he will, having removed from thence both his family and goods.”

This last note was written in August, 1619. How near the facts in the case its statements were we shall see in the course of our narrative.

Not being able to find Brewster, the zealous minister of King James turned his inquiries

after “the friends” who furnished money to publish the books. The printing-house was searched; types, books, and papers were seized and sealed.” He found one Brewer, who was guilty of supplying Brewster with some of the sinews of his moral war. Brewer was “a university man,” of wealth and high social position. He was arrested and put in prison, and ordered to England. But the officers of the university resented this, and roused the indignation of *the people*, if not of the government, and Brewer was set at liberty, “much to the satisfaction of the officers of the university, though not to the full content of the ambassador.”

Such were some of the ways in which King James annoyed the pilgrims even in their foreign retreat.

While the individual members of the pilgrim company were working with their hands, or otherwise laboring to secure an honest living, and were at the same time “suffering wrongfully” for Christ’s sake, they were, as in Am-

sterdam, at peace among themselves, "and lived together in love and holiness." If at any time the beginning of strife appeared, "it was nipped in the bud betimes, so that love, peace, and communion were continued." If any were "incurable," after much patience used, and no other means would serve, they were cut off; "but," their chronicler adds, "this seldom came to pass."

This chronicler, their now promising young member, William Bradford, recorded in later years this opinion of their Christian character while in Leyden: "Such was the humble zeal and fervent love of this people (while they thus lived together) toward God and his ways, and the single-heartedness and sincere affection of one toward another, that they came as near the primitive pattern of the first Churches as any other Church of these latter times has done, according to their rank and quality."

But this partial judgment of one of their own number was not the only favorable one given by those who well knew them. The

magistrates from their place of justice thus spoke a short time before the Pilgrim Church left the city: "These English have lived among us now these twelve years, and yet we never had any suit or accusation come against any of them."

Bradford closes his eulogy by stating a very significant fact. He says that, "Although it was very low with many of them at first, yet their word would be taken among the Dutch when they wanted money, because they had found by experience how careful they were to keep their word."

Still further, he says that the Dutch traders sought their custom because they were "so painful and diligent in their callings; and they employed them in preference to others for their honesty and diligence."

Truly these old-fashioned Christians had some good notions of the spiritual life. They kept their word when they borrowed money, so they could borrow, even in their poverty, of the same person a second time! Though it is not so

stated, very likely they did not often borrow at all. Then, though they had but little to spend, their custom was sought because they paid for what they purchased. It was entirely unnecessary for Bradford to say that they were employed in preference to others by their neighbors. Such persons always are. They are likely to be “faithful in all things.”

This Church had no help from the government of Holland in the support of their pastor, or in providing for themselves a place of worship, as some other Churches did, who were like them not of the State Church. “Certain influences prevented.” That is, we suppose, they did not like to displease King James; and the learned men of the university would have “preferred” their pastor, but they feared to give offense “to the State of England.”

The pilgrims had now been in Holland about twelve years, and increased in numbers, in worldly condition, and in the favor of God and man. But they were about to begin again their wanderings.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CHIEF PILGRIMS.

MANY persons from England and other parts were added to our pilgrim company during their eleven years sojourn in Leyden. Some of them became prominent, and took their place among the chief pilgrims. With these, and the leaders from Scrooby and its vicinity, we are about to cross the ocean, and to be with them “in perils by their own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren.” A more intimate acquaintance, therefore, at the start, will make our journeyings and intercourse more agreeable. We are very sorry that they have not been *more chatty* concerning their early history. This has been, we are persuaded, not because they stood upon their dignity, but from

modesty, they not thinking that the world would ever care to hear them talk of these matters. In this they were mistaken. The little that we do know of their early life we shall state, believing that it will be read with interest and profit.

Though we are about to part with the Rev. John Robinson, their pastor, his influence had for fourteen years been so great over them, and is to continue so great for some years, that we shall want to know more about him.

We cannot tell certainly where nor when he was born ; but the place was probably Gainsborough, a few miles east of Scrooby, and the time 1576. He graduated at one of the colleges of the Cambridge University ; was in early manhood minister of the State Church in Mundham, near Norwich, from which he was “teased” by the agents of King James for not “conforming” to the ceremonies and discipline of that Church. He soon became assistant pastor, as we have seen, to the venerable Clifton, in the Scrooby Church, at which place our acquaint-

ance with him commenced. *He was a man of very liberal spirit.* He saw Christ in all who truly loved him of every denomination. He gave his influence against dividing the family of Christ for a slight cause; “ever holding forth how wary persons ought to be in separating from a Church.” He insisted, “That till Christ the Lord departed wholly from a Church man ought not to leave it, only to bear witness against the corruption that was in it; and for schism and division, nothing in the world was more hateful to him;” and this became more his spirit as he increased in years.

Robinson was a man of close study and great learning, and was, six years after his removal to Leyden, admitted a member of the university. He was also a sharp and practiced debater, and, as is too seldom the case, seems to have sought to deal fairly with his opponent, being open to conviction when in error. There was going on at the university, during the later years of his stay there, a famous controversy between some of its distinguished professors concerning cer-

tain Christian doctrines. Robinson was chosen by those of like faith as one of their champions in the public debates. So well did he argue, that in the opinion, at least, of his friend Bradford, "he succeeded, and had the victory." What his Christian brethren, who differed from him on the points in debate, thought about "the victory," is not stated.

Mr. Robinson was a social and kind man in private intercourse, and after we have left him behind, in our voyage with the pilgrims, we shall be glad to hear from him by letter.

With William Brewster, or *Elder Brewster* as he is generally called, we have formed some acquaintance. The fortunes of the pilgrim band depended upon him, in their early movements, at least, more than upon any other person. They and their children's children felt the impress of his character in their social and political, but more especially in their religious life. Says a distinguished English historian: "This William Brewster was the most eminent person in the movement, and who, if that honor

is to be given to any single person, must be regarded as the father of New England."

Of his birthplace there is no certain record; but it may have been the village of Castle Hedingham, in the north of Essex county, forty-seven miles north-east of London, as an ancestral branch of his family lie buried in this vicinity for more than three hundred years, and the name of William is kept up through every generation. It is a family of fame and ability.

Castle Hedingham has the honor of being the birthplace of another great historic personage, in whom the American as well as English reader has a deep interest on account of his good deeds in behalf of the oppressed. We refer to Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, "The Christian Statesman."

Concerning the time of Elder Brewster's birth there is some uncertainty; but we shall, with his latest biographer, put it down in 1560.

His education was very "liberal." He early learned Latin, so as to be able to converse in it

and write it readily. “He also acquired some insight into Greek,” a language little studied then in comparison with Latin. He graduated in early manhood at the Cambridge University. “Here,” says his friend Bradford, “he was first seasoned with the seeds of grace and virtue.”

He left the university “for the court,” and entered the service of one of Queen Elizabeth’s ambassadors, William Davison. Brewster was not merely Davison’s servant, but his trusted and confidential friend ; his right-hand man. The ambassador was sent to the “Low Countries of Holland” at a very critical time in the Queen’s reign, and his friend accompanied him. An important treaty was executed by the minister, in accordance with which he took possession of several fortified towns in her majesty’s name, and transferred for a time the keys of one of them—Flushing—to Brewster. So the future pilgrim and elder slept with the keys of a fortress under his pillow, not far from the place where subsequently he was a fugitive from persecution for the rights of religious liberty.

Davison afterward became one of Queen Elizabeth's cabinet ministers, and most trusted and intimate advisers. But finally falling under her displeasure for faithfulness to her as well as to his country and his God, he was fined thirty thousand dollars, besides being shut up for years in *the Tower*, that old prison of many great and good persons as well as eminent criminals. When released he remained in private life and poverty until his death. As Brewster shared Davison's honors, so he shared the reproach which was heaped upon him. The historian of his time says: "He remained with Mr. Davison some good time after that he was put from his place, doing him many faithful offices of service in the time of his trouble."

Notwithstanding their sufferings at the hand of a fickle Queen, the ambassador and Brewster had many friends at court who remembered them kindly. It was through some of these, no doubt, that Brewster became "Post of Scrooby."

Such was the position, the training, and the

acknowledged talent of William Brewster before he became a member of the Church of the manor-house, where we were first introduced to him. We cannot fail to be interested in his history and character upon our own shores.

Brewster had five children, who lived to be known in connection with his history. Their *names* have not been bestowed upon the children of his numerous descendants, and are not likely to be revived with the increasing love for his memory. They were Jonathan, Patience, Fear, Love, and Wrestling. They no doubt expressed the feelings of their parents at their births.

The next chief pilgrim who attracts our more special attention is our young friend, William Bradford. We shall want to be very intimate with him. To understand his early history, let us go back to England and to Scrooby. Leaving the village and taking a pleasant walk northward, along the old London and York turnpike, we shall come in less than an hour to the hamlet of Bawtry, and just beyond its

railroad depot, to the right, see a sign, "Foot-path to Austerfield." If it is summer we shall be delighted with the walk thus indicated. It passes through green hedge-rows and rustic gates, and over stiles upon which we may pause and enjoy the sight of fields of waving golden grain, meadows in which the herds are grazing, and the pleasant cottage homes of the humble laborers. In a half hour we reach the village of Austerfield, containing about four hundred people. Here William Bradford was born; and we may, perhaps, pause to think that only a few miles from this place is the "long, straggling town of Epworth," where the Wesleys were born.

We shall not be long in finding the small, curious-looking Church of Austerfield, so unlike any American place of religious worship. It is the same, in its exterior form at least, as when Bradford was carried to it by his parents, for it was built about four hundred years before his day. The rough stone benches on either side of the old porch as you enter are the same

as when he lingered upon them before the service commenced, if indeed he was not taught the better practice of going directly to the parental pew.

Having entered the audience-room we shall notice in the rear of the pews an open space, in which stand the stove, an iron box of records, a new "Gothic" baptismal font, and the old stone font now thrown carelessly into this dusty corner. In that iron box, among other old records, is a parchment on which William Bradford's baptism is registered, in the fair hand of the Rev. Henry Fletcher, his parents' Pastor, bearing date of March 19, 1589, or 1590 of our present reckoning. The old stone font is the very one which contained the water at his baptism, and before which his parents brought him when he was consecrated to God. When a new one displaced it a few years ago, the sexton devoted it to the base purpose of a watering trough for his hens. The influence of recent American visitors has restored it to a respectable position. Our William was only two years old when his father, William

Bradford, died, and he was placed under the care of his Grandfather Bradford; and he was scarcely six years of age when his grandfather died, and he found a home in the family of his Uncle Robert, with whom he lived until early manhood.

In youth William gave serious attention to religious things, his thoughtfulness being induced by a long and painful sickness. He must have heard the pilgrim preachers soon after they came into the neighborhood, for he was only about sixteen years of age when he joined the Church at the manor-house. Perhaps he had walked to Babworth, only a short distance, and heard the awaking words of the faithful Clifton, afterward his Pastor.

William's firmness was soon tried by his young companions, who sneered at his early piety, and endeavored to shame him with the name of "Puritan." The little breeze of persecution which they raised was only a good preparation for the storms which assailed him afterward, and he kept steadily on his course.

William was trained to what he afterward called "the innocent trade of husbandry." There were no schools in Austerfield, and but few prompters to the cultivation of the mind. But William had a thirst for knowledge which sought earnestly for gratification. His uncle had a friend living a few miles off whose library was remarkably large and well selected for those days. Here it is believed William found books, by which he laid the foundation of a good education. He learned Latin and Greek, and afterward learned to speak fluently Dutch and French. But the Hebrew he studied most of all, because, as he said, "he would see with his own eyes the ancient oracles of God in their native beauty."

Bradford's ancestors were among the most respectable of the humble citizens of Austerfield, and he received from them considerable property. This he spent liberally for the pilgrim cause when it came into his hands, which was not, probably, until after his removal to Holland, as he was not more than eighteen

years of age when the company went to that country.

We are now prepared to anticipate a career of prominence and usefulness for William Bradford.

Besides these who were pilgrims from Scrooby there were a few of like spirit who joined them at Leyden. Among these we shall notice one of more years than any other, a grave man, whose counsel concerning the journey about to be taken we should seek as a matter of course. He receives our advances with great kindness, and gives us advice with much caution, yet with evident wisdom. He *looks* so honest that we should trust him at once with the keeping of our purse, if necessary, and he would not betray our confidence. But we must not expect him to fall into any scheme we may have concerning a new home, unless we can give him good reasons for it, nor can we turn him from his plan by mere talk. He is a very firm man in his purposes. If we are in want, he will be sure to aid us to the extent of his means, for he

has already spent the most of a valuable property for the advancement of the cause of the pilgrim company. He has just been made a deacon of his Church, and we feel that we shall always enjoy his prayers and words of exhortation in the social meetings. His name is *John Carver*.

We are so favorably impressed with Deacon Carver that we shall be pleased with an introduction just here to Deacon *Samuel Fuller*, who bears another title, that of *doctor*. Dr. Fuller is a good physician, a skillful surgeon, and a pious man. Certainly we shall congratulate ourselves in having him in our emigrant company. One who can administer to our sick and dying bodies, and at the same time drop a word to strengthen our faith in Christ, is too seldom found, and we thank God for such a gift.

We shall need in our enterprise, in addition to those men who can attend to the sick, and those who can take the lead in our religious meetings, men of superior business talents. It

is quite important that our money affairs should be well managed. Brewster, Bradford, and Carver have good business talents, but here comes a man who *looks the merchant prince* in his manly form and in his bold, intelligent face. His name is Edward Winslow. He is young, only twenty-six years of age, and will make up his lack of experience by his enterprising spirit and born business capacity. We shall not mind the fact that he belongs to an aristocratic family of some distinction near Worcester, England, since he is truly pious. We think he gives good evidence of his piety in the fact, that about three years previous to this time he abandoned a tour upon the continent with his young wife and child, and entered with his wealth and influence into the cause of Christ. We shall expect him to honor the position of a *chief pilgrim*.

When our pilgrims go, as they are talking of doing, across the ocean into the wilderness of America, they will find occasion to use some carnal weapons. Here is a man committed to

their fortunes, *though not a member of the Church*, who has a decided military bearing. Though small in stature, he has a strong constitution, capable of great endurance. He has an active mind, sharp and decisive. Gossip says he is inclined to be irritable and of quick resentment, but his friends find him brave and generous. He is about thirty-six years old. He is from Lancashire, England, and is heir to a great estate of lands and livings, of which he has been cheated by less generous but sharper relatives; so, having the military genius of his family, he became a soldier, and came to Holland with the army sent by Queen Elizabeth to help the Dutch drive the Spaniards from their country. This being done, *somehow* he becomes numbered with the devout pilgrims. His name is Miles Standish, and having made his acquaintance we cannot forget him. When, hereafter, we hear of war's alarms, or of the savage foes of the colonists, Miles Standish will be there.

The curious reader will desire to know, before

we start with our friends in search of a new home, whether they left any *footprints* in Leyden which have remained until this day. Time is a great eraser of the finger or foot-marks of busy men ; yet sometimes the patient antiquarian, brushing away the dust with which they are covered, is rewarded by pleasant mementoes of the great and good of a former age. It has been so at Leyden. It is known, without special research, that the university building, where we suppose Robinson held his famous debate, the cathedral under whose pavements he lies buried, and the chapel, in which was the University library where he studied, remain essentially the same as in the pilgrim days. From the old musty records many interesting facts have of late been brought to light. We learn that in 1611, two years after he came here, Robinson purchased a house for three thousand two hundred dollars in gold currency. We know, too, by these records just where it stood, namely, on the street with the cathedral, and fronting its south-west corner. Here, in Robinson's

house, no doubt, this Church worshiped, as it is described as a “large one,” and as the cost indicates the uniting of many pilgrim purses. All these footprints are within a short distance of each other, and in the heart of the old city.

The names of the pilgrims appear in the records; their marriages, deaths, and even their daily business. William Bradford and Dr. Fuller followed the honest business of “fustian-makers.” Winslow learned to be a printer. Brewster is recorded as printer and publisher. Others, taken together, represent almost every honest trade. There are no records of crimes against any of the company. We can go and stand where they are known to have prayed and sung, and where they received the bread of life from the lips of Robinson and Brewster, and the associations are unmarred by thought of any misdeeds.

CHAPTER V.

CONFLICTS AND FAREWELLS.

WHEN the pilgrim company had been about nine years in Leyden the chief men began to discuss among themselves the question of removal. This subject caused them much “agitation of thought” and “much discourse,” “not out of new-fangledness or other such-like giddy humor,” but for reasons which seemed to them very serious. Holland had proved an exceedingly hard place in which to obtain the common comforts of life. Many on this account who were in sympathy with their religious feelings would not remain with them, and many more refused to come to them. The strong were growing weak, and the old were fainting under its hard service; and so they feared the Church would soon be broken up. Many of their young people were discouraged or broken

down in health; and not a few of the young men, for the want of attractions at home, became soldiers or sailors, and were thus driven from under the paternal roof; and, what was more grievous to be borne, those who remained at home were, "by the manifold temptations of the country," drawn away from the path of virtue; "getting the reins off their necks and departing from their parents." The pilgrims began to despair, too, of making much headway against the current of Sabbath desecration which then swept over the Low Countries. Besides, it was no small matter with them that they, or at least their children, might lose the English language and the name of English, to which they clung with a fondness that distance and suffering did not abate. But above all these reasons this one was the most important, "A great hope and inward zeal that they had of laying some good foundation, or at least to make some way thereunto, for the advancing of the Gospel of the kingdom of Christ in those remote parts of the world; yea,

though they should be only as stepping-stones unto others for the performing of so great a work."

When the leaders had for some time pondered upon this grave subject it was brought before their whole company, and the proposal made for them to remove across the seas. Of course there was a great diversity of opinion at once expressed. Some saw only sufferings and final death as the result of the project; the women and children would not, they said, be able to endure the long voyage; those who reached the far-off country would be exposed to exhausting labors, to hunger, to nakedness, and to the merciless cruelty of the savages; and they urged further, that to make the experiment in this hard enterprise would require more money than could be obtained by the sale of all their goods.

To these objections there were earnest answers: All great undertakings were beset with difficulties, which must be met with a becoming courage; a good part of the obstacles feared

would, perhaps, never exist; others might be more easily overcome than was supposed; at any rate, by the blessing of God they might expect to gain a final triumph in the path of duty; and even if many of them died in the effort they would fall in a good cause; if they remained in Leyden, even, new trials awaited them in the renewal of war between the Dutch and Spaniards, which was now threatened; the cruelty of the Spaniards in Holland might prove worse than the ferocity of savages in America.

After long consideration of these things the majority decided for removal. A general meeting was called, in which prayers were offered for the guidance of God in selecting a place for their future home. Concerning this also they were in great perplexity. Some, "and none of the meanest," desired to go to Guiana. Sir Walter Raleigh had been there, and on his return published a flaming account of its attractions: Its capital was a great and golden city; the country the most beautiful in the

world, with hills of goodly prospects; “groves of trees by themselves, as if they had been by all the arts and labor of the world so made of purpose;” rivers along whose grassy banks the deer fed in happy security, or came to its brink to quench their thirst, or to greet the passing boat, as if trained to the master’s call; “the birds toward the evening singing on every tree a thousand several tunes;” “the air fresh with a gentle easterly wind;” and, to crown its attractions to sordid man, “every stone full of promise by its complexion of either gold or silver.”

But the majority decided against Guiana, deeming it an unhealthy country, and fearing the Spaniards, who were likely to be its rulers.

Another portion of the company were in favor of going to Virginia, where the English had already commenced a settlement; but fears were expressed by others that if they should go there under the government of those who had already gone they might suffer the same persecution for their religious faith as they did in

England. Thus obstacles seemed to be in their path whether they would remain in Holland, or turn to the right hand or left. In these perplexities they laid their business before God in daily prayer, both in their public and private meetings. At last the path of duty appeared clear. They decided to go, if possible, to Virginia, and seek some place where they could live as a distinct community. This seemed easy in so large and thinly settled a country. They resolved to apply to King James for the privilege of religious freedom.

To carry out their plan they sent two agents to England in the autumn of 1617. They were Robert Cushman and Deacon John Carver. Mr. Cushman was one of those who joined the company in Leyden, and was a chief man, and very useful in the enterprise; but we have not mentioned him as *a chief pilgrim* because he did not go with them to their new home.

When these two messengers of the Leyden Company arrived in England they first laid their business before the Virginia Company, formed

by “certain knights, merchants, gentlemen, and adventurers of London,” to whom the King had given a charter to make settlements in America any where between the points on the coast now known as Cape Fear and the eastern end of Long Island.

There was another company, called the Northern Virginia Company; but it was to the London Company our friends applied, and found them, or at least some influential men among them, very cordial. They and other friends, among whom was one of the King’s secretaries, applied to the King to grant the pilgrims a pledge that they should be allowed the privilege in America of worshiping God in the way they believed he required. He refused to grant them this in writing and sealed with the royal seal, so as to make it a law, as they desired, and would merely give them his promise that if they “carried themselves peaceably they should not be disturbed.” The merchants thought this would do; but it did not so well please the pilgrims. When the mes-

senger returned to Holland with this report it gave great discouragement to many. The chief men, however, were resolved to proceed, thinking if the King would not keep his promise he would find some way to break his law. So Mr. Cushman, accompanied this time by Elder Brewster, was sent again to England. It will be remembered that the English minister at Leyden attempted to prevent the printing of books there on religious freedom, and wrote his master "That one Brewster had been engaged in the business, and had run away to England with his family." This minister knew as little of Brewster's business in England as he did of the true character of the pilgrims.

Brewster found among the managers of the Virginia Company an old friend of the days of his worldly honors under Davison; his name was Edwin Sandys, the son of a bishop, and brother of him of whom Brewster hired "the manor-house" at Scrooby. Sir Edwin was the right man in the proper place for the Leyden Company, and he wrote to them a very encour-

aging letter concerning the business of their agents, and in reference to a more full statement of their purposes. To this letter an answer was sent by the pilgrims, in which the writers make the following statements, which the reader will remember with deep interest when he follows them through their trials in America. Their truth is a kind of key to the future history of the pilgrims.

Here are the statements :

“1. We verily believe and trust the Lord is with us, unto whom, and whose service, we have given ourselves in many trials; and that he will graciously prosper our endeavors according to the simplicity of our hearts therein.

“2. We are well weaned from the delicate milk of our mother country, and inured to the difficulties of a strange and hard land, which yet we have in a great part by patience overcome.

“3. The people are, for the body of them, as industrious and frugal, we think we may say, as any company in the world.

“4. We are knit together as a body in a most strict and sacred bond and covenant of the Lord, of the violation of which we make great conscience, and by virtue whereof we do hold ourselves straitly tied to all care of each other’s good, and of the whole by every one, and so mutually.

“5. Lastly, it is not with us as with other men whom small things can discourage, or small discontentments cause to wish themselves at home again. We know our entertainment in England and in Holland; we shall much prejudice both our arts and means by removal; if we should be driven to return we should not hope to recover our present comforts, neither indeed look ever for ourselves to attain unto the like in any other place during our lives.”

There were many letters passed between the “Leyden Company” and the “Council” of the Virginia Company, for this matter was in negotiation for more than two years. In the mean time the Council fell into bitter contentions among themselves, and gave but little heed to

the requests of the pilgrims. But after awhile, we cannot tell exactly when, "the charter" was granted them by the Company, giving them a right to certain lands and privileges near, it is supposed, the mouth of the Hudson River. This was brought to Leyden by one of the messengers, with proposals from certain merchants who were to provide a ship for their passage, and the necessary outfit for a colony; these made large promises, and requested that they should prepare themselves with all speed for the voyage.

When the pilgrims had received this report by the agent they appointed a day of fasting and humiliation, and sought by prayer the divine blessing of God on their preparations. Mr. Robinson preached from 1 Samuel xxiii, 3, 4: "And David's men said unto him, We be afraid here in Judah, how much more if we come to Keilah against the host of the Philistines. Then David asked counsel of the Lord," etc. From this text he gave them many words of counsel and encouragement. After this they decided

what number and what individuals should first go, for they could not at present command sufficient means for all to go. It was found that the greater number must remain behind; and so these claimed their Pastor, who consented to remain with them. Mr. Brewster was requested to accompany the portion who went, and to be, for the time, in the place of a Pastor. Those who remained promised to follow as soon as an opportunity occurred.

While preparations were being made for their departure, and all were feeling annoyed by the continued quarrels of the Virginia Company, and the delay thus occasioned, some Dutch merchants increased their perplexity by a generous and apparently sincere offer. They promised to transport them freely to the Hudson River, and to furnish every family with cattle, if they would go under them. But God had appointed them a habitation in another place, and his eye was upon them to guide them thither.

CHAPTER VI.

A FINAL ADIEU TO THE FATHERLAND.

So great had been the perplexities of the pilgrims in getting encouragement from the English in their great enterprise that, after more than two years' application to them, and the loss of time and money, they thought seriously of turning for help to the offer of the Dutch. As late as February, 1620, they gave the Dutch merchants the conditions on which they would go under them to New Amsterdam. This was the region about what is now New York city. The merchants sent in a petition to their government for power to comply with the terms stated by Mr. Robinson in behalf of his flock. So near did they seem to come to a future history wholly different from that which they now have.

Just at this critical time there came to Leyden

a wealthy, enterprising merchant from London. His name was Thomas Weston. It will be well to remember him, for we shall meet him again under very different circumstances. He addressed Robinson and his friends with fair words and flattering promises. He told them that they need not depend upon the Virginia Company; if they failed, he and some friends whom he could command would unite their means with those of the pilgrims, and they could thus be well started; as to the Dutch, he recommended them to have nothing more to do with them in the business.

To Mr. Weston the Leyden Company listened, and broke off at once their business relations with the Dutch. Articles of agreement were drawn up and signed by the pilgrims, and Robert Cushman and Deacon Carver were sent with them to the parties in England to receive money and to purchase supplies for the voyage. They were strictly charged to agree to no conditions except those which had been given them in writing. Persons were appointed to make

the necessary preparations in Leyden, and such of the pilgrims among those who were going as had property sold it, and put the money into the common stock. Those who had cash on hand put that in at once. So all was ventured upon the good management and prompt execution of the enterprise. To seek a home in the New World they made themselves, for the time, homeless in Holland.

While thus situated almost crushing difficulties arose in England. A company of influential men were seeking of the King a charter which should give them control of the northern portion of the second Virginia Company's territory under the name of New England. Some of the merchants who were to help the pilgrims withdrew because they did not unite with this company; others would do nothing without they went to Guiana. Some would not adventure their money except they went to Virginia, while others would do nothing if they did go there. In the confusion, some of those in England who were to go with them retired

from the enterprise. To render the whole business still more distracted, Mr. Cushman, with the assent, or at least, it would seem, without the opposition of Deacon Carver, allowed the merchants to add two very hard conditions to the written agreement which was given them at Leyden. By the new terms the pilgrims were to give the labor of six days in the week to the Company, instead of having two for their personal benefit as at first proposed; and, secondly, at the end of seven years, the time for which the compact was to continue, *the houses and gardens*, that is, *the homes* of the colonists, were to belong to the Company, and to be divided like any other property.

The other difficulties were serious enough, but this was the greatest of all, because it divided for the time the pilgrim company themselves, and was the occasion of severe complaints. Mr. Cushman defended his course by saying that the merchants, including Mr. Weston, would do nothing unless these terms were agreed to; and that as the business needed

haste, he could not wait to consult his Leyden brethren. They replied that he was strictly charged neither to add to nor take from the conditions any thing whatever, and that the new articles were oppressive and would not be submitted to. Mr. Cushman was indeed in an unpleasant position. The persons in England who proposed to join the Leyden brethren when they arrived had chosen a Mr. Martin to act with Carver in purchasing provisions in Southampton, while Cushman was getting together in London the other articles of the outfit. Martin, Cushman alleged, did not consult the other agents, and gave no account of the money with which he was intrusted ; and, when spoken to about it, was saucy and resentful.

“At length, after much travail and these debates, all things were got ready and provided.” The Speedwell, a small vessel of sixty tons, was purchased in Holland. The vessel was to be used in transporting the colonists, and retained by them when they reached America for the purposes of fishing and trade. Another, the

Mayflower, of one hundred and eighty tons, was hired in London. When they were near the time of departure a day of fasting and prayer was appointed. Mr. Robinson preached from Ezra viii, 21. After the pastor's words of instruction and comfort were spoken fervent prayers were offered, and many tears were shed. Those who were to remain behind, being about half of the whole Church, provided at their pastor's house, which was large, a feast for those who were going. There was, on the occasion, singing by the whole company, making, as one of the number declared, "the sweetest melody" that ever his ears heard. The melody was, no doubt, of the heart. The pilgrims, accompanied from the city by most of their brethren, left Leyden on the 21st of July, 1620, and took the canal boat for Delft Haven, on the Maese, a distance of fourteen miles. They must have looked upon the green meadows and quiet hamlets, which they were beholding for the last time, with deep emotion; and as Leyden, and then Delft, through which they passed, faded

from their sight, they must have felt indeed that they had on earth no continuing city. They entered the Speedwell, which waited for them at Delft Haven. Here the Leyden friends, and those who had come from Amsterdam to see them embark, bade them a final farewell. Bradford describes the parting scene in the following beautiful words :

“ That night was spent with little sleep by the most, but with friendly entertainment and Christian discourse, and other real expressions of true Christian love. The next day, the wind being fair, they went aboard, and their friends with them, where truly doleful was the sight of that sad and mournful parting ; to see what sighs and sobs and prayers did sound among them, what tears did gush from every eye, and pithy speeches pierce each heart ; that sundry of the Dutch strangers who stood on the quay as spectators could not refrain from tears. Yet comfortable and sweet it was to see such lively and true expressions of dear and unfeigned love. But the tide, which stays for no man, calling

them away who were thus loath to depart, their reverend pastor falling down on his knees, (and they all with him,) with watery cheeks, commended them with most fervent prayer to God and his blessing. And then, with mutual embraces and many tears, they took leave one of another."

Winslow, writing of the same interesting occasion, says they were feasted again at Delft Haven, and that after they were all on board they gave their friends on shore "a volley of small shot and three pieces of ordnance, and so lifted up our hands to each other, and our hearts for each other to the Lord our God, and departed."

Thus bidding adieu to loved friends and the long-chosen land of refuge from persecution, they bore away to sea, and were soon in the harbor of Southampton.

Here they found the Mayflower in waiting with the rest of their company, from whom they received "a joyful welcome." The disagreement about the conditions with the mer-

chants was immediately discussed with their agent. While this was going on Mr. Weston came from London to see them embark, and to get them to confirm the altered conditions. This they squarely refused to do; and the vexed merchant returned to London, saying, as they parted, that they might "stand on their own legs" for further money. This gave them a fresh trouble. They needed a sum equal to five hundred dollars of our currency before they would have enough to start. To raise this they sold provisions which had been put on board the Mayflower to that amount. This embarrassment being thus removed, they were comforted and strengthened by a paternal letter from their pastor, Mr. Robinson. He reassured them that he was with them in affection, and made many suggestions in reference to their future course. He reminded them that, first of all, they needed and must seek by continual repentance and faith the daily assurance of acceptance with God, adding, that "sin being taken away by earnest repentance, and the par-

don thereof from the Lord sealed unto a man's conscience by the Spirit, great shall be his security in all dangers, sweet his comforts in all distresses, with happy deliverance from all evil, whether in life or in death."

He urged them to seek, next to peace with God, peace with all men, especially among themselves, neither taking nor giving offense.

He exhorted them to cultivate mutual affection while engaged in labor for the common good. And, lastly, he told them that, when established as a colony, they must not only seek to elevate to office their wisest and best men, but yield unto such "all due honor and obedience."

This letter was read to the whole assembled company, "to good acceptance with all and after fruit with many."

Thus did the pastor's voice seem still sounding in their ears across the sea in words of loving counsel. Could he have said more fitting words if he had known that to more than half of them they were his last words?

CHAPTER VII.

THE PILGRIMS AFLOAT.

HAVING received their pastor's letter, and read its words of wisdom, they were now ready with strong faith and noble purposes to leave their fatherland forever. Their arrangements for comfort and safety on the voyage seem to have extended to the least particular, so far as the circumstances allowed. The company was divided between the two vessels according to the judgment of their leaders. A governor and two assistants were chosen for each vessel, whose duty it was to take the oversight of the people by the way, and "see to the disposing of the provisions and such like affairs."

Their arrangements being completed, they set sail from Southampton the fifteenth of August, 1620. They numbered, with the additions from London, about one hundred and

twenty. They had sailed but a short distance when the captain of the Speedwell raised the cry that his vessel was leaking badly, and that he could not proceed. Both vessels therefore put back to Dartmouth, where she was searched, repaired, and pronounced sea-worthy by the ship-carpenters. Again the pilgrims are steering toward the New World, and have entered the wide ocean, and made some three hundred miles from the shore, when the captain of the Speedwell again raises an alarm concerning his vessel. He declares she will go to the bottom ere the voyage is completed; signals are given to the Mayflower, and the whole disappointed company soon find themselves ashore at Plymouth, a port two hundred and fifty miles nearer than their last starting-point.

A further examination failed to discover the grounds of the captain's fears. It was afterward ascertained that he was dealing falsely with them; that, having engaged to remain in American waters for two years and fish for the company, he had become dissatisfied with his

engagement through unworthy jealousies and fears; and that his complaints of the Speedwell, which afterward made many successful voyages, were mere excuses. Surely these pilgrims had a bitter experience with the ship-masters.

The Speedwell being abandoned, a part of the company, embracing some of its wheat but more of its chaff, returned to London; and the rest, one hundred and two in number, were packed with their goods into the Mayflower. Her size, one hundred and eighty tons, was about that of a “coaster” of the present time, in the waters to which they were going; but in the means of comfort and safety far inferior. She was built more “above decks” than the trim “clippers” which cross the ocean in our days, and was thus exposed to the winds like an overtopped tree.

On the 16th of September, after another sad but still hopeful farewell, the Mayflower, Mr. Jones master, took her final leave of Plymouth.

She sailed half way over the ocean with fair



breezes, and no unfavorable circumstances occurring except those which belonged to their crowded condition and the inevitable sea-sickness. Their known habits of devotion are a sufficient proof that these prosperous days of their voyage were improved by meetings for prayer and thanksgiving. Elder Brewster would be sure to remember each Sabbath by leading his flock in special religious service.

But now commences a season of cross winds and fierce storms. The trial of their faith

must be measured by the greatness and glory of the results which are to be secured by them. The ship groaned and strained in the heavy sea, and her upper works began to leak; "one of the main beams of the mid-ships was bowed and cracked;" the confidence of the mariners in her ability to perform the rest of the voyage failed, and they took counsel with the chief pilgrims "whether to return or hold on." The result was a determination to proceed; and immediately energetic efforts were made to put the vessel in better sailing order. In looking round for the means to do this they ascertained that a passenger from Holland had brought a large iron screw. How plainly the hand of God appeared for their safety in what might seem small matters. This screw had no apparent place in the outfit of a passenger on such a voyage; but now it proved a friend indeed. By means of it the dislocated main-beam was forced into its position, and other supports given to the laboring bark. Thus strengthened they looked only toward the

American coast, though often encountering a boisterous storm in which they were obliged to lie to until its fury was spent, which detained them "many days together."

Of the incidents of the voyage a few only have been recorded. The following must have made a deep impression upon the minds of the whole company. There was a young man among the sailors who was remarkable for a stout strong body, and a wicked heart. He treated the pilgrims, both old and young, with uniform contempt. In their sickness "he cursed and execrated them," telling them that he hoped to help cast half of them overboard before the voyage was ended; and added, "I shall then make merry with what you leave." He replied to the gentle chidings of the good men "by cursing the more bitterly." But, since he would not listen to man, God spoke to him, and he both heard and obeyed his summons. Before half the voyage was completed "he was smitten by a grievous disease," and died in great agony, "and was himself the first to be thrown

overboard," "to the astonishment of all his fellows," to whom it appeared, as it truly was, "by the just hand of God."

We can easily picture to ourselves the pilgrim company assembled on deck on the occasion of committing his remains to the sea; and Elder Brewster bowed in prayer, and tenderly imploring the blessing of God to attend this solemn judgment to the increase of his fear and love in every heart.

On one occasion a young man of their own number, coming on deck while the vessel lay to in a violent storm, was by its sudden lurch thrown into the sea. With great presence of mind and manly energy he caught the topsail halliards, which hung overboard, and clung to them "though fathoms under water." He was drawn by them to the surface, and then by boat-hooks brought safely to the deck. He lived many years a useful member of the colony, and must have often with gratitude repeated the story to his children's children.

Only one member of the pilgrim company

died during the voyage; his name was William Butten, a youth in the family of Dr. Fuller. And one little birdling came during the passage to the ocean nest of Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins, whom they appropriately named *Oceanus*. Thus the number with which they started was made good.

On Thursday morning, November 19, land was seen from the deck of the Mayflower. It proved to be Cape Cod, then well covered with a variety of trees, extending nearly to the water's edge, and presenting to the eyes of the voyagers, so long wearied with the monotonous ocean, a cheerful aspect. The prow of the ship was turned in a south-easterly direction, as they purposed to make the mouth of Hudson's River. "But after they had sailed that course about half the day they fell among dangerous shoals and roaring breakers, and they were so far entangled therewith that they conceived themselves in great danger; and the wind shrieking upon them withal, they resolved to bear up again for the Cape, and thought themselves

happy to get out of those dangers before night overtook them, as by God's providence they did."

Having thus escaped the shoals (since washed away) off what is now Eastham and Orleans, and rounded the head of the Cape, they came to anchor on Saturday, November 21, 1620, in Provincetown harbor. We say *Provincetown harbor*, because it is easier to designate the places as they are now named, reminding the reader that, of course, they were unnamed then.

True to their habit of seeing God in all their escapes from danger, they, first of all, "fell on their knees and blessed the God of heaven," and implored the continuance of his favor in their future course. Sixty-five days they had been in their crowded little craft, in storms and rough seas; no wonder, then, that the sight of land, though it was to them yet a strange and homeless land, made them truly joyful.

It was now Saturday morning. They were not where they expected to be, nor within that region in which King James had given them,

by his charter, the right to exercise the authority of a colony in making and enforcing laws. Already some of their company--belonging not to the pilgrims from Leyden, but to the strangers from London--were boasting that they would take advantage of this fact when they were settled on shore, and have a general good time in doing as they pleased. But their chief men were too wise for them. They wrote a solemn agreement by which a government among themselves might be formed. It answered pretty well to a modern state constitution. By this they were to agree that "all the laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions, and offices" which should be made from time to time by the majority should be binding upon the whole, and that to them they would yield "due submission and obedience." This covenant, drawn up "in the name of God," was signed "in the presence of God and one another" by forty-one men. The heads of families represented those under them, generally including even the men-servants. So these forty-one embraced the governing

power of the whole pilgrim company; and a power well able to govern they proved to the great good of the whole, and the grief of the lawless. This little band of leading minds in the cabin of the Mayflower thus set in operation the elements of those peculiar forms of government under which we now live, and by which we are “a free and independent people.”

John Carver—then Deacon Carver—was chosen their first governor. We should have guessed that William Brewster would have had this honor, being the most experienced in state affairs, and probably the most learned of the whole company. But, though only an elder, he served there as a Gospel minister, and so could not be spared for such worldly business.

We may now follow *this little State* in its search after a resting-place, from which it shall extend and become mighty, until nations shall sit quietly under its shadow.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MAYFLOWER AT ANCHOR.

THE same day in which their Constitution was signed, sixteen men, under the leadership of Captain Standish, went ashore. They landed in a sheltered part of the harbor, and looked about them very cautiously. They were armed, and ready for friend or foe. They were the first of their company who set foot on American soil. Eighteen years before, Gosnold, the discoverer of Cape Cod, had made the same shores a hurried visit. They spent most of the day upon the land, and probably traveled across the west end of Provincetown until they saw the Atlantic upon the other shore. They found no inhabitants, nor signs of human habitations. They returned at night, weary no doubt, but with no evil report of the country. They saw various kinds of trees, among which

was the fragrant red cedar, which still lingers along the New England sea-coast. They discovered sand-hills somewhat like those they had seen in Holland; and they declared that the crust of the soil was formed of an excellent black earth of a spade's depth. The Cape Cod people do not find much of such soil now. The explorers carried to the ship's company a boat load of the cedar for fuel, of which they were much in want. This kind of wood they used while staying there, and they were delighted with its "strong and very sweet smell."

The next day was the Sabbath. During its sacred hours no oar dipped the water nor foot pressed the shore. It was their first Sabbath in America, and it is not unlikely that it was the first time that this holy day had been kept upon its coast, or the sound of Sabbath worship wafted over its waters. Had the "poor Indian" been near enough to listen, even he could not have mistaken it for the voice of an enemy sending a challenge for a deadly conflict. When the sun went down on that holy eve the Mayflower

band spoke of the future with quickened faith and hope.

Monday morning came, and with it a more studied view of their situation, and a closer examination of the work to be done. The shore of the bay in which they are anchored bends round them in a sickle shape, the sharp end of which is now called Long Point. They all gladly escape from their two months' imprisonment to the solid land, to reach which they have to wade three fourths of a mile through the shallow water over the sand flats. This sad experience in landing brought to them colds and coughs, the tokens of more serious complaints. The women immediately engage in washing, "of which they have much need." There seems to be good evidence that they found a large fresh water pond near the shore; a pond which in the changes of two hundred and fifty years has entirely disappeared. It was not sweet and pure water for drinking, but answered for the much-needed washings. But what unpleasant

out-door washing days they must have been, late in November, on the New England coast! Their only relief, we may imagine, was a rousing fire of the sweet-scented sassafras and cedar, of which they found an abundance.

While the women were thus engaged a number of the men got out their "shallop," the large sailing boat which had been taken to pieces and stowed away between decks. It had met with hard usage on the voyage. Besides being bruised by the pitching of the Mayflower, it had been occupied by some of the passengers as a lodging-place. It was carried ashore, where, in a clean place upon the sand, or under the shelter of some trees growing down to the water's edge, the carpenters worked upon it for sixteen days. While this was being done the chief pilgrims were studying their situation, and providing for the future. One of them has left a record of the appearance of their surroundings. He says of the bay: "It is a good harbor and pleasant bay, circled

round, except in the entrance, which is about four miles over from land to land."

From the light-house now on Long Point, in a straight line to a point on the Truro shore, a little north of the mouth of the Pamet River, would be just about four miles. It was such a line of observation that the writer took. He says further of the bay thus formed: "It is compassed about to the very sea with oaks, pines, juniper, (cedar,) sassafras, and other sweet woods; it is a harbor wherein a thousand sail of ships may safely ride."

This was a good judgment for a stranger of the situation; for a later historian says of the same bay: "The harbor is sufficiently capacious for three thousand vessels, and is a haven of the greatest importance to navigation, whether as respects vessels doing business in the neighboring waters, or ships from foreign voyages arriving on the coast in thick and stormy weather."

But there were sights from the deck of the Mayflower not greeting the eyes of those seeking a shelter at the present time in Province-

town Bay. Every day they saw whales playing hard by them, one of which lingered at his ease near the vessel, seeming to desire an acquaintance with the strangers. It was a great grief to them that they were not furnished with the means of taking them. Captain Jones and his mate, and some others, were experienced in whaling; and they declared that, with the proper outfit, they could have taken from fifteen thousand to twenty thousand dollars' worth of oil. No wonder these sailors resolved on the spot to come back the next winter and fish for whales, a resolution which we think they did not carry out.

Perhaps a pleasanter fact to the pilgrims than the presence of the whales was "the greatest store of fowl that ever they saw." These could be made available for their future subsistence in case of necessity, or even as a luxury upon their tables.

They threw out their lines for cod, but caught none. They fished too near the shore, and it was rather early in the season for that

kind of fish. They caught smaller fish during their stay, which must have been a great luxury after the hard salt fare of their long voyage. They found various kinds of shell-fish, among which were "great mussels, very fat and full of sea pearls;" but they did not find any of them agreeable nor wholesome as food.

While the *Mayflower* was thus waiting for the shallop, some of the more enterprising of the company became impatient of delay. They desired to make immediate explorations of the surrounding country, and to find, if possible, a suitable place of settlement. A council was held in reference to their proposal, and it was thought dangerous, not having a boat, nor means to carry their provisions, except on their backs; yet the *zeal* of these few was approved. Finally a reluctant consent was given for the experiment to be tried. With many "cautions, directions, and instructions," sixteen men were sent forth under the guidance of Captain Standish. Each man had his musket, sword, and corslet. The corslet was a piece of defensive armor

covering the breast from the neck to the girdle. It must have been very uncomfortable in walking, especially through a pathless and partly wooded country. Their swords were great clumsy weapons, and we must not think of their guns in connection with the "Sharp" and "Spencer" rifles of the present day. The guns of this exploring party were match-locks, except, as we shall see, that of Captain Standish, who had one of the newly-invented flint locks. Think of a soldier waiting, after he gets sight of the enemy, to touch his gun off with a match! But the methods of killing men have improved since the pilgrim days.

Captain Standish and his company were set ashore on Wednesday morning, November 25, having assigned to him, as a kind of staff "for counsel and advice," William Bradford, Stephen Hopkins, and Edward Tilley. They marched in single file near the sea for about a mile, when they saw five or six Indians coming toward them with a dog. As soon as the savages saw the explorers they plunged into

the woods, whistling their dog after them. The white men followed, and the Indians became frightened, and ran off with "might and main" in the direction their pursuers intended to go. The light-footed men of the forest were soon out of sight; but the pilgrims, in their cumbersome armor, and with their heavy guns, followed their foot-tracks, noticing that they went the way they had come, and that they had run up a hill, around which their path lay, to see if they were pursued. This hill seems to have been "Negro Head," near the Atlantic shore of Provincetown. The pilgrims kept on the Indian trail until night set in, and thought they had traveled in pursuit about ten miles. Measured by the depth of the sand, the obstructions of the underbrush in many places, the weight of their armor, and their consequent weariness, it might have seemed ten miles, when in fact they had not gone much over half of that distance. At any rate they were glad to encamp, on finding an inviting place near the head of East Harbor Creek. Here, setting

three sentinels and building a fire, they passed the night, probably their first on the American land.

In the morning, as soon as they could see, they took the trail again, which led them round the head of the creek, nearly to the beach on the east side of the Cape, on the margin of which it ran a short distance, and then turned southwest into the woods among the bushes and drooping boughs, which made sad work with their clothes and armor. But they found no Indians, nor signs of their habitations. At a later period they would have been “ambushed” and killed in following the Indians into such a thicket. Nothing worse now happened to them than great hunger and thirst and excessive weariness. They had brought no food, only biscuit, probably hard and dry, and Holland cheese. They had no water, and could find none. They had a small bottle of “aqua vitæ,” a drink then made “of brewed beer strongly hopped;” a vile compound, no doubt. We are not surprised, therefore, that one of them

said, "We were sore athirst!" About ten the trail led them through a valley among bushes of various kinds, when they espied a deer, and soon after found springs of pure water, of which they said: "We were heartily glad, and sat us down and drank our first New England water with as much delight as we ever drank drink in our lives."

Having refreshed themselves they went south awhile, and reached the shore of the bay at a point from which they could see the Mayflower as she lay east of them at her anchorage near Long Point, about four miles distant. They built a fire, which was the signal by which their friends understood that all was well. From this place they walked a little inward from the shore, toward the mouth of the river which had attracted the attention of all on board the Mayflower on their first coming into the bay. It is now known as Pamet River, in Truro. On their way they came to a pond of beautiful appearance, its shores lined with vines, about which were deer and numerous water

fowls—the little lake which gives name at this time to “Pond Village.”

Being tired of the grass and bushes of the upland, they tried for awhile the sand of the beach. Those who have endeavored to walk in the Cape Cod sand will not be surprised to hear the pilgrims say: “By this means some of our men were tired and lagged behind, so we stayed and gathered them up, and struck into the land again.”

As they proceeded they found small heaps of sand. On one were mats, a kind of mortar of wood, and an earthen pot. Digging a little they found a bow and arrows. Ascertaining that they were graves, they put every thing that they had touched carefully back into its place, and left the rest untouched, because they thought it would be “odious unto the Indians to ransack their sepulchers.”

Their path now became deeply interesting to them. They began to find open fields which had been recently planted. Strawberry and grape vines were plenty, and the walnut-trees

were still laden with fruit. While thus narrowly observing every thing, and expecting to see Indian wigwams, they were surprised at finding the remains of a rude European hut. A few planks were piled together, and a great kettle lay near them. A few years before a French ship had been cast away near this place, the sailors escaping and living for a time here. Our explorers next found what was of much more consequence to them. They discovered, under a heap of sand, baskets of corn, "a very goodly sight." One of the baskets "was very beautifully and cunningly made," round, and small at the top. It held four bushels, and was as much as two men could lift from the ground. Some of the corn which was found in the ears was yellow, some red, and some mixed with blue. While two or three were digging up the corn the rest stood guard in every direction. Having uncovered enough, they were in much suspense to know what to do with it." After a long consultation they concluded to take the kettle and as much of the corn as they could

carry; and, when the shallop was repaired, come here and, if possible, find the owners, and satisfy them for it. So they “put a good deal of the loose corn in the kettle, for two men to bring away on a staff.” All who had pockets unoccupied filled them, and the rest was buried again.

This Indian corn was peculiar to the New World, but found from Canada to Patagonia. The Haytians called it *maize*, which became quite a general name; but the Massachusetts Indians had a name which was not likely to become common; it was *eachimmineash!* Think of an Indian child calling for more “eachimmineash!” We think that after the English came they soon learned to say *corn*.

Having found an old fort, the work no doubt of the shipwrecked sailors, and having examined the mouth of Pamet River, where they saw two canoes, the party began to return; “for,” they say, “we had commandment to be out but two days.”

Their second night was spent near the beau-

tiful lake of "Pond Village." Before they lay down they built a kind of fort of logs both for shelter and defense, kindled a fire, and set their watch. Bradford, one of their leaders afterward in all that was good, was there, and, we doubt not, he now led in their evening devotions.

It was a very rainy night, and they must have risen poorly fitted for the renewal of their tramp. They relieved themselves in a measure by sinking their kettle in the pond. Their gun-locks were wet, so that they had to be "trimmed" before starting. To add to their labor they lost their way, and wandered about for awhile in the woods and among the bushes much at random. While thus bewildered they came upon an Indian deer-trap. It was, they said, "a very pretty device," made with a strong rope and a cunning noose, both of which surprised them by their evidence of skill. Stephen Hopkins warned the first who approached it by telling them it was to catch deer, and might catch them; but Bradford, coming up from the

rear with a hasty curiosity, put his foot into it, and it gave a sudden jerk and caught him by the leg. No harm was done, and Bradford no doubt took in good part the laugh of the company.

Soon after they saw three deer, and dryly remarked, "We should rather have had one than to have seen three." So these sober men could enjoy an innocent joke as well as indulge in wholesome laughter. They were not the *sour* men some people think they were. Real good men are never *sour*. Nothing of further note occurred on their return. They came to the shore nearest to the ship, "shot off their pieces," and the long-boat came and took them on board. Thus on Friday evening they came back "both weary and welcome home."

CHAPTER IX.

“SEARCHING FOR A HABITATION.”

THE explorers found that their companions had not been idle during their absence. While the carpenters had wrought on the shallop some were sawing out timber for a new boat, and others busied themselves by sharpening their tools or putting new handles to them. Saturday was spent in these continued labors, all of which were much hindered by the loss of time arising from the long and cold wadings through the shallow water in going from the long-boat to the shore.

The next day, December 6, was the second Sabbath in these waters. They all returned, no doubt, to the Mayflower, to seek in its dreary hold and cabin new strength from songs and prayer, and from the discourse of Elder Brewster.



Such was their urgent need to find some place of settlement that the shallop was launched on Monday of the week following, although, as it proved, she was not quite repaired. Twenty-four of the pilgrim company were chosen to make the first voyage of discovery in her. Captain Jones offered his services, with ten of his sailors. Wishing to show their appreciation of his forwardness, they chose him leader of the expedition. This company of thirty-four

started in the long-boat and shallop for Pamet River, which had been reached by the land explorers. They hoped it would prove a fine fresh water stream, affording a good place for settlement. But every movement of these determined men was beset with difficulties. The wind increased to a sailor's "stiff breeze," accompanied with snow. They could only make the nearest land across Provincetown Harbor, and rounding Beach Point entered East Harbor. Here they landed, wading as usual to the shore, and walked about five miles that day in their frozen clothes. They made a fire and encamped at night; but a dreary, uncomfortable night it must have been. In the morning the shallop, which had gone back to the ship, returned for them, taking them in and landing them at the mouth of Pamet River, which they named Cold Harbor, a name very naturally suggested by their recent experience. The land party took the shore between the two branches, the shallop following up the larger one. Up and down the sand hills and through the valleys, wading

in crusted snow for five miles, they pressed forward, until they sunk down in sheer exhaustion. Captain Jones was, however, the first to complain, and insist upon encamping. His heart was evidently but little engaged in this excursion. They built their camp fires under a few pine-trees; and, "as it fell out," they obtained three fat geese and six ducks for their supper, which they ate "with soldier's relish," as they had eaten but little all that day. In the morning they held a consultation concerning the best course to take. Some were for pressing further up stream, which would soon have brought them to the Atlantic side of the Cape. Others, not liking the sand hills and general appearance of the region, were for leaving that branch of the river, which they finally decided to do. Crossing over the north branch they came upon the deposit of corn made in their former expedition, and named the place Corn-hill. By turning up the crusted snow with their cutlasses and short swords they found other deposits, including beans, one of the prod-

ucts of Indian farming. They took about ten bushels of the shelled corn, besides some good specimens, upon the ears, of the various colors, and a quantity of beans, in all enough, with that obtained before, for the spring planting. They rejoiced greatly at this timely supply, and at the divine guiding which had directed the land party here before the snow had fallen, which now hid every mark of the deposits. In view of this hand of God they devoutly exclaimed, "The Lord is never wanting unto his in their greatest needs; let his holy name have all the praise."

Night coming on, the irresolute Captain Jones again clamored to return. They had made a poor exchange of leaders in getting the seaman Jones for the soldier Standish! But they made the best of it by letting him return with the sick and over-exhausted ones, sixteen in number, while eighteen remained to push forward further observations.

Going first toward what is now Highland Light, they returned to the bay side and

lighted upon the place of graves of their earlier visit. They were impressed with the appearance of one of the mounds, which, on opening, proved to be the burial place, as they thought, of some of the shipwrecked sailors. They found upon it a board painted and carved with seamen's devices; also bowls, trays, dishes, old canvass, parts of sailors' clothes, and a fine red powder, which they supposed to be the Indians' embalming powder. There were also the remains of human bodies. All was replaced, and pains taken to impress the Indians that the new comers were not robbers of graves.

While these investigations were being made the shallop returned, and the sailors ranging the vicinity found two Indian huts. They very cautiously entered them, but found no one. They then informed others of the explorers, eight of whom searched the vicinity with guns and lighted matches, thinking to find an Indian village, but without success. These huts, with their surroundings and contents, they thus describe:

“The houses were made of long, young sapling trees bended, and both ends stuck into the ground. They were made round, like unto an arbor, and covered down to the ground with thick and well-wrought mats. The door was not over a yard high, made of a mat to open. The chimney was a wide open hole in the top, for which they had a mat to cover it close when they pleased. One might stand and go upright in them. In the midst were four little stakes knocked into the ground, and small sticks laid over on which they hung their pots and what they had to boil. Round about the fire they lay on mats, which are their beds. The houses were double matted, for as they were matted without so were they within, with newer and fairer mats. In the houses we found wooden bowls, trays, and dishes, earthen pots, hand-baskets made of crab shells wrought together; also an English pail without a handle; baskets of sundry sorts, bigger and some lesser, finer and some coarser, and some wrought with black and white in pretty works. There were sun-

dry other of their household stuff; also some two or three deers' heads, one whereof had been newly killed. There was also a company of deers' feet stuck up in the houses, harts' horns, and eagles' claws. There were three baskets full of parched acorns, pieces of fish, and a piece of broiled herring. We found also a little silk grass, and a little tobacco seed, and some other seeds which we knew not. Without were sundry bundles of flags and sedge, bullrushes, and other stuff to make mats. There was thrust into a hollow tree two or three pieces of venison; but we thought it fitter for the dogs than for us."

As the tide was getting low and the night was drawing near they all went on board their shallop, taking some of the best things with them, but leaving the houses uninjured. They reached the Mayflower that night, and thus ended their "second discovery." The seed corn and other things which they took from their unknown owners were taken because they believed their urgent necessities justified

the act, feeling that their company would be saved from much suffering and perhaps from starvation by it. They declared that they purposed to return immediately to Cornhill, and leave beads and other things valuable to the Indians; but the haste with which they were obliged to sail from Provincetown Bay prevented. How sincere they were in this professed desire to fully pay for what they had taken we shall see as we follow their history.

While they were absent a little stranger came to the loving care of Mrs. Susanna, wife of William White, the first born of the English colonies of New England. They called his name *Peregrine*, a traveler. The name was more significant of the character of the parents than of the son, for he seems to have become much less of a wanderer than most of his people; and his descendants of the sixth and seventh generations live upon the soil made sacred by their fathers. But these pilgrims were fond of noticing the experience of the hour by the names given to their children.

Sad events followed this joyous one, for on the following week two of the company died, Edward Thomson, a servant of William White, and Jasper More, a boy in Governor Carver's service.

On the return of the shallop, and the reception of the report she brought of the region visited, a serious discussion arose among the Mayflower band. The question was, "Shall we settle on the river just visited, or make further explorations? *In favor* of settling it was urged that it was a good harbor *for boats*, at least; that corn ground was ready cleared for cultivation; that Cape Cod afforded good fishing facilities, both for whale and cod; that the place was likely to be healthful, secure, and defensible; but, last and most especially, that the winter was upon them, and they could not go on further voyages of discovery without great danger of wrecking their shallop, upon which so much depended, nor without much wading to the shore, and thus increasing the colds and coughs which were prevalent among

them, threatening a general sickness. Besides all these reasons was another of some weight, arising from the fears that a longer delay might excite alarms in Captain Jones' mind about the supply of provisions for the return voyage of his ship. These were already getting low, especially those articles they wished to save for sickness, "and the great labor and toil they were like to undergo." As to the Captain, they seemed not to have had great confidence in him, and feared he might summarily eject them and leave the coast. Years afterward the story was believed in the Plymouth colony that he had been bribed by the Dutch not to carry them near their settlement on the Hudson, and for this reason had brought them thus far north.

Thus the arguments stood *for* settling at once. On the other side it was said that *Aga-wam*, now Ipswich, about sixty miles as they thought to the northwest, was a much better place, they having heard about it from previous discoverers; again, for any thing they knew,

there might be hard by them a good locality, which would occasion a removal if they now settled ; that the water about Pamet River was but in ponds, and might be dry in summer ; and that this water “must be fetched up hill.” To help this side of the question, their pilot, Coppin, told them there was “a great navigable river” right against their present anchorage, on the other side of the bay, twenty-five miles off. Coppin had been on the coast before. His suggestion that they try a voyage to that river seems to have decided the question. They resolved on a third exploring expedition.

Just before the expedition sailed they had a narrow escape from a sudden close of all their earthly plans. A boy by the name of Billington took down a gun in his father’s absence, as boys will, but as boys ought not. He shot it off in the cabin ; and getting at some loose powder, made squibs, having, as he no doubt thought, a good time. In the cabin was a little barrel of powder open, and some scat-

tered about the floor, mixed up with flints and iron things, with many people about the fire between decks, four feet from the cabin. "Yet by God's mercy no harm was done."

CHAPTER X.

THE ROCK FOUND.

THE third expedition sailed on Wednesday, December 16. It consisted of eighteen persons in all, among whom were Standish, who was chosen commander, and William Bradford, John Carver, Edward Winslow, and Clarke and Coppin, mates of the *Mayflower*. It was late in the afternoon before they started; the weather was cold and the sea rough. It was a long time before they cleared Long Point, just inside of which, it will be recollected, their ship lay. During this time one of their number became faint with cold; and another, the gunner, who had insisted upon going from a desire to trade with the Indians, "became sick unto death." The spray, as it came over the sides of their boat, "froze on their clothes, and made them many times like coats of iron."

They struck across to Truro, and sailed along under the shore, where the wind and sea used them less roughly. Having sailed about eighteen miles from the Mayflower, but what seemed to them a much greater distance, they passed round a sandy point and entered a bay which was three miles across to the eastern shore, and from six to nine miles in length. This is now called Wellfleet Bay. As they drew near to the shore they saw some ten or twelve Indians busily engaged in cutting up some kind of fish, but what kind the pilgrims could not tell. The Indians ran away in great haste at the sight of the strangers.

Having had the usual wading on the sand-flats in order to get ashore, they threw up a breastwork, set their sentinels, built a fire, and attempted to rest. Truly brave and hardy they must have been to have rested under such circumstances. About them were the savages, the smoke of whose encampments they could see in the distance, and over them was the stormy sky of a New England winter. There

was a very different encampment many years afterward, almost upon this very spot. It was near the site of the well-known "Eastham camp-ground," where for about thirty years thousands of people resorted annually for a week of religious worship in the grove. The evening supplication of these lonely pilgrims, before they lay down upon their comfortless beds of broken branches of the cedar and sassafras trees, was in part answered in the abundant blessings of the later worshipers. Well, then, might the latter mingle more joyous shouts of praise with their prayers to the common Saviour of all!

In the morning they divided their company into two parties, eight in the shallop, who cruised about the bay, and twelve upon the land, who searched carefully for the desired "place of a habitation." They found two small running streams of fresh water, the first they had seen. One of these streams now divides Eastham from Wellfleet, and is called Indian Brook. They did not like the soil nor the

general appearance of the locality, so they soon returned to the shore, hoping to meet the shallop. They now directed their course along the sands where they had seen the Indians, and ascertained that the strange fish upon which they were at work was a *grampus*. They soon after found several of these which had died from becoming entangled among the ice-cakes in the shallow water.

It is a large animal, half the size of a Greenland full-grown whale, being often seen from twenty-five to thirty feet in length, and ten or twelve in circumference.

The Indians were cutting one into long strips, some of which they dropped in their hasty departure. The pilgrims called the place *Grampus Bay*.

The land party now struck off on the Indian trail, which led quite a distance through the woods, then out into old corn-fields, and finally into an extensive burial plot, some part of which was inclosed. In their ranging about they lighted upon a few forsaken Indian wig-

wams, but found nothing in them except two baskets of parched acorns. These they left as they found them. "So they ranged up and down all the day, but found no people, nor any place they liked. When the sun grew low they hasted out of the woods to meet with their shallop, to whom they made signs to come to them into a creek hard by, the which they did at high water; of which they were very glad, for they had not seen each other all the day since the morning. So they made them a barricade, as usually they did every night, with logs, stakes, and thick pine bows, the height of a man, leaving it open to the leeward, partly to shelter them from the cold and wind, (making their fire in the middle and lying round about,) and partly to defend them from any sudden assault of the savages if they should surround them."

Usually these precautions had proved unnecessary, but not so at this time. About midnight they heard a great and hideous cry, and their sentinels shouted, "*To arms! to arms!*" Immediately the camp was awake, and a couple

of muskets were shot off, at which the yells ceased. Hearing nothing further, they concluded the noise was made by wolves or foxes; and in this conviction they were confirmed by one of the sailors, who said he had heard such noises in Newfoundland from these animals. They lay down again and rested until five o'clock, when they were all astir. Some, to see if their muskets were in good order, shot them off. After morning prayers the breakfast was eaten, and they began to prepare to embark and sail on further discoveries. They speak of these morning hours of prayer as a part of their preparation for each day's labor. They were indeed the fittest preparation, and so they must have thought, especially in the midst of such incidents as now followed. In removing their luggage to the boat, some remarked that they had wrapped their muskets up in their coats to keep them from the dew, and that they would carry them at once on board to keep them in a better condition. Others said that they would not part with theirs until they went themselves.

It so happened that those who started with theirs for the boat found the tide so low, and the boat so far away from the shore, that they laid them down on the bank and went back to the camp. Suddenly the terrific Indian yell fell upon their ears. Being now fully awake, they did not mistake it for the cry of wolves and foxes. One of their number who had wandered a short distance away, rushed into the camp crying, “Men! Indians!! Indians!!!” To give speed to his flight a shower of arrows fell about him and into the camp. Captain Standish, who was *not* one whose gun was missing, seized it, and sent a bullet among the invaders. His musket was “*a snap-hance*,” that is, a flint lock, a clumsy beginning of that kind of a gun which has now given way in its turn to the percussion-cap gun. The Captain was the only man who had one, so he was prompt in firing. Soon another *touched off* his match-lock, while others ran for the arms left at the shore, which they obtained, “by the good providence of God,” the assailants showing their

appreciation of the act of bravery by setting up a terrible yell, and sending arrows after them thick and fast. The cool Standish ordered the men not to waste their powder but to take deliberate aim, and to guard and hold at all hazards the open side of the camp; for while this was held the Indians would have, in an attempt upon the shallop, a fire in the rear. The land party shouted to the boat's company in the midst of the fray to know "how it was with them."

"Well! well!! and you be of good courage," was shouted back as they fired a volley at the enemy. The boat's company, getting short of match-rope, were likely to be in a bad condition. At this critical moment one from the camp seized a burning log and ran with it to them, which brought another shower of arrows and tempest of yells from the savages.

But all the bravery was not on the side of the white men. There was a lusty Indian, evidently their chief, who crept from tree to tree until he had reached one quite near the

camp. From this place he took good aim, and kept the camp busy in dodging his arrows. He stood three shots from the muskets, but at length one made the bark fly about his face; and he, probably thinking that it was time to be going, ran yelling away with the whole attacking party at his heels. Captain Standish ordered his men to pursue, which they did, following them into the woods about one fourth of a mile, leaving six to guard the shallop, "for they were careful of their business." They thought, no doubt, that one fourth of a mile was quite as far as it was prudent to continue in the pursuit; for they then defiantly "shouted all together two several times, and shot off a couple of muskets and returned." This they did "that the Indians might see that they were not afraid of them, neither disengaged."

Returning to their barricade, "they gave God solemn thanks and praise for their deliverances." It was indeed a critical time with them, for the Indians, no doubt, out-numbered

them two or three to one. But it proved a bloodless battle to the white men, not one of them being hit; and it was by no means certain that the Indians did not escape with no greater harm than a severe fright. The pilgrims had no "sharp shooters" with Spencer rifles.

The victors gathered up the spoils of war in arrows which were strewn about the battle-ground, some of which were headed with brass, others with harts' horn, and a few with eagles' claws. The brass heads showed that they had seen Europeans before. No mention is made of the flint arrow-heads, which have been found elsewhere so plentifully on old hunting or fighting-grounds of the savages. The Cape Indians may have found no material of which to make them. A bundle of these arrows they afterward sent to England.

The pilgrims quickly embarked after this exciting conflict; and, naming the place "The First Encounter," left it to coast along the shore. They determined to sail to the

place recommended by the pilot, Mr. Coppin, should they not see an attractive spot before reaching it.

They had the wind fair for several hours and sailed near the land, watching with eager interest the inlets for a good harbor and a favorable place for a new home. About midday the weather changed, and by the middle of the afternoon the wind had increased to a tempest, attended by mingled snow and rain, with the sea running fearfully high.

They passed Barnstable Bay during this blinding snow-storm, and therefore did not see it, or they would quite certainly, under the circumstances, have accepted that locality, and been far less favorably circumstanced than at Plymouth.

While being thus pressed by the sea and wind their rudder broke! Two men with difficulty supplied its place, each with an oar. At this moment the pilot told them to be of good cheer, for he saw the harbor. The storm increasing, and the night coming on, they crowded

all sail upon their frail boat to get in before the darkness should surround them. In doing this they exceeded the bounds of prudence, and the mast broke, the sail fell overboard, and they lay at the mercy of the heavy sea! But their self-possession did not fail them, for their trust was in God. Putting the disabled craft into the best trim they could, and having the tide with them, they rowed into the harbor: "But when the shallop came to, the pilot was deceived in the place, and said, 'The Lord be merciful unto us, for mine eyes never saw this place before!' and he and the mate would have run her ashore in a cove full of breakers, before the wind. But a lusty sailor who steered bade those who rowed, if they were men, about with her, or else they were all cast away; the which they did with speed. So he bade them to be of good cheer and row lustily, for there was a fair sound before them, and he doubted not but they should find one place or other where they might ride in safety. And though it was *very dark*, and rained sore, yet in the end they got

under the lee of a small island, and remained there all night in safety.”

That is, they had at first approached the end of the beach on the seaward side, where was the cove full of breakers. By the courage and presence of mind of the “lusty sailor,” they pulled off from the shore; and then taking the wind, which had blown them to the beach, nearly astern, shot across the mouth of the harbor, cleared Saquish Point, and made the sheltering shore of what is now known as Clark’s Island.

“But they knew not this to be an island till the morning, but were divided in their minds. Some would keep their boats for fear they might be among the Indians; others were so weak and cold they could not endure, but got ashore, and with much ado got fire, (all things being so wet,) and the rest were glad to come to them; for after midnight the wind shifted to the northwest, and it froze hard. But though this had been a day and night of much trouble and danger unto them, yet God gave them a morn-

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First Sabbath on Clark's Island.

ing of comfort and refreshing, (as usually he does his children,) for the next day was a fair, sun-shining day, and they found themselves to be on an island secure from the Indians, where they might dry their stuff, fix their pieces, and rest themselves, and give God thanks for his mercies in their manifold deliverances. And this being the last day of the week, (Saturday, December 19, 1620,) they prepared to keep the Sabbath."

Having looked about the island on Saturday, to assure themselves that they were free from the danger of a surprise from the Indians; and, no doubt, having gathered fuel for their fire for at least another day, they made as good a camp as the circumstances would allow, and prepared to refrain from all labor on God's holy day. Resting under some sheltering trees around their blazing fire, they read the blessed Word, sung their solemn yet cheerful psalms, and thanked the Lord for their wonderful preservation from perils by sea and land. Elder Brewster was not with them, but Carver, their Gov-

ernor and *Deacon*, and Bradford and Winslow, all active Christians, could lead in prayer, and speak from the Scriptures words of comfort and love. Worldly men would have felt that their circumstances made such a Sabbath's rest impossible; but these men arose on Monday stronger in body and more vigorous in mind for the difficulties yet to be overcome. Their obedience to God's commands was the best haste.

On Monday, December 21, (new style,) they first surveyed the harbor so far as to ascertain that it would be a safe place for ships, and then stepped upon *The Rock* which lay upon the shore, making a convenient landing.

They spent most of the day exploring the vicinity, and finding brooks and cleared land were favorably impressed, and returned the next day in a straight course to the *Mayflower*, a distance of twenty-six miles, bearing a favorable report.

CHAPTER XI.

THE LANDING.

DURING the absence of the exploring party for nearly a week the time must have passed slowly with their anxious friends in the Mayflower. While they looked from her deck upon the stormy sea and snowy atmosphere, and felt the cold of winter, they could but think of them in their frail shallop on an unknown coast, or encamped without shelter on land, surrounded by savages. But their trust was in God. To him in prayer they committed those seeking "a habitation." But while thus anxious for the absent ones an incident occurred to their own party as mournful as it was unexpected. It was the drowning, by accidentally falling overboard, of Dorothy, wife of William Bradford, the historian; so that his joy on his return for the many narrow escapes of the expedition was

suddenly marred by the sorrows of widowhood.

On Friday, the 25th of December, the Mayflower weighed anchor and made sail for Plymouth. Five weeks they had been in Provincetown Harbor—weeks of deep solicitude and much toil. With high hopes they bore away due west, and had come within six miles of the desired haven, when a high contrary wind drove them back toward their old anchorage. The next morning they tried again with better success; and had but just dropped their anchor in Plymouth Bay, when the wind veered to a point which would have sent them again to Cape Cod.

They were much pleased as they looked upon the scene from the deck of their vessel. The bay appeared to them of ample size and well formed, with its hook-shaped beaches nearly meeting at its entrance. “Innumerable store of water-fowl, excellent good,” swam and flew about them, and they felt assured that there were plenty of fish in their season. They

thought the shore was "a goodly land," having, as they could see, trees—oaks, pines, walnut beech, sassafras, and others which were strange to them—with vines and shrubs. It was Saturday, the night was setting in, so they contented themselves with this distant view of their new home. Their faith and hope must have greatly aided them in clothing the scene with so much that is "goodly." Every thing was in its winter garb. There were no habitations to cheer their sight. If there were inhabitants, they were their savage enemies. But they felt sure there was in this desolate place that which they sought—*freedom*. The next day they remained in the Mayflower. It was the Sabbath; the sixth they had spent in the New World, and was given to God, as the others had been, in acts of prayer and praise.

On Monday a company under Captain Jones went ashore. They explored for several miles, finding cleared land, and evidence of Indian occupation in previous years. They were pleased to find, in addition to the trees they had seen

from the vessel, plum and cherry trees, strawberry vines in abundance, and an excellent kind of flax and hemp. Some of the soil, they said, was "excellent black earth, fat in some places, and a spit's (spade's) depth;" much was sandy, and some was excellent clay, "good for pots, and will wash like soap." They found also, during this day's excursion, that which above all delighted them, "the best water that ever was drunk, and brooks now beginning to be full of fish."

Thus ended the first day ashore.

The next day two parties started on a pioneering excursion, one by land and the other in the shallop, and appear to have kept in sight of each other. They found a creek, and a fine river up which they sailed several miles, now Jones's River. Having returned to the mouth of the river, they all entered the shallop and landed on Clarke's Island, giving it a pretty thorough examination. This brought them to the shadows of the evening; so they returned to the Mayflower to make their report, and to

get needed rest and refreshment for further discoveries.

There was now a consultation on board concerning the precise spot on which to commence the settlement. Some were in favor of Jones's River, at the head of its tide waters, several miles from the bay. It was navigable for small vessels, and its banks seemed to them very inviting. But it was objected that this would be far from the fishing-grounds, and was so encompassed with woods as to expose them to surprises by the Indians, and would cost more labor in clearing than they, in their present condition, could afford to bestow.

Others were in favor of locating on Clarke's Island, urging, as the most important reason, that it would be easily defended against enemies. To this it was very decisively answered that the place was too much exposed to the cold winds, too small for the whole company, and afforded no good prospect of a plentiful supply of fresh water. A nervous recollection of the *First Encounter* must have influenced

the judgment of those who would choose Clarke's Island.

The next morning they decided to send one more exploring company to examine two places more thoroughly which had been before visited, and between which the preference of the majority seemed now to be divided ; and they agreed that on the return of the party the final choice should be made. They were urged to this decision by the lateness of the season, it being now the 29th of December ; by the impatience of the captain and crew of the Mayflower to return to England ; and because their supply of provisions was becoming alarmingly small.

Before this important final exploration was made, the whole company were assembled, and prayer was offered for the Divine guidance.

The examination of the places being made, the majority voted for "The mainland, on the first place, (examined,) on a high ground, where there is a great deal of land cleared, and hath been planted with corn three or four years ago ; and there is a very sweet brook runs under the

hill-side, and many delicate springs of as good water as can be drunk, and where we may harbor our shallop and boats exceeding well."

This "sweet brook" was the "Town Brook;" and the description refers to the high land below what they named Fort Hill, now "Burial Hill." On this spot, selected after long searching and much prayer, they at once made a camp for about twenty; the rest of those able to labor purposing to join them in the morning. But the next day, December 31, was stormy and wet, and none could leave the ship, and those on shore had a most uncomfortable time of it, not having had an opportunity to make either a shelter, or the means of defense against an attack from the Indians. Nor was this all their trouble. They had no provisions, and the sea rose so high that the shallop could not come to them until late in the forenoon; and the storm continued to rage so severely during the entire day that she could not return. It is no wonder that, in the midst of these terrible ex-

posures, sickness and death began to be added to their trials. Six died in December, and the year closed with many at the point of death. Saturday the second of January a beginning was made in felling trees for building material. The next day was Sabbath, kept by each portion of the divided company under the pressure of many causes of disquiet. Those on shore were startled and driven to arms by what they thought was the war-whoop of the dreaded Indians. On Monday, the fourth of January, (our reckoning,) but with them the twenty-fifth of December, *Christmas Day*, they renewed with vigor their labor at building. Some cut down the trees, some split, some sawed, and others bore the timber to the place of erection. They were once interrupted by the false cry of "Indians! Indians!!" The bravest men might well, under such circumstances, take counsel, in a measure, of their fears. It was a fearful Christmas to persons accustomed to observe it as a day of gladness, and a day for the giving of gifts. Their drink was water, except a little

beer with which Captain Jones treated at night those on board; their food was plain and their labor intense.

On Thursday, January seventh, they had completed a very rough, "common house," about twenty feet square, for a rallying-place and a shelter during further operations. Their shallop came up the creek, making the mouth of "Town Brook;" and this house was a little north of the place they used as a wharf, and so was convenient as a place of deposit of the goods brought from the ship, which was obliged, on account of the sand-flats, to lie a mile and a half from the shore.

They now commenced laying out a street, starting a little south of the hill, and running east to the harbor shore. They divided, for economy in building, the whole company into nineteen families, and then proceeded to lay out as many lots, the lots varying in size according to the number in the family. These lots were not large for a new country, Governor Carver's family, of eight persons--above the

average in size—having one of sixty-six feet front by forty-nine and a half in depth. These grounds were measured out on the north and south side of what is now called Leyden-street. When the reader visits with us Plymouth Rock and its vicinity we shall be interested in noting the very locality.

Their settlement was made thus compact, because they planned to *impale* the whole, and part of the hill, for a better defense against the savages, and it must be remembered that they were not thinking so much of farming, as of trading and fishing.

They were able only to survey and stake out the lots before they were interrupted by cold rain storms; besides, very many were ill from constant exposure. During these days of waiting their watchfulness was prompted by the camp fires of the Indians, seen about six or seven miles away.

On the following week they were at work again. They built their houses of logs, filling the chinks with clay, and covering the roof

with a thatch of long dried grass or reeds. Some of the people were scattered through the vicinity gathering the thatch, while the strongest prepared the timber and built the cabins. Though there was much cold rain, and, of course, they were very uncomfortable, they do not speak of drifting and deep snow, by which their labor would have been *impossible*. The winter was, in fact, remarkably mild for the locality. Their later experience of New England winters caused them to thank God for the favorable character of this one, though, as it was, they could generally work only about half of each week.

Having made some progress with their houses, they adopted a new plan of proceeding. They agreed that every man should build his own house, thus throwing into their business the stimulus of personal interest and a pleasant rivalry. In this they continued, only leaving off once to unite their labor in constructing a temporary shed for their provisions as they were landed from the shallop.

On the Sabbath, *their* December 31, the majority being on shore, they held their public service for the first time in the Common House, conducted, no doubt, by Elder Brewster.

CHAPTER XII.

INCIDENTS OF THE FIRST WINTER.

LET us look a little more closely into the daily experience of our pilgrim company. There were many circumstances of trial and excitement besides the toil of building amid alternating sunshine, rain, and snow.

We have stated that six persons died in December. At the time of the arrival of the Mayflower in Plymouth Harbor the majority of her company were suffering with colds and seated coughs, the sad fruits of the exposures and toils upon the Cape, and insufficient or improper food. Consumption had already marked some as its victims; others had contracted the scurvy on shipboard, and many were in that state of exhaustion which invites fatal diseases. In January eight more died. During February and March the sickness increased, thirty more

dying in these two months. In their days of the greatest distress there were but seven well persons to nurse the sick and bury the dead. Two of these seven were "the reverend elder," William Brewster, and Miles Standish, the military captain, of whom William Bradford thus speaks: "Myself and many others were much beholden to them in our sick and low condition. And yet the Lord so upheld these persons as, in this general calamity, they were not at all infected either with sickness or lameness."

And of these seven sound persons generally he says: "They spared no pains night nor day, but with abundance of toil and hazard of their own health fetched wood for the sick, made them fires, dressed their meat, made their beds, washed their loathsome clothes, clothed and unclothed them; in a word, did all the homely and necessary offices for them; and did all willingly and cheerfully, without any grudging in the least, showing herein their true love unto their friends and brethren. A rare example, and worthy to be remembered."

This sickness first attacked those who were of the pilgrim company. The ship's officers and crew "hasted them ashore, where they were obliged to drink only water, that the seamen might have the more beer." This might have been all the better for the sick, but it was not so regarded by them. One in his weakness requested that at least a small can might be sent ashore to him. It was replied, "No; if you were my own father you should have none." The captain was keeping a sharp lookout for the return voyage. But soon the ship's company began to be sick, and before it sailed nearly half of them died, including some of their officers and "lustiest" men. This created a more tender feeling on board, and from this time the sick on shore shared with them whatever there was for their comfort.

The moral difference between the ship's company and the pilgrims was very apparent during the visitation of disease and death. The sailors "had been boon companions in drinking and jollity in the times of their health and wel-

fare." But now they deserted one another. They refused to hazard their lives to give comfort to the infected. They heartlessly kept away from the cabins of the dying, saying, "If they must die, let them 'die.'" One, as death approached, cursed his wife, accusing her of having influenced him to undertake the voyage; and then he cursed his companions, saying that he had done many a service for them, and spent much money with them in their jovial seasons, but that now, in his distress, they forsook him. One poor fellow bribed a companion to render him some kind offices by telling him, that if he died, he should have all he left. After a little reluctant service the wretch forsook the dying man, and went to his companions swearing that the rascal was not going to die, but meant to cheat him by living, and that he would be choked if he did another thing for him. The poor fellow, however, died in a few hours.

In marked contrast to this were the spirit and conduct of the pilgrims. Those who were on board, and able to do so, were unremitting

in their kind attentions to these wicked men, not counting their lives dear unto them that they might do the sailors good. The boatswain, a proud young man, lay sick and dying. He had often scoffed at and ill-treated the pilgrims. Now they rendered good for his evil. They were unceasing in their attention. Turning his dying eyes upon them he said sadly: "I do not deserve this at your hands. Now I see that you show your love like Christians, both toward one another and to those who have wronged you, while we let one another live and die like dogs."

Such fruit did these Christians bring forth in affliction, and to such tests of character were they subjected. Thus far, during the prevalence of the sickness, Winslow, Standish, and Allerton had become widowers.

"The spring now approaching, it pleased God the mortality began to cease among them, and the sick and lame recovered apace, which put, as it were, new life into them, though they had borne their sad affliction with as much

patience and contentedness as any people could do. But it was the Lord who upheld them, and had beforehand prepared them, many having long borne the yoke, yea, from their youth."

The number of deaths before the first spring had passed was fifty-one, half of their whole company. They were buried on a little swell of land since named Cole's Hill, near the shore, and the ground leveled to conceal from their Indian foes the extent of their loss. No stone ever marked their resting-place. The green grass soon waved over it, fittest emblem of their enduring memory.

Having anticipated by a few weeks the order of time to group together these sad incidents, we will turn back and note events of a more cheerful character.

On Wednesday, January thirteenth, some of the people were seeking thatch about the forsaken corn-fields, and were attracted by the great fires made by the Indians. The next day their prompt commander, Captain Standish,

tock a small detachment of armed men and went to the place where they had been ; but the shy natives had departed. He found their houses, but none which had been recently occupied. On their return they shot an eagle, and carried it to headquarters, where it was dressed and cooked. It was eaten and pronounced “excellent meat,” and “hardly to be discerned from mutton.” A sharp appetite must have given color to this favorable comparison of the flesh of a carnivorous eagle with the meat of the grazing sheep.

The following day a herring was stranded and taken alive, and eaten with a relish all the more enjoyed, as it seemed to be an assurance that there would be a good supply of this fish. They had taken but one cod yet ; they were destitute of suitable hooks for these waters, a strange want of foresight for so thoughtful and painstaking a company, which cost them much subsequent suffering.

The shallop returned on Monday from her customary fishing excursion, and brought

“three great seals and an excellent good cod.”

The same day Francis Billington and the mate of the *Mayflower* started to explore the region of a sheet of water which had been seen from the top of a high tree. They traveled, as they thought, about three miles, and discovered “a great water divided into two great lakes, the bigger of them five or six miles in circuit, and in it an isle of a cable’s length square. The other was three miles in compass. In their estimation they are fine fresh water, full of fish and fowl. A brook issues from it. It will be an excellent help in time.”

Later information shows that the explorers made quite a creditable report for those making so hasty a survey. *Billington Sea*, as it is now called, is here well described. The brook was *Town Brook*, on the north bank of which they were now settling.

In all such excursions Indian houses were found; but the pilgrims could not yet under-

stand why they should bear the marks of having been for years without inhabitants.

On the twenty-second of this month (January) the settlement was thrown into a feverish anxiety by the thoughtlessness of two of its members, John Goodman and Peter Browne. Having cut thatch all the forenoon, they directed their companions to bind it up and follow them. They then sauntered off. The others having made the bundles of thatch attempted to follow; but after repeated shoutings and searching this way and that, returned to camp and reported them lost. Repeated detachments were sent out, but the night shut in and no tidings came concerning them. The next day ten armed men made a weary tramp of ten miles, and returned reporting that they had neither seen nor heard of them. This "brought great discomfort to all," for fears were entertained that they had been surprised and carried off by the savages.

Let us now leave these anxious friends and follow the heedless fugitives. They had taken

their dinner in their hands and strolled away until they came to a small lake. They were accompanied by two dogs, a mastiff and a spaniel. They started a deer at the water side, to which the dogs very naturally gave chase, and the men very heedlessly following were soon, of course, lost. They were thinly clothed and without food, and their discomfort was increased by a storm of mingled snow and rain, which was followed by freezing cold. They were unarmed, except with their sickles. Though dreading to meet with the Indians they longed to see one of their forsaken houses, but none were found. The night came on and they took shelter under a tree, fearing to lie down lest their sleep should prove the sleep of death. Thus, trembling with cold and fear, their alarm was increased by the howl, in the distance, of two wild beasts. Soon another terrific howl started up quite near them. They believed these noises came from lions. The wolves which made them were for years afterward the terror of the colonists. The fright-

ened men prepared to spring up into the tree on their nearer approach, while the dogs crouched at their feet growling a timid defiance. In this predicament they stamped about under the tree until morning, and then commenced their search for the way homeward, wandering off four or five miles south of Plymouth. In the afternoon they fortunately ascended a high hill, and obtained sight of the familiar objects of their harbor; so that they reached home that night weary, hungry, and almost perished with cold. Goodman's shoes were cut from his feet, and it was a long time before his swollen limbs could render their accustomed service.

The pilgrims for awhile dwelt "in the midst of alarms." The day after the arrival of the lost ones the thatch of the roof of the Common House caught fire from a spark from the chimney, and was quickly consumed. Carver and Bradford, who were sick, fled just in time to escape being killed by the explosion of some powder. Loaded muskets were in every part of the room, and the beds of the sick were

crowded closely together. An eye-witness, who writes the account, exclaims, "Blessed be God, there was no harm done!"

The damage to the house was slight, and soon repaired. But those on board the Mayflower were the most alarmed by the incident. They had not heard of the return of Goodman and Brown; and they imagined that the Indians, having killed them, had now attacked the settlement and set the rendezvous on fire.

John Goodman seems to have been followed by trouble whenever he ventured into the woods: "Thursday the twenty-ninth, in the evening, he went abroad to use his lame feet, which were pitifully ill with the cold he had got. He had a little spaniel with him; and a little way from the Plantation two great wolves ran after the dog, which fled for succor to his master, crouching between his legs. Goodman had nothing in his hand, but took up a stick and threw at one of them, and hit him. Presently they both ran away, but soon came back again. He seized a stake, and the wolves sat

upon their tails a good while grinning at him. They finally went their way and left him."

On the afternoon of Friday, February nineteen, the little log-cabin which had been put up for a hospital caught fire in the straw-covered roof, as the Common House had done, causing much alarm among the suffering inmates, but not doing much damage.

That evening a more agreeable incident occurred. Captain Jones went ashore gunning, and returned to the sick people with five geese, which he kindly distributed among them. This might not seem exactly the diet they needed, but it was, no doubt, much better than that which they had long eaten. The want of fresh provisions was one occasion of the prevailing sickness. The Captain brought home also some venison, taken in an unexpected way. He found a deer freshly killed. The Indians had just shot him and cut off his horns, when they took to flight, leaving their prey well bled. Perhaps the distant sight of the approaching white man had hastened their de-

parture. The wolves intervening had devoured a portion, and then gave way to the stranger, but not, probably, in the spirit of a generous hospitality.

A few days after, one of the men was fowling by the side of the creek among the reeds, about a mile and a half from the plantation, when twelve Indians passed him, marching toward it. He lay close until they had passed, and then ran with all speed to give the alarm. At the signal gun those abroad hastened home, and all were soon in fighting order. But the Indians did nothing more serious than to light their camp fires at a distance, with one not very creditable exception. Captain Standish, and a fellow-workman upon the building material, in their haste to be at the post of danger, when they heard the alarm gun left their tools behind. These the savages took without the captain's leave, an act which such a man was not likely readily to overlook.

These frequent alarms created an increased watchfulness among the pilgrims. Their guns

were carefully examined, and their ammunition kept dry, and their sentinels held to the strictest vigilance. Saturday, February twenty-seventh, was devoted to the establishment of regular military discipline. Miles Standish was chosen captain. While thus engaged two Indians appeared on the hill south of Town Brook, and made signs to the white men to come to them. This invitation was reciprocated, the pilgrims beckoning the Indians to them. The distrust and the desire for an interview were apparent in both parties. At length the brave Standish, with only one attendant, stepped forward, laying down his musket in their sight in token of peace. But the wily savages ran away.

The pilgrims now hastened to complete their means of defense. Three cannon were brought ashore, dragged to the top of the hill, and placed upon a platform erected to receive them. They carried a four pound shot each, and were no doubt equal to the service required of them, though very small affairs compared with their modern successors. Two smaller pieces, carry-

ing light shot, were also put in position. These labors were followed by a kind of feast, of which the seamen and settlers partook together. Captain Jones provided "a very fat goose," and the other party "a fat crane, a duck, and a dried neat's tongue;" and "so they were kindly and friendly together."

Early in March Governor Carver, with a company of five others, made further explorations about the great pond which Billington had discovered, finding evidence of the frequent visits of deer to that region, and of the constant presence of a great variety and abundance of fowl, both of which facts gave great joy.

The first appearance of spring must have been hailed with pleasure by the settlers, though it had all the fickleness of the New England climate. They thus describe it: "Saturday the thirteenth of March the wind was south, the morning misty, but toward noon warm and fair weather. The birds sang in the woods most pleasantly. At one o'clock it thundered, which was the first we heard in the country; it was

strong and great claps, but short; after an hour it rained very sadly until midnight."

Planting, and guarding against the Indians, were the two most important matters of interest just now. Their ignorance up to this time of the number and feelings toward them of the Indians was an occasion of painful suspense and burdensome solicitude. Happily, God, who had watched over them thus far, and who had so plainly guided them to this place, had prepared the way for the removal of this difficulty also. He, the Friend equally of the white and red man, was about to introduce each to the other in the most pleasant manner.

CHAPTER XIII.

INDIAN VISITORS.

ON Friday the twenty-sixth of March, being a fair, warm day, the chief men assembled again to complete the organization of their military force. While thus engaged they were as usual startled with the cry of "Indians! Indians!" It proved not to be the rush of savage men, tomahawk and scalping-knife in hand, but the confiding approach of a single Indian, with the salutation, in tolerably good English, of "Welcome, Englishmen! Welcome, Englishmen!" He marched boldly past the private houses to head-quarters. He was here intercepted, or he would have entered without even saying "by your leave." He proved "to be free of speech," and "of a seemly carriage, and gave a good account of himself." His name was Samoset, a chief or *sachem* of a tribe far away to the east,

where he had become acquainted with the English, and learned something of their language. He had been eight months "in these parts." He had the dress, or rather the *undress*, of a savage. He wore only a piece of dressed skin about his waist, bordered with a narrow fringe. It was growing piercingly cold, so the pilgrims cast a horseman's coat over him. He was a tall, straight man, with coarse black hair hanging long behind. He asked for some beer, and his entertainers, after the unwise hospitality of the times, gave him "strong water." They also sat before him biscuit, butter, cheese, pudding, and a piece of duck, "all of which he liked well," most especially, no doubt, "the strong water," *not* from the Town Brook. The guest now felt in the best of humor, and his new friends plied him with questions about matters which greatly concerned them. He said the place where they were settled was called by the Indians *Patuxet*; that a few years before a terrible sickness swept off nearly all the inhabitants of this region, and that there were none to

dispute their settling here. He spoke intelligently of the tribes in various directions; of their sachems, numbers, and disposition toward the whites.

Having conversed with their visitor until evening, and having obtained what information they could, the pilgrims would gladly have dismissed him in peace. But he was well pleased with his new acquaintance and good cheer, and decidedly declined to go. They then proposed to him to go on board the ship for the night, to which he readily assented. He entered the shallop; but the wind blowing a fresh breeze, and the tide ebbing, it put back, and Samoset spent the night, as he desired, with his friends on shore. A watch was set about the house in which he lodged, but he proved harmless.

In the morning he added some items of value to the information he had given. *Massasoit*, he said, was their nearest neighbor, whose men were sixty strong; and the Nausets were south-east of them, (at Eastham,) and were a hundred strong. These last were the Indians

who had attacked the pilgrims at "The First Encounter." He had heard of that fight, and said that these savages were very angry at the English. They had good reason to be, as it was afterward ascertained. Six years before, the celebrated Captain Smith, of Pocahontas fame, visited these waters. A Captain Hunt commanded one of the ships, and when Smith left, Hunt remained with his vessel to trade. Having derived all the profit possible from them in traffic, he stole seven of the Indians themselves, by decoying them on board his vessel and then sailing away. He repeated this villainy afterward, in a worse form, in the very place now selected for a plantation by the pilgrims. "Having many of them on board, he made a great slaughter with his murderous and small shot." He took twenty of them captives, and the whole twenty-seven he attempted to sell as slaves at Malaga. But a just indignation from God and man followed the wretch. He died miserably in Virginia not long after, and a few of the victims of his

greediness for gain were returned to their native land.

No wonder, then, that the pilgrims learned from Samoset that the Indians were angry at the white men. The *Nausets* (the Cape Cod Indians) had, in fact, revenged this wrong by killing three Europeans just before the pilgrims arrived. The Indian blood was up, and they were for war to the tomahawk and scalping-knife! Unfortunately, too, it was from these very Indians that our pilgrims, in their necessity, had taken the corn at "Cornhill." But we shall see that they convinced them that there was a great difference in white men.

On Saturday they dismissed Samoset, giving him a knife, a bracelet, and a ring. He promised soon to return, bringing some others, with beaver skins for trading.

The savage was altogether too prompt in repeating his visit. While the pilgrims were, on the next day, enjoying the quiet and devotion of the Sabbath, he came, bringing five stalwart companions. They are described as

having deer-skins thrown over their shoulders, trowsers of dressed skin, and pieces of the same material about their waist. Their coarse black hair hung long behind, but was cut short high upon their foreheads. Some dressed the head with feathers, arranged to stand up like a fan; and others wore the tail of a fox on the back of the head, where modern ladies wear “waterfalls.”

As they had been instructed through Samoset, they left, a quarter of a mile away, their war weapons—bows, arrows, and tomahawks. The pilgrims, like all real Christians, disliked visits of ceremony on the Sabbath, so they entertained their stranger friends as briefly as possible. They set before them a plain repast, of which they ate heartily; but the Indians added to it some cakes made from pounded corn, which they brought with them. The account says, that after the meal their chief took a little tobacco from a bag and filled all his men’s pipes. But none of them “drunk” until he lifted his pipe. By the word “drunk” they

mean *smoked*; for people in those days talked of *drinking* tobacco when they referred to smoking. Perhaps it seemed to them like a bad kind of drinking. These Indians then all smoked their pipes after dinner, and were very polite about it, saying, by waiting for their sachem to begin, “After you is manners!”

They brought some furs to trade; but the pilgrims told them that it was their Holy Day, and that they must come again for that purpose. Then they said, “We will leave our furs until we return.” But the white men would not let them do that. When they had done smoking they gave their new friends, much against their sense of what was fitting for the day, an exhibition of their songs and dances, or “*antics*,” as the whites called them. The pilgrims then bowed them away as politely as possible, giving them “a few trifles,” and accompanying them to the place where they had left their bows and arrows. Samoset, however, was either sick, or pretended to be, and would not go. He remained until the follow-

ing Wednesday, when he was sent away with presents for himself, and a message to the Indian neighbors to inquire why they had not come to trade according to agreement.

When he was gone, the chief men again assembled to finish their military organization. But the Indians, as if they knew of the meeting, showed themselves on a neighboring hill, and made signs of defiance by whetting their arrow-heads and rubbing their bow-strings. But at a sight of a few of Captain Standish's armed men they scampered away. The next day the military meeting met with the usual interruption. Samoset appeared with a companion, whom he introduced as Squanto. Squanto surprised our friends by speaking much better English than Samoset. The explanation, learned afterward, was this: "He was one of five Indians who had been carried to England (by fair solicitation, not stolen) by Captain George Weymouth in 1605, only three years after the first appearance of white men upon these shores. He remained there awhile with John Slany, Treasurer of the

Newfoundland Company. Some say he came back, and was stolen by Hunt with those taken from Plymouth. But, at any rate, he was a native of this place, went to England about sixteen years before, and had returned with one Captain Dermer the summer preceding the arrival of the pilgrims. Dermer, on his way to Plymouth, had stopped on the coast of Maine, where Samoset reigned as sachem, took him in, and left both him and Squanto at Plymouth or vicinity. Now they are here, to be the interpreters between the strangers and the natives. How wonderfully does God arrange in his providence to help those who trust him, and to bring to pass his great designs in establishing a mighty nation ! Without either Samoset or Squanto the pilgrims and the Indians could not have understood each other, and there could have been no peace.

These two came now with a few presents in their hands as the couriers of the great *Mas-sasoit*, the acknowledged King of many tribes. They brought also the tools which had been

stolen from those who had been at work in the woods.

About an hour after the King came in sight, with *Quadequina*, his brother, accompanied by sixty warriors. They halted on the hill south of the brook. Each party was afraid of the other, so they looked at one another for awhile. Finally Governor Carver sent Squanto to the King for some expression of his wish. The chief returned answer that he wanted some one to come and have "a big talk." The Governor then sent Edward Winslow for the purpose, who carried as a present to the great sachem "a pair of knives," and a jewel attached to a copper chain. To his brother he brought a knife, and a jewel to hang in his ear. To these presents they added, most unwise as we should think, a pot of "strong water;" "the good quantity of biscuit" which finally made up the gifts, could have been eaten by hungry Indians with their pure *spring water*. Winslow saluted his Indian Majesty with words of love and peace in the name of King James of En-

gland. He told him that the Governor desired to see him, and make with him a covenant of peace, and arrangements for the people of both parties to trade together. The chief listened very attentively, and declared that he liked the talk much. He then ate and drank of what was brought him, and gave a portion to his men. He then cast an envious eye upon Winslow's sword and armor, and wanted to buy it; but was told it was not for sale. He then left Winslow under the care of his brother, and taking twenty men, all unarmed, he started for the Governor and his company. Captain Standish and Mr. Allerton met him at the brook with six soldiers, and saluted him; and very politely, one on each side, escorted him to the Common House, then partly built. Here a green rug was spread, upon which several cushions were placed, and the King was seated as became his royal dignity during this introduction the august person of the Governor had not been seen. Soon the drum and trumpet announced his coming, and he was intro-

duced to the astonished savage, while "the musketeers stood upon each side. The Governor kissed his Majesty's hand, and his Royalty returned the kiss. The two rulers then feasted together, "the strong water" being first served, of which the King took so large a drink that it "made him sweat all the while after." We wonder it had not made him *fight* during the rest of the interview. *King Alcohol* soon after conquered all the Indian tribes, and he has been their cruel master ever since, shedding their blood, and causing them to shed the white man's blood. But this chief, Massasoit, was too much afraid in his present position to feel as he would otherwise have done the promptings of alcohol, for it is said, "he trembled for fear all the time he sat by the Governor." Every sound and sight was new to him; besides, the white men had not yet earned his confidence. Seven of his own men had been put under guard by Captain Standish as a security for the safe return of Winslow. So both sides were distrustful; yet this truly noble Indian, as he proved

to be, made on the spot, at the request of the strangers, the following treaty:

1. That neither he nor any of his people should injure or do hurt to any of the colony.
2. If any of his did hurt to any of the colonists he should send the offender that they might punish him.
3. If any of the tools of the colonists were taken away when the people were at work he should cause them to be restored; and if their people did any harm to any of his they should do the like to them.
4. If any did unjustly war against Massasoit the colonists should aid him; and if any warred against the colonists he should aid them.
5. He should send to the neighboring tribes to whom he was bound by engagements of friendship, that they might not wrong the colonists, but come into the same conditions of peace.
6. When his men came into the settlement of the colonists they should leave their bows and arrows behind them, and the whites should

do the same with their guns when they went to the Indians.

All this pleased his followers as well as their sachem, and the agreement was kept faithfully by both parties for fifty years, and was a great benefit to all.

Let us look a little more closely at this famous chief and his company as they appeared at this time. Massasoit was about forty-five years old, large, well-proportioned, and strong in body, very sober, and of few words. He was distinguished from his men merely by a string of bone beads which he wore around his neck, from which a bag of tobacco hung behind, “from which he drank and gave to the pilgrims to drink;” that is, they smoked all round. His face was painted a deep red, which was esteemed a royal color, and his men had painted theirs in various fancy colors of red, yellow, and black. They were all well oiled, “and looked very greasy.” “Some had skins on them, and some were naked.”

When “the big talk” was over Governor

Carver conducted his guests to the brook, when they embraced and separated, the pilgrims keeping the seven Indians who were under guard until they should receive Winslow in safety. In the mean time Quadequina came to the Governor, and was treated with much the same respect that his brother, the sachem, was. Mr. Winslow was then sent home and the seven Indians dismissed. The Indians began to feel, before the interview broke up, quite at home. The King was much surprised at the trumpet, and his men amused themselves by trying to sound it. Two of them were so much pleased with their new friends that they wanted to remain, but were not allowed by the pilgrims to do so. Squanto and Samoset, however, claimed special privileges, and stayed all night. Massasoit and his men, with their women and children, encamped that night in the woods just beyond the hill. Standish and Allerton made them a visit in the morning, and were well treated. The Indians assured them that they were coming in a few days to plant

corn on and about the hill, and spend the summer there, which was probably not very welcome information to the strangers.

When the Indians were gone the pilgrims completed their military arrangements without further interruption, having now less fear of unfriendly visits. They had seen the Indians, and though not *sure* of the sincerity of their professions of good-will, they had but little doubt that they would keep the peace.

They learned at a later time that the Indians of this vicinity, when they first saw the white men attempting a settlement among them, assembled with their *powwows* in a dismal swamp. The powwows were their “medicine men” and priests; these built fires in the swamp; and in the night, while the other Indians danced and chanted their frightful songs, cursed the white men, and called upon the evil spirit to destroy them. They were now learning a better way in reference to the strangers.

CHAPTER XIV.

AN ERRAND OF PEACE.

THE beginning of April, 1621, was a marked period with the colonists, for on the fifth of this month the Mayflower left for England. She had been in the country nearly five months, and had swung at her anchor in Plymouth Harbor about four months. At first Captain Jones was in a hurry to leave, and pressed the pilgrims to hasten the discharge of his vessel; but their chief men detained it, willing rather to increase their expenses in so doing than to increase the exposures of the Company in sending her away before comfortable shelters were provided on shore. But when the sickness came, in which some of the crew died, and nearly all were prostrated, the captain could not go. But now the Mayflower, so long their ocean home, and the last visible connection between them and the

fatherland, spread her sails and soon disappeared in the dim distance. There are no recorded wishes expressed by any to return in her, though her departure must have awokened a keen sense of the sacrifices they were making.

But the sailing of the Mayflower was soon forgotten in a more serious cause of sorrow. Death, whose harvest they had hoped was complete, must crown it with one of the ripest and most precious sheaves. Toward the close of the month of April Governor Carver came from the field, where he had been planting with the other laborers. It was a warm day, and he complained of a pain in his head. He lay down, and in a few hours was senseless; in which condition he remained a few days, and then fell asleep in Christ.

His loss was deeply felt. He was buried with a few volleys from the muskets of those able to bear arms. His wife was in feeble health at the time, and survived her husband only five weeks. They left no children; but the chil-

dren's children of those who knew them rise up to call them blessed.

William Bradford, still hardly recovered from sickness, was chosen Governor, and Isaac Allerton assistant.

During the planting season Squanto was of great service to the settlers, teaching them how to catch the alewives, (which were abundant at this season in "Town Brook,") and the way to use them in planting. Two or three were put in a hill of corn, which greatly improved the crop. They proved excellent for all kinds of seed. Twenty acres of corn were planted, and six of peas and barley.

While thus engaged in affairs of public interest, (such as making treaties with the Indians,) and those which concerned a good supply of the fruits of the field, domestic matters were not neglected. On the twenty-second of May Edward Winslow was married to Mrs. Susannah White, the mother of Peregrine. Mr. Winslow and Mrs. White had lost their partners during the prevailing sickness. The marriage cere-

mony was performed by a magistrate after the Dutch fashion. This was the first marriage, and must have been quite an event of interest in the little, struggling community.

When the planting was all done and the honeymoon over, Mr. Winslow, with Stephen Hopkins as his associate, was sent on an important errand for the colony. They were intrusted with a message to Massasoit, whose country they wished to see, and whose friendship they wished still further to cultivate. Squanto accompanied them as guide and interpreter. The message with which they were charged was in substance this: To assure the King of the continued love and good-will of the Governor and his people; to present him with a horseman's coat of red cotton with lace trimmings, and a copper chain for his neck; to tell him that his people came to Plymouth in great numbers—men, women, and children—and were burdensome and annoying, and to request him to restrain them; to assure him that he would be welcome himself at any time, and

all those whom he might send ; and, that they might know who were his messengers, to ask him to send the copper chain, by which the messenger would be known, and treated with becoming honor and attention ; they were to desire the King to exchange with them some seed corn, that the colonists might experiment with it, in order to get that which was best fitted to their soil ; lastly, they were to tell the King about the corn which they had taken at Corn-hill, on Cape Cod, and that the Nauset Indians who owned it were so afraid of the white men that they could not arrange the payment ; they were therefore to ask the King to send a messenger to the Nausets to open the way for the desired settlement.

With this message and the presents, Winslow and Hopkins set out at nine o'clock in the morning of July second. The first night they slept in the open field, about eight miles beyond Namasket, now Middleborough. On their way they were beset by many of Massasoit's people. Some had been to the sea-shore, and were laden

with lobsters and other fish ; some were fishing in the streams. They all "pestered" the messengers until they were "wearied of them." At Namasket they were well treated to *maizium*, a coarse corn cake, and with shad boiled with musty acorns. They ate heartily of the cake and shad, and gave the donors some of the food they had brought in their wallets, a return gift which all the Indians were sure to expect. After they had eaten, the savages desired them to shoot some of the crows which were spoiling their corn ; and when they saw a few of these black thieves brought down by the shot at a considerable distance, they were greatly impressed with the wonderful power of the strangers.

The place where they lodged was a summer resort of the Indians, on the banks of a river running into Narraganset Bay. There were no houses here, but evidences all along the stream of the numerous population before the great plague, of a few years previous, which had so desolated the country. The messengers fol-

lowed this river toward the residence of Massasoit, which was upon or near its banks. They were attended by six savages from their last stopping-place. The whole company, now consisting of twelve men, came to a ford, where a very amusing incident occurred. There were two old men, one being sixty years old, living on the opposite bank. These men were the only survivors of the plague in this place. They skulked in the high grass near the bank with their bows. When the other party were in the stream, half way across, they started boldly up, and, "in a shrill voice," commanded them to stand, and come no further at their peril until they told who they were, and whether they were friends or enemies. Our messengers admired their valor, answered them civilly, and were permitted to cross. The old men proved that they were as generous as they were brave by setting food before the strangers; they, in return, gave them a bracelet of beads.

Winslow and Hopkins found their new traveling companions very kind. When they came

to streams they offered to carry them over on their backs. Seeing they were weary and almost faint from the excessive heat, they requested permission to carry their heavy guns or their extra clothes. These companions at one time thought they saw a Narraganset Indian, one of their bitter enemies ; and, thinking that he belonged to a party of that tribe who were hovering around to cut them off, they were greatly afraid. But Winslow and Hopkins leveled their guns, telling their friends not to fear though there should be twenty of the Narragansets. But it proved a false alarm, the suspected Indians being of their own nation, and mostly unarmed women ; so they eat of the fish and drank of the water the women kindly offered them, and laughed at their fears.

Our travelers next paused at a town of Massasoit, now called Gardner's Neck, Swansey, ate oysters and other fish, and then hurried on to the residence of the King himself, in Sowams, near what is now Baker's Wharf, Warren, R. I. Massasoit was not at home on their arrival ;

and as he approached a short time after, their guide, Squanto, requested them to salute him by the discharge of their guns. When they took them up to comply with this request the women and children ran away in an agony of fear, and could not be pacified during the visit. When Winslow and Hopkins were seated with the King they delivered their message and presents, putting the coat on his back and the chain about his neck. His savage Majesty was very much pleased, and walked proudly forth among his followers, who were astonished at his splendid attire. Being in this happy mood he granted the requests of the messengers in every particular, assuring them that he desired a lasting peace. Turning with profound dignity to his followers, he made them a speech, saying: "Am I not Massasoit! Is not such a town mine, and the people of it! and should they not bring their furs to the white men for trade, according to my command!" To this the loyal subjects about him answered that there should be peace, and the skins should be

brought. The King then named another town, to which the same answer was given, thus naming thirty towns, a very satisfactory but tedious detail to the white men.

The business being done, the parties lighted their pipes and commenced smoking, and a general social talk ensued. The savage learned much, and with deep interest, concerning King James of England; and when told that his wife having died he was now living without any, he thought that was the most strange thing of all. He told the messengers that he didn't like Frenchmen, which no doubt very well agreed with their sentiments, and added very emphatically, "I and my people belong to King James!"

"The high contracting parties" having finished their "big talk," lay down together on the same bed. No supper was offered the guests, which was very inhospitable. The reason given by his Majesty was a very decisive one—he had none. A very poor show of the royal condition of one who just before strode

around so proudly! The couch was made of planks with a single mat thrown over them, the female part of the family sleeping across the foot. But another kind of lodgers shared their bed, such as infest unclean abodes; and while the Indians sung themselves to sleep with their dismal lullaby, the mosquitoes added their unwelcome song. So the weary pilgrims obtained no sleep. They remained through the next day, Thursday, July 15, sharing with forty Indians two bass, which one had *shot* with bow and arrow. Though the Indians knew so little, they had learned the miserable art of gambling for their furs and other valuables. They used for this purpose a kind of dice. After another sleepless night the messengers turned their faces homeward, fainting for want of sleep and food. Massasoit seemed sincerely mortified and sorry that he had been obliged to entertain them so poorly. On their return they were led five miles out of the way in search of food; but finding none were so much less able to walk. At their lodging place that night the

savages gave them part of a shad, and a piece of squirrel, which they called *neuxis*, and kindly hurried off to catch more fish. Having succeeded in this, they returned and gave the hungry party a full supply, so that they went to bed refreshed. In the morning, as soon as they awoke, they found an ample breakfast of roast fish ready for them; so that the humble subjects of Massasoit proved better entertainers than their royal master. Had the savages not roasted the fish while their guests were asleep they would have continued their journey hungry, for a thunder-storm suddenly burst upon them, accompanied by a fierce wind and heavy rain, putting out their fire and making their situation very uncomfortable. The night before they had sent a messenger to the next village to meet them in the morning with food, and another had been sent to Plymouth to apprise their friends of their coming, and of their wearied and destitute condition. The storm continued, and they arrived at their last halting-place exceedingly weary. Here they dis-

missed the six Massasoit men who had accompanied them as an escort, giving all but one some present. The slighted one was much offended, but was told that he had not been quite civil to them on the way. However, as he felt so bad about the matter they gave him a trifle, which he acknowledged by offering tobacco. "No," replied the pilgrims sharply, and in the presence of a large company of savages, "we will have none of your tobacco! We know you stole it by the way. If we should touch it our God would be angry with us." Thus justly did these Christian men deal with the Indians. The man who was thus reproved was made ashamed before his companions; but so much was he impressed with the goodness of the strangers that he followed them toward Plymouth, and bore that one of the party whom he had before treated unkindly across a river on his back.

Late Saturday night they reached Plymouth, "wet, weary, and foot sore."

CHAPTER XV.

A VISIT OF JUSTICE AND LOVE.

THE Billington boys greatly annoyed the Mayflower Company. It will be remembered that one of them came very near blowing up the whole party in Provincetown Harbor. Early in the summer of 1621 his brother John wandered off into the wood, lost his way, and blundered about for five days, living on berries, and whatever he could find which would sustain life. At length he caine upon an Indian plantation twenty miles south of Plymouth. They gave him a hospitable reception, but carried him to the Nausets, the sworn enemies of the whites, living around "Cornhill" and "The First Encounter."

Partly to find this boy, and more to arrange a payment with the Nausets for the seed-corn taken at Cornhill, the colonists fitted out their

shallop, manned with ten of their company. They started on their expedition of justice and love about the first of August. Billington must have had enough of Indian life by this time to teach him caution. The voyagers had their usual experience. They had but just started when a furious storm occurred; the thunder and lightning were terrific, and the rain came down with great violence. They put into the Indian harbor of *Cummaquid*, which the Englishmen afterward called Barnstable. They had taken with them as interpreter Squanto, their tried friend, and *Tokamahamon*, whom Massasoit had recommended to them, and who in other service had proved faithful. They met with other Indians about the shore, who informed them that the boy was further down the Cape. Six of the Indians came on board the shallop, and six of her crew went on shore. Both parties were still afraid of each other, so the two detachments became pledges for each other's safety. Those who had landed were taken before their sachem, Iyanough, a young man,

“but very personable, gentle, and courteous.” They declared that he did not seem like a savage except in his dress. He entertained the strangers as became his royal dignity, “and his cheer was plentiful and various.”

One little incident which happened during this interview greatly mortified and grieved the white men. An old woman, whom they judged to be a hundred years of age, came to see them because she heard they were Englishmen. She had never seen one, but had a sad reason for remembering the name. The moment she saw them she burst into violent expressions of grief, crying, and wringing her hands, and refusing to be pacified. Her neighbors said that she once had three sons, the supports of her old age and her only children. They went with others on board of Captain Hunt’s ship, six years before, to trade, and were carried off and sold into slavery. The pilgrims told her that Hunt was a bad man, and that all the English despised and condemned him for this act. They gave her some small presents, and assured her that they would

not wrong any of the people for all the furs of the country. The old woman departed with a better opinion of white men.

After the feast the expedition departed, Iyanough and two of his men accompanying it. Having arrived at Nauset just at the close of the day, the shallop cautiously kept a little off from the shore, sending their interpreters and Iyanough to the Nauset chief to inform him of their arrival, and to tell him their errand. While these were gone the Nausets came in crowds about the boat, which was soon left aground by the receding tide. The situation of the whites was now critical. These were the men who had attacked them in the winter. They were not allowed to enter the shallop, but they showed no hostile feeling. Massasoit's men had taught them a more friendly regard for the strangers. One of the Indians was introduced as the owner of the corn which they had taken. They admitted him at once to the shallop, treated him with deference, and made an arrangement for the payment, to which he

agreed. This contract they fulfilled, to "the full content of all concerned."

After sunset the Nauset sachem, Aspinet, arrived with a great train, accompanied by the lost boy. Fifty of the Indians came to the shallop's side, one of them bearing Billington on his shoulders. The returned captive was "behung with beads," as a sign of good-will, and the man who had entertained and thus honored him was suitably rewarded; some others received small gifts, and all departed in peace. But they left behind them a very alarming report, namely, that their friend Massasoit had been attacked by his enemies, the Narragansets, taken prisoner, his people spoiled, and that the victors were probably about to attack Plymouth. Those left at this place were few and feeble, and our expedition made all speed to the rescue. But they seldom could really make haste. Head winds drove them again into Iyanough's country, where they received the same kind treatment as before. When they did reach home, it was to be confirmed in their

fears by learning that the alarming report was, in part at least, true.

Massasoit was believed to be in the hands of his enemies, and a petty chief by the name of Corbitant, a professed friend of Massasoit, but a hater of the English, was known to be stirring up ill feeling against the colony. Squanto, and Hobomok, a war-captain and friend of the pilgrims, went out about this time to an Indian village fourteen miles from Plymouth. Here they found Corbitant, who began to taunt them with being friends of the strangers, and threatened to kill them. Hobomok, who was "a lusty man," cleared himself from his grasp and ran to the colony greatly excited, declaring his belief that Corbitant had killed Squanto. The chief men of the colony were in instant consultation. They decided at once that their duty and interest required them to rescue, if possible, Massasoit, and to avenge the death of Squanto, if he had been killed. If they did not do so the Indians would despise their weakness and combine to

cut them off. They instantly armed twenty of their most valiant men, and put them under the command of Captain Standish. Hobomok, having recovered from his fright, and being now supported by so strong a party, consented to guide them to where Corbitant lay, and point him out.

The next day the detachment set out, and encountered the storm which ever attended their excursions. They encamped before dark, resolving to make the attack at midnight. The Captain seems to have learned at once the true mode of fighting the savages. Just before starting they refreshed themselves from their knapsacks, and then hid them away, and laid aside every other encumbrance. But their enterprise came very near miscarrying. Hobomok missed the way, it being quite dark; and they for awhile groped about, in more danger of being taken than of surprising their enemy. But one of the white men who had been there before found the path. Corbitant's house was surrounded. The Captain entered with a small

guard and his interpreter, demanding the offending chief. The women and children were instantly in a panic. They were assured that they would not be hurt, but must keep still and not go out. The young men and boys seeing how careful the assailants were not to hurt the women, cried out, "Me woman! me woman!!" One woman clung to Hobomok, calling him *towam*—friend. In the confusion, a few, attempting to escape from the house, were wounded by musket-shots from those without. When quiet was restored Standish found that Corbitant was not there, but had the day before left the place. He was assured, too, that Squanto was alive; and when one of his men shouted his name he made his appearance. In the morning the villagers came, when they understood the purpose of the attack, and brought an abundance of food to Standish. They were fully impressed by him that Corbitant and all his followers would be caught and punished, and that all who were the enemies of Massasoit were also the enemies of the

white man. Fear seized not only this little village, but spread among the chiefs; and many who had kept away came now to beg to be put on the list of the friends of the strangers. Corbitant himself became thoroughly humbled; and before long, by the good offices of Massasoit, was pardoned, and put upon probation for good behavior.

The Standish party expressed their regret that any should have been hurt, though they received their injury by disobeying them in running out. They told the wounded if they would go with them to Plymouth their surgeon would dress and cure their wounds. A man and woman accepted this offer, and were tenderly nursed by the colonists. After breakfast at Squanto's house the party returned safely home.

CHAPTER XVI.

AN EXCURSION TO THE MASSACHUSETTS.

AN expedition of ten of the colonists was sent in September, 1621, to the *Massachusetts*. Squanto accompanied them as interpreter and guide, and two other Indians as general assistants. The *Massachusetts* were a tribe inhabiting the vicinity of “Boston” Bay. They received their name, it is said, from the Blue Hills which skirted their territory on the south-east. The pilgrims wished to know more about them and their country, and also to open with them friendly relations and a trade in fur.

The distance by water from Plymouth to Boston is about forty-four miles; but the party thought it much less, and so were disappointed in anticipating a sail of a few hours only. They started in their shallop at midnight, ran by “Point Allerton” into “Lighthouse Channel,”

and, enjoying the sight of the many islands around which the deep waters of the bay ebb and flow, they sailed across "Quincy Bay," and came to anchor, just at night, under the shelter of "the Chapel," a pile of rocks at the extremity of "Squantum," a peninsula of Quincy, where thousands of Sunday-school children now go for their summer pic-nics. Captain Standish took a detachment of men, including his guide, Squanto, and went in search of the people and their sachem. In the mean time the rest of the company, having purchased some lobsters of an Indian woman, employed themselves in boiling them under the cliff, the very place where every summer many boys and girls eat their lunch, and skip stones, or otherwise amuse themselves. The exploring party found the sachem of the place, who acknowledged the rule of Massasoit, and, of course, welcomed the strangers. He said he was leading with his people a wandering life, not daring to remain in one place for fear of the *Tarratines*, a fierce tribe having their home away off, on the banks of the

Penobscot River. Taking this friendly sachem along to introduce them to his superiors further up the bay, the whole party entered the shallop, sailed among other and still more attractive islands, and at length came to anchor for the night. They spent the hours of darkness on board, near what is now the Navy Yard of Charlestown, where the huge old-fashioned ships of the line ride at anchor, and the more modern iron-clad steamers and "monitors" are "waiting orders." In the morning Standish "marched in arms up in the country," on the Charlestown side, over the soil across which the Bunker Hill Monument now casts its shadow. He left two men in the shallop, so his army consisted of only eight armed men, a force which would not alarm the present city, but which was no doubt terrific to the Indians. After marching into the vicinity of "Medford" they came to the residence of the late King *Nanepashemet*. This sachem was at one time the most powerful of all the New England rulers. The terrible Tarratines had made war

upon him and driven him from Lynn, where he resided. He came here, built on the top of the hill a house, whose foundation he placed on a platform of poles and planks. It seems to have been a citadel, and to this, now in ruins, the Standish party had come. Its great chief had fallen by the hands of his enemies only two years before. Not far from this was an inclosure made of stakes driven into the ground with a ditch each side of them, and entered by a bridge. Within was the frame of a house beneath which the great chief lay buried. So the party were informed ; and at a spot in West Medford, answering to the description of this locality, an Indian skeleton was dug up in 1862. Some articles, such as the Indians buried with their sachems, were found with it, and the remains are thought to be those of the great, once powerful, but defeated *Nanepashemet*. Near the burying-place our explorers found the house in which he was slain, and, tarrying there, sent messengers to the frightened and fleeing inhabitants to assure them that they came as friends.

The people came by Squanto's persuasion, shyly at first, but afterward with cordiality, setting before the strangers such provisions as they had. The first who approached were women, who, seeing "the gentle carriage" of their guests, induced some men to come, who ventured cautiously, trembling for fear. Their Queen, the widow of the late King, who was now the "Squaw Sachem," had gone far away on the approach of the whites.

When the people had gathered in considerable numbers, the savage, Squanto, advised Standish to rob them, take their skins and all such things as might be serviceable to the colony, justifying this advice by saying that they were bad people, and had often threatened the strangers. This counsel the brave Captain rejected with scorn, replying that he did not mind their threats, and would not wrong them for any thing they could *say*; and that it would be time enough to punish them when they acted unjustly. The women, who seemed to have had all the courage, followed the party when

they returned to the shallop, very desirous to trade, and were pacified only by being assured that they would come again for that purpose.

The explorers remark on leaving, that "The savages say there are two rivers, the one whereof we saw, having a fair entrance; but we had no time to discover it." These rivers were the now famous Charles and Mystic. They add, looking at the site of Boston and Charlestown, "Better harbors for shipping cannot be than here are;" and one of them exclaims, "We wish we had been here seated; but it seems the Lord, who assigns to all men the bounds of their habitations, had appointed it for another use."

The party reached home in safety, taking with them a good quantity of beaver-skins, and giving a favorable report of the country.

CHAPTER XVII.

SUNSHINE AND CLOUDS.

WHILE some of the colony had been making the excursions in the interest of the whole, those who had remained at home had been busy with the care of the ripening crops, and in catching fish upon the coast. Thus their first summer passed away. Their harvest of corn was abundant. Mindful of the great Giver of all their blessings, they set apart a day for special thanksgiving. Thus commenced the well-known festival of New England, now a national holiday. To add to their stock of provision for the feast, they sent out four men to shoot wild fowl, who obtained enough in this time to support the colony for a week. Their friend Massasoit came to the feast with ninety men, whether by special invitation or presuming upon his friendly relations is not stated.

He stayed there three days, receiving with his men the good cheer of the colonists. The hunters of this party brought in during the time, as the result of their hunting excursions, five fat deer to grace the common table.

The supply not only of sea fowl but of wild turkeys was very great during the fall; which, with their harvest of corn and catch of fish, put them in fine spirits. But they were soon to feel how much they needed this abundance, and how quickly want may tread on the steps of plenty.

In the middle of November their friends, the Cape Indians, sent a messenger to inform them that a vessel was on their coast. Soon after a sail was seen bearing directly toward Plymouth Harbor. As the pilgrims were not expecting a vessel from their friends in England, they feared it was an enemy come to despoil them of their goods and home. They fired the alarm-gun to call in the scattered men, and made preparations for a brave defense. But it proved to be the ship Fortune, a small craft of

fifty-five tons, sent by their friends in England. She contained thirty-five passengers, among whom was their former associate, Robert Cushman, who doubtless brought many welcome letters from old friends, and willingly answered many questions concerning the fatherland and loved ones far away. To Elder Brewster the Fortune brought his oldest son, Jonathan, and a young man by the name of Thomas Prince, who afterward married his daughter Patience. To our friend Winslow it brought a brother, John Winslow.

The Fortune remained about a month, and returned laden with good clap-boards, as full as she could stow, and two hogsheads of beaver and otter skins. Mr. Cushman had come as the agent of the adventurers, and returned in her according to their instructions. This vessel, which was "to give content" to the merchants by her valuable cargo, and secure to the colonists needed supplies of goods for trade with the natives, reached the English coast, or at least had come so near to her desired haven

that her safety seemed sure, when a French armed vessel seized her, carried her to France, imprisoned her men, and robbed them of their cargo! After fifteen days' detention they returned in their despoiled vessel to England.

Most of the thirty-five passengers by the Fortune were "lusty men," but not of the character of those who came in the Mayflower. The greater part knew not wherefore they had come. They were insufficiently provisioned on shipboard, and when they arrived at the Cape were in a mutinous spirit toward the captain. They came empty-handed and poorly clothed. In fact, they were mostly a set of paupers, thrown upon the charity of the pilgrims. With the number of mouths to be filled so increased, and the winter coming on, in which but little addition could be made to their food, the Governor ordered an exact estimate to be made of its amount, and the quantity needed until the next harvest season. The result was that the whole colony was put upon half rations. The new-comers

were put to work in aiding the repairs of the houses for winter, and in making such additions to them as the increased numbers required. When Christmas came, these shirks told Governor Bradford that they were conscientiously opposed to working on that day. "Very well," said the considerate ruler, "we respect men's consciences." So the Governor and the old colonists went to their labor, leaving their new friends to employ themselves as "conscience" dictated. Returning shortly after, they found these tender-conscienced brethren having a general good time "pitching bars and playing ball." "Now," dryly remarked the Governor, "it is against my conscience to allow some men to play while others work," and he sent them to their several tasks.

Soon after the Fortune sailed a war-cloud appeared on the horizon. The Narragansetts, a strong tribe to the south of Massasoit, and his bitter enemies, were stirred up by their sachem, *Canonicus*, to fight the white men. The great plague of a few years previous had desolated

and weakened other tribes, but not his. He therefore aspired to rule the country, and considered the white men, by their treaties with the weaker tribes, to be in his way. He sent a messenger to the colony with a rattlesnake's skin inclosing a bundle of arrows. The messenger seemed to be glad that Squanto was not at home, as the pilgrims could not understand its meaning, and desired to hasten away. But Governor Bradford detained him a close prisoner until his interpreter's return. He was the more careful to do this, because he had heard from friendly Indians that the Narragansetts were making great preparations to attack the colony. Edward Winslow and another of the chief men took charge of him that night, set food before him, and treated him very kindly, but very carefully questioned him to ascertain the designs of his master. At first the cunning Indian would say but little. But becoming sociable at last, he told his keepers that Canonicus was bent on mischief, and that the Indian messenger, who had been sent by him last sum-

mer to make peace with the colony, had excited his warlike spirit by falsely and unfairly reporting their words. This lying messenger had also held up the presents of the pilgrims to the sachem as mean and worthless in comparison with his to them.

When Squanto returned and was shown the rattlesnake's skin and the arrows, he said at once that it was a challenge, and meant war.

The Governor immediately consulted with his chief men, and they decided that their own safety, and good faith to their friend Massasoit, required that they should not receive the threat tamely. So they told the messenger to tell his master that they had done him no wrong; that they desired peace, but that if he desired war he could have it; they defied him, and assured him that, come when he would, he would find them ready. They told him to declare to the haughty chief that if they had vessels they would come to him at his own home, and save him the trouble of coming to them.

The messenger departed with these defiant

words, glad of his liberty, although it was storming violently ; but he could not persuade Tokamahamon, a friendly Indian who came with him, to be the companion of his return journey.

After the messenger had gone the pilgrims devised a still stronger expression of their defiance, and, as it proved, one more weighty than words. They took Canonicus's rattlesnake-skin, filled it with powder and shot, and sent it to him by the hand of a messenger. The ignorant savage knew the emptiness of *words*, and he, no doubt, held the loud and boastful threats of the pilgrims in light esteem ; in fact he had cunningly informed himself of the fact that the new-comers were unarmed, and added nothing to the strength of the colony. But he did not understand the mysterious contents of that skin ! He was so afraid of it that he would not touch it, nor suffer it to remain in his house or country. As the messenger refused to take it back it was timidly taken from place to place, and, after a long time, found its way to the

colony, this time a token of the superstitious fears of their enemies.

Though the pilgrims had presented a bold face to Canonicus, they felt the importance of making every possible exertion to put their homes in a strong position of defense. They inclosed the settlement, including the top of the hill where their cannons were planted, by driving stakes into the ground, closely set, so that the Indians could neither get through nor over them. On each side of this "stockade," forts or "jetties" were made to command the whole town, in which were gates, guarded by day, and kept "with watch and ward" by night.

The toilsome labor of making this fortification was completed before the spring opened, though the men worked on short rations. Evidently these were no holidays during which the men indulged conscientious scruples about working, while, in the mean time, Canonicus was kept at bay by the innocent rattlesnake's skin.

This defense being completed, Captain Standish, as military commander, divided the armed men into four companies, appointing a captain for each. These he drilled, ordering them at times to their posts of duty by an unexpected summons, as if a sudden attack had been made.

Companies of the unarmed men were organized to extinguish any fire that might occur, with armed guards to defend them against Indian treachery while so employed.

Early in the spring (1622) a trading party was fitted out to go to the Massachusetts a second time. While preparations were being made, Hobomok expressed his fears that this tribe was joined with the Narragansetts against the colony. He also repeated some whisperings which he had heard among the Indians, that Squanto, who was so much trusted, and who had been so useful to the pilgrims, was in the plot, and would, if he went with them, try to draw them from their shallop, that the Indians might cut them off.

This was a serious statement, and brought the chief men into immediate consultation, which resulted in a decision not to be turned aside from their trading excursion. They said that if they remained shut up within their fortifications it would betray fear ; that a bold front was the best policy ; that they needed corn and furs which the Indians had to sell ; and that, being determined to deal justly by all, God would defend them. So the shallop set sail. But she had not entirely cleared the harbor before the alarm-gun from the top of the hill brought it back in all haste. The cause of the alarm was this : A member of Squanto's family rushed in haste into the midst of a party of the colonists who were outside the town with a bloody face and frightened look, declaring that the Narragansetts, who had been joined by Massasoit himself, were only fifteen miles away, and were coming with a great army to destroy the settlement ; and that he had been wounded, and had barely escaped with his life, for speaking in favor of the English.

This messenger of evil tidings came panting into the Governor's presence, followed by those whom he had frightened. If this was true, of course all the fighting men would be needed, and the shallop was therefore called back. But Hobomok declared he believed the whole story to be a lie. He was sure Massasoit was faithful; besides, he himself was one of his "braves," and would be consulted before such a step was taken.

This was the opinion of the pilgrims; but they thought that the utmost prudence became them at such a critical time. So they commissioned Hobomok to send his wife to Massasoit's home as a spy, that they might assure themselves of the facts. This woman messenger did her errand skillfully; and, finding the suspected, or rather falsely accused, chief at home, and in quiet with his people, she frankly told him why she had come. He was much grieved at the report, and thanked the colonists for their prudent course, and for their confidence in him.

It was ascertained at length that Squanto was acting a double part, for his own ambitious and wicked ends. He started this lying story to cause the pilgrims to march, in the first excitement of the alarm, into Massasoit's country, and attack him, and thus break up the league. Then he hoped to act as a peace-maker, and so make both parties more dependent upon him. Before this he had made many of the Indian chiefs think that he could at any time make the English their friends or enemies, so they went to him for favors in these matters even more than to Massasoit, and he became lifted up with the idea of being a great man. He finally crowned his lying plans by circulating the story among the poor natives that the whites kept the plague buried in the ground, and could send it among them when they pleased.

The pilgrims found out the true character of Squanto by sharp inquiries and shrewd management. The Governor took Hobomok into special intimacy, and Captain Standish, Squanto; thus the jealousies between these Indians

were used to give the whites more accurate information.

When Squanto's villainy was found out his plots were exposed to the Indians, a flat denial given to the story about the plague, and he was sharply reproved by the Governor. He escaped the severe punishment he deserved because the colony had been so greatly indebted to his services as an interpreter, and because they could not yet well do without him.

The fears of the pilgrims having been removed, the shallop made her proposed visit to "Boston Harbor," and returned safely, well laden with corn and furs.

On their return they found Massasoit at the settlement. He had come to renew his assurance of peace, and to demand Squanto for punishment. The Governor said he ought to die, but begged his chief to spare him as a favor to the English, who could not well do without him. At this the chief went away, satisfied for the time. But he soon sent a messenger for him, whom the pilgrims sent back with another

request for Squanto's life. At this the sachem, who well understood his rights under the treaty, posted to the colony a messenger with several strong men, who said his master had sent demanding Squanto, and that he had come with Massasoit's knife to cut off Squanto's head and hands to carry back to him. Massasoit had commanded him to say, that although the English had agreed to give up Squanto, and that he deserved to die, yet as he was so useful to the white men he would give many furs for him. The Governor refused the skins, saying they did not sell men's lives, but would not refuse to see any punished as they deserved. So Squanto was brought forward, and faced the messenger and his bloody knife with an Indian's defiance, telling the Governor to do with him as he pleased. The Governor felt that he could not justly save him, and his head was just about to roll in the dust, when word came to the Governor that a ship was nearing Plymouth Harbor. Great fears were entertained of French combinations with the savages against

the colony, so the Governor told the messenger he would wait until he knew what the ship was before he delivered up Squanto. At this the messenger, vexed at such trifling delays, departed in great rage, and the guilty escaped.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SEARCH AFTER CORN.

THE reported “ship” proved to be a shallop with seven men in it. They belonged to a vessel called the Sparrow, then lying with other vessels at a fishing station on the coast of Maine. The shallop brought letters to the pilgrims from the fatherland. Many tears were no doubt shed over them; but none of the *old* “comers” regretted that they came to America. Mr. Weston, the “promising” merchant, who had now sent the Sparrow on a trading voyage, and who, it will be remembered, had talked such fair things to the pilgrims before they left Leyden, by letters made great complaints that no cargo had been sent by the Mayflower. Yet he repeated his promises not to forsake the colony in its time of need. We shall see how he kept his word.

The pilgrims were now, about the first of June, very short of provisions. The fowl had left the coast for the summer. Fish was plenty; but, strange enough, they were poorly supplied with the means of taking them. The new-comers had eaten the reserved stock of corn. The visitors had brought only enough for their return trip to the eastern coast. In this extremity Winslow was sent in the pilgrim shallop to accompany the other boat and buy a supply of corn, if possible, of the fishermen. They were encouraged to do this by a letter which the captain of the fishing-boat, a stranger to them, had sent, in which he expressed much good-will. This letter had also informed them that nearly all of the Virginia Colony had been massacred by the Indians.

Winslow's voyage was very successful. Captain Huddleston, who had sent the kind letter, received him cordially, and he and other captains of fishing vessels supplied him with all the provisions they could spare. When Winslow demanded the price, the noble-

hearted sailor replied, "Nothing; I am only sorry I cannot serve you to better advantage. I have heard of the noble struggles of your people, and would show my respect for them."

The corn thus obtained served to give each member of the colony a small quantity until harvest.

On the first of July (1622) there came two trading vessels to Plymouth, called the *Charity* and *Swan*. They brought sixty men, sent out by Mr. Weston to found a colony in his interest. With few exceptions they were rough, unprincipled men. They did not bring their wives and children to make themselves homes in the wilderness for the purpose of serving God in peace. They neither feared God nor regarded man.

These men were kindly entertained by the pilgrims, although they had no reason to feel under any obligations to their old acquaintance, Mr. Weston. The *Charity*, the larger vessel, having landed her passengers, left for Virginia. The *Swan*, taking a few of the chief men of the

late comers, went into the bay along the southern shore to find a place for locating the colony. In the mean time, those who were left to live on the hospitality of the pilgrims abused their generosity without shame or concealment. While professing to aid in cultivating the now ripening corn, they stole and wasted the tender ears. They scoffed at the religious teachings of the pilgrims, and derided them behind their backs. While they were acting thus wickedly the colony was being reduced to a state of starvation by the effort to entertain them.

After awhile, much to the relief of the Plymouth people, the Swan returned and took them up the bay to a place which the Indians called Wessagusset, since known as Weymouth. Here they soon succeeded in getting the ill-will of the whole Indian neighborhood, and complaints were constantly brought to the pilgrims of their unjust and provoking conduct. But they could only instruct Squanto to tell them that they were not of their company,

but wicked men for whose behavior they could not be responsible.

The summer was wearing away, the crop of corn, which had been neglected in consequence of war's alarms and the duties of an unrewarded hospitality, and wasted also by reckless guests, did not promise to be large. What could be done? A wise foresight was one of the marked traits of the pilgrim character, and their planning was wonderfully blessed by God's providential care. Just now, in the closing days of August, came two more vessels to Plymouth, the Discovery and Sparrow; the first was commanded by Captain Jones, late of the Mayflower, and the latter was the vessel belonging to Weston, just returned from bearing to England her freight of fish. Both were bound to Virginia. The pilgrims contrived to buy of Jones with their furs needed articles for trade with the Indians, such as knives and beads. They were entirely out of these, and without them they could not add to their supply of corn, and so must be driven to an alarming strait.

Jones seems to have taken advantage of their necessities, for they speak of paying an unusual price for his goods. Being thus in a condition to trade, the Governor started an enterprise for that purpose. The Wessagusset Colony, having received a new supply of goods by the return of Weston's ship, *Charity*, were admitted into partnership in the trading excursion. The *Swan*, belonging to that colony, and the shallop of the pilgrims, commanded by Captain Standish, were about to start, when the Captain of the *Swan* was taken suddenly sick and died. Having delayed to give him fitting burial the vessels attempted to start, but were driven back by a violent storm. A second time they start, and a second time are driven back. On reaching the shore Standish was taken seriously ill, and was obliged to abandon the voyage. Governor Bradford then took command, and the two vessels set sail, with Squanto, who had made peace with Massasoit, as an interpreter. They passed around the end of Cape Cod, and voyaged southward toward the Vineyard Sound.

But Squanto was a poor pilot. They seemed to have gone no farther than the shore of Chatham, and landed for the night, intending to push on, after awhile, further south. The natives were at first shy, abandoning their houses, and carrying off all their stores of corn. With much effort Squanto succeeded in conciliating them, so that the Governor and his company obtained comfortable quarters for the night, intending to open a trade the next day. But a sad bereavement awaited them. On the morrow Squanto was suddenly attacked with a violent disease, and died. Before his death he desired the Governor to pray that he might go "to the Englishman's God in heaven." He calmly requested that various articles of his might be given to certain English friends as a token of his love.

Squanto's death was sincerely lamented by the pilgrims. Though often erring, he had rendered them service of great value; and, according to the light of his savage state, had left a name to be remembered with charity and respect.

Thus failing in a guide and pilot the vessels returned around the Cape, and sailed to the Massachusetts tribe which had promised to have much corn for them after harvest time. In this promise they failed, partly by the bad feeling excited among the Indians by the Weston Colony. So Governor Bradford sailed away again for Cape Cod, and landed among his old acquaintance, the Nausets, at Eastham. Aspinet, their chief, treated the party well, and they purchased ten hogsheads of corn and beans. While these provisions were being gathered at the shore to be put on board the Swan, the shallop coasted along what is now Yarmouth and Barnstable, where they found kind treatment and good trade. But the ever attending discipline of seemingly adverse circumstances followed the pilgrims on this voyage. They encountered a fierce storm, and their shallop was cast, a sad wreck, upon the shore. The Swan was also much injured, and as it could not lie near the shore in consequence of the sand-flats, and they now had no boat, their purchase of pro-

visions could not be put aboard. In this extremity they piled it up much as the salt hay is now stacked on our sea-coasts, and bought mats and cut sedge to cover it. They hired an Indian living near to try to protect it from the vermin. The sachem, in the mean time, sent men to find the shallop, who reported that it lay high upon the beach, much broken, and partly buried in the sand, and containing some valuable things which could not now be brought away. The pilgrims could do nothing better than leave all these things, with their purchases further along the coast, in charge of the sachem Aspinet, who undertook to see that every thing was untouched until the owners could return to take them away. The Governor promised a reward if nothing should be taken, and added a little wholesome threatening of what he would do if any thing was taken or injured. He then procured an Indian guide, and walked with his men to Plymouth, a distance of fifty miles, where they arrived safely, having received only kind treatment on the way. The Swan, with

the other traders, came in three days after. The corn thus far obtained being divided, the Swan returned to Wessagusset, promising soon to return with a ship-carpenter, so that the shallop might be repaired and the rest of the corn brought home.

This return voyage was made in January, 1623, under the command of Captain Standish, who was now well. They found nothing injured nor stolen, a fact not only creditable to the Indians, but to the good management of Bradford. It is plain that the savages, though full of bad passions, had learned to trust as well as fear him.

Standish had brought another shallop, and having repaired the old one, with these all the corn was shipped, and the shallops being attached to the stern of the Swan, they set sail for Plymouth. But they had not yet received the customary trial of their faith and patience. A storm arose, "and the sea wrought and was tempestuous," so that they were obliged to cut both shallops adrift, and let them drive ashore.

But, strange to say, when the storm was over they were both found, after considerable seeking, high and dry, but not injured. While ashore, getting off their boats, some articles were for the first time stolen from them. The Captain made it a point of honor not to allow this; so he marched a company of his men to Aspinet's house, telling him what had been done, giving him until the morrow to return the thief or the stolen goods. He then refused all courtesies, and returned to his shallop for the night, leaving the Indians to expect punishment if his demand was not complied with.

In the morning the chief and his men came to the Captain with much parade. He approached with his tongue thrust from his mouth until the roots could be seen, licking his hand from his wrist to his fingers' end. He added to this Indian ceremony an awkward attempt at the English bow, which Squanto had taught him. His whole company united in the licking and bowing, and the pilgrims, though transacting a serious business, "could scarce for-

bear breaking out into open laughter." The salutation being over, the stolen articles were returned, with many professions of honest purposes and good feeling, to which the women in the company added some good fresh baked bread. So the traders departed in fine spirits, arrived at Plymouth in safety, and divided their purchases as before.

After this Governor Bradford went for corn to Manomet, now Sandwich, on Buzzard's Bay. The sachem, Cawnacome, was very friendly. When he was entertaining the Governor and a part of his company one bitter cold and stormy night, a little incident occurred which illustrates the character and habits of the Indians of that time. Two Indians came through the darkness, cold, and storm to Cawnacome's wigwam, as messengers from the Chatham sachem. They seated themselves at the fire, and took out their pipes and smoked. Not a word was spoken by any one. At length one of them arose and delivered a present to Cawnacome with the compliments of his chief, which

were duly acknowledged by his Indian Majesty. Then followed a long speech by the messenger, in which the errand from his master was made known. This was interpreted by Hobomok for the benefit of the English visitors. The case was this: Two of the Chatham chief's men had gambled, and, as has ever been the case with gamblers, having gambled they grew very angry, and in their excitement fell to fighting, and one of them was killed on the spot. The murderer happened to be a *powoh*; that is, a priest and "medicine man," of much influence, and one whom the chief could not well spare. But another people, stronger than his, threatened to make war with him unless the offender was executed. In this perplexity he had sent to Cawnacome for advice, keeping, in the mean time, the guilty man in close confinement.

The case having been thus stated there was another long silence. At length Cawnacome's counselors gave their advice, after which Hobomok was requested to give his. He modestly

replied that he was but a stranger, yet he would say that as the prisoner was clearly guilty, it was better that he should die than many innocent men who would be killed in the threatened war. This sensible advice was appreciated by the chief, who gave his decision for the death of the prisoner.

The next excursion after corn was made in February, by Captain Standish, to Barnstable. The first night after his arrival in the harbor his shallop was frozen up. The weather was bitter cold and stormy; and, as the Indians were even more free than ever in their *professions* of friendship he lodged in their houses, and obtained large quantities of corn. But strange Indians were visiting the chief, "and God possessed the heart of the Captain with a just jealousy." He commanded that while one part of his men were asleep others should wake, giving hints to them which he understood but did not explain. While this was going on some of the Indians stole some beads from him. Taking six armed men, the Captain immediate-

ly surrounded the wigwam of the chief, where most of his men were, and demanded the restoration of the stolen goods, threatening speedy punishment if it were not done.

Seeing his earnestness, the sachem set about an immediate inquiry into the matter, and reported that the Captain had better search more diligently about his shallop, and see if they were not where he left them. Sending men for this purpose, they ascertained that the wily savage had caused the beads to be returned, and laid upon the boat's cuddy. To further appease the Captain's anger they brought more corn for trade, so that he returned to Plymouth laden with a full cargo, having left a wholesome fear of the settlers in the minds of the Indians.

But the Captain's search after corn was not ended, nor were his "perils among the heathen." He made, soon after, a shallop voyage to Manomet (Sandwich) for the corn the Governor had before purchased, and to trade still more. Having left his boat at the shore with three

men, he went with three others to the house of his old acquaintance, the chief Cawnacome. He had not been long there before several Massachusetts Indians came in, the principal of whom was a noted villain named Wituwamat. He had already killed both English and French, and talked loudly of his own bravery and their weakness, especially deriding the fact, as he said, that "they died crying, making sour faces, more like children than men."

The savage made a fluent and flourishing speech to Cawnacome, waving at times a dagger which he had bought of Weston's men. Standish did not at this time understand his talk, but could well perceive that it meant no good-will to the English. It plainly increased in the mind of the chief the orator's consequence, and sympathy for his plans, and caused the Standish party to be treated coldly. There was present also a stout Nauset Indian who had not been very friendly to the colony. He now professed very great love for them, making the Captain a present of a kettle, saying he

was rich and could afford it, and that it was nothing between friends. It was very cold, and the wind was blowing a fresh breeze, so that the Captain could not get off. The Indians, with well-feigned kindness, desired the Captain to bring all his men from the boat and lodge them in their huts. But he would not; requesting on his part that the women, who were the burden-bearers of the nation, should carry his corn to the shallop. This they did, the Nauset Indian helping them, and declaring at the same time that he never did such a menial service before, but would now, to show his abundant love for the whites.

All this pretext of friendship could not blind the keen-eyed Standish. The truth was this: Wituwamat had told Cawnacome that his tribe had formed a league with several other tribes to kill, by a sudden attack, all of Weston's men, and that fearing the Plymouth people would revenge their death, they intended to cut them off too, and that now was a good time to kill their great chief, and the men who were with

him. The smooth-tongued Nauset man was to lodge with Standish, dispatch him while he slept, and Wituwamat and his men were to slay the others. A fine plan, easier made than executed. The Nauset did indeed lodge with the Captain, but could not catch him napping. Standish either sat by the fire or walked about the cabin. His wakefulness gave his friend much concern, and he kindly solicited him to take his needed rest.

Thus his enemies not getting a chance to take him unawares, Standish escaped, and returned safely with his load of corn. But the plot of Wituwamat was not abandoned, being pursued to its bloody termination. But before giving the details of its prosecution let us accompany Winslow and Hamden on a truly Christian mission.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE SICK SACHEM.

WHILE Standish was at Manomet news came to the Plymouth Colony that Massasoit was dangerously sick. He had, as we have shown, grown cold in his love for his English friends, through the subtle lies of his and their enemies. Now was the time, the pilgrims thought, to show him the value of their friendship. Besides, the chief would expect this, it being the practice of the Indians to visit their friends and neighbors in their sickness, unless it was an infectious disease; in that case they fled from them. These visits were often visits of mere ceremony, or, at best, of sympathy only, not of aid; but the pilgrims determined to make theirs one of real benefit to body and soul. So the Governor ordered Edward Winslow, accompanied by John Hamden, a visitor from Lon-

don at the colony, to take medicines and go to the Chief, bearing assurances of sincere concern for his welfare. Hobomok went with them as a guide.

There was, besides, another reason for this visit. A Dutch ship was aground in the harbor, near Massasoit's house, and they thought she would not be able to get off until another course of high tides. The pilgrims wished to have some communications with them.

The messengers set off, and arrived at noon of the following day in the country of Corbitant, a chief who was subject to Massasoit. Here they were told that Massasoit was dead and buried that day! This was indeed sad news to Winslow and his party. Corbitant was the successor of Massasoit, and was the man against whom Standish, accompanied by Winslow, had made war when they thought he had killed Squanto. They were now in his hands as the supreme ruler if Massasoit was dead. Perhaps he would seek to be revenged for their attack. After some consultation the

messengers resolved to go to Corbitant's house, three miles further into his country. They determined to show no fear, but try to form a true and sincere friendship between him and the colony.

On the way Hobomok broke out into loud and eloquent lamentations for his chief. "*Neen womasu sagimus!* *Neen womasu sagimus!*" he exclaimed; "My loving sachem! My loving sachem!" "Many have I known, but never any like thee!" Turning to Winslow, he said, "While you live you will never see his like among the Indians. He was no liar; he was not bloody nor cruel; in anger and passion he was soon pacified; he was ready to forgive those who offended him; he so ruled by reason that he did not scorn the advice of humble men; he governed better with few stripes than other sachems with many; he was truly loving where he loved; and there is not another true friend of the English left among the Indians."

Winslow adds, "He continued a long speech

with such signs of lamentation and unfeigned sorrow as would have made the hardest heart relent."

The party now arrived at Corbitant's house, but found only his wife, "the squaw sachem," at home. Here they were told that they did not *know* that Massasoit was dead, but *thought* he was. This inspired hope, and Winslow hastened a messenger to learn the truth, who returned about sunset, saying that he was not dead, but could not long live. The Winslow party then started, and arrived late at night at the bedside of the savage King. They found his house full of men, making noise enough "to distemper those who were well, and therefore unlike to ease him that was sick." The women were acting more sensibly by rubbing him vigorously to excite a more free circulation of the blood.

When quiet was secured one whispered to the sick man that the English had come. Though he could not see, he faintly asked who had come. They answered, "Winsnow." He

then desired Winslow to come near. As the latter took his hand he feebly whispered, "*Keen Winsnow?*"—"Art thou Winsnow?"

On being told he was, the sick man added, "O, Winsnow, I shall never see thee again!"

Hobomok was called, who interpreted the Governor's message of condolence; and he told him, too, that Winslow had been sent with medicines to cure him, if possible, and inquired if he would take them. Winslow then examined his patient, and proceeded to wash his mouth, and to give him restoratives after the English fashion. He also dispatched a messenger to Plymouth with a note for prescriptions and medicines from Dr. Fuller. In the mean time Winslow's treatment was wonderfully successful. The King opened his eyes, and was able to recognize those about him. After a short time he made Winslow promise that he would go out the next day and kill a fowl, and make broth for him after the English fashion. A few hours after he concluded he could not wait for the fowl, but must have the

broth without it. This puzzled Winslow, but not wishing to confess any ignorance or want of skill, he took a little pounded corn and boiled it with some sassafras root and strawberry leaves, which were procured in the vicinity; with these he made a mixture which he strained through his handkerchief and gave the chief. This he relished well, and revived more and more, to the astonishment both of the inexperienced doctor and all the witnessing savages.

In the morning the King chief sent Winslow through his neighborhood to treat his sick people in the same manner, saying, "They are good folks." This Winslow did, though "the poisonous savors" among the sick savages "were very offensive."

After Winslow had eaten dinner, the King had recovered his appetite so far that he was in great haste to have him go out and shoot a duck or goose, and make him some English "pottage." A fat duck was soon procured, and the broth made, which Winslow commanded Hobomok to skim and weaken, to suit

it to the state of the sick man's stomach. But this skimming and weakening Massasoit would not allow by any entreaties and warnings, but he made a meal of the rich broth sufficient for a well man. The consequence was, that it was soon thrown up with such violent strainings that his nose began to bleed freely. This continued, in spite of Winslow's efforts to stop it, for four hours. He and his friends were now greatly alarmed, and lamented his unwillingness to receive advice, and looked upon his death as certain. But the bleeding was finally stopped, though for many hours occasionally recurring.

The messengers were now returned with Dr. Fuller's orders and restoratives; and, as the patient was more submissive to medical treatment, he soon recovered.

Before Winslow and his party left, Massasoit took Hobomok aside, and before a few of his "braves" only, gave him the following message to deliver to Winslow on his way home: "The Massachusetts are determined to kill Weston's

men ; their plan is all made ; many nations have agreed to join them ; they intend to kill all the Plymouth men too ; they have been here to get me to join, but I refused, and will not let any under me do so ; your great Captain must strike quick and kill them first. You will say, ‘It is not our custom to do any people harm until they begin ;’ but that will not bring Weston’s men to life after they are dead ; and besides, they may be too strong for *you* after they have had some victory ; you must go to Wessagusset quick, and cut off the heads of the leaders, and the rest will submit, and you will have peace.”

Having given this message to Hobomok, he returned to Winslow and gave him the warmest expressions of thanks, and sent a long and glowing acknowledgment to Governor Bradford. He said to Winslow, “Now I see the English are my friends, and love me, and while I live I will never forget this kindness they have shown me.”

On their way home the party tarried all night with Corbitant. “He was a noted politician,

yet full of his merry jests and squibs, and never better pleased than when the like were returned upon him." He asked Winslow whether, if he was sick, the Governor would send him with medicine, and whether, if he should do so, he would come. When Winslow answered yes to both these questions the countenance of the savage brightened, and he was much pleased. He then asked Winslow how they dared, only two white men, to come so far from home.

"Why," replied Winslow, "it is because we are honest, and love the Indians, and as our hearts are right we are not afraid."

"Then why," quickly retorted the savage, "do your people, if they love the Indians, keep such strict guard when they come to Plymouth, and point their guns at them?"

He replied, "That is the way we honor our friends;" and Hobomok tried to help out the apology by saying that he had seen the white people fire their big guns both on the land and sea in honor of their friends.

Corbitant shook his head doubtingly, and said, "I like not such honor." He then inquired why the pilgrims prayed to their God before they ate, and then again after their meals. This gave Winslow such an opportunity as the pilgrims always improved to present to the benighted heathen mind the truth about God. He told him that God gave all our good things, and so they thanked him. He explained other Bible truth, and repeated the Ten Commandments. Corbitant said he liked all but the seventh. At that he shook his head, saying that "Indians think it no good to have one wife *only*."

The next day, when the party were about half way home, Hobomok delivered Massasoit's message of warning concerning Wituwamat and the other conspirators. This hastened their steps. When within a few miles of Plymouth they heard that Standish had gone with the shallop on a trading voyage to the Massachusetts. But when they reached the town they were glad to learn that an unfavorable wind

had caused his return. They found with the Captain the fair-speaking, lying Nauset, who had tried to catch him asleep at Manomet, and who was now urging a voyage to the Massachusetts, where the plotters thought themselves strong enough to cut him off.

When Winslow had delivered Massasoit's warning the pilgrims thought it was time for them to *act*; and when they thus thought they neither slept nor trifled. They decided that it was time for Standish to be upon the war-path.

CHAPTER XX.

STANDISH ON THE WAR-PATH.

THE situation of Weston's Colony grew worse and worse. They had commenced with great boastings. Being composed of men only, they scoffed at the pilgrim settlement because it was composed in part of women and children, which they said made a weak community. They sneered also at their "pious notions," and declared that they, at Wessagusset, would show them how to make a settlement. As a ground for this boasting they had *sixty* men, while there were only *nineteen* left of the Mayflower men, with the not very efficient additions of later comers. The Weston Colony had also started with a fair supply of provisions, and a good stock of goods for trading. Thus feeling that they lacked nothing, they were idle and vainly confident. At one time a minister of Christ

from a new settlement farther up the bay went to preach to them. He was in his sermon trying to impress upon them that the chief end of settling in this Western wilderness was the glory of God in the conversion of the heathen. A member of the congregation, more blunt than religious, exclaimed, "You forget, sir, where you are. You are not preaching to the Plymouth Colony. The chief aim of our coming here was to catch fish."

Having this low aim they acted accordingly. They wasted their precious time, and, as it proved, very precious supplies. They soon began to be in want, and hunger knocked at the doors of their cabins. They sold their garments for food, and finally meanly sold their service as servants to the Indians. They brought their water and gathered their wood for morsels of corn. Of course the savages despised them. Having bought what they had to spare, they came, when the white men had lain down, and took from under them their last blanket. When they had gathered nuts and

roots, and had them boiling for a poor but necessary pottage, the Indians came, took it from the fire, and ate it before their eyes. But the Weston people had commenced the stealing. Being destitute and starving, some of their number had dug up the buried corn of the Indians, making them very angry, and causing them to make complaints to the Governor. To pacify the savages the thieves were whipped, put into "the stocks," and finally one of them was hanged. But this did not stop the stealing, and so did not appease the savages.

In this state of things John Sanders, their Governor, sent to Plymouth for advice. He said that his men proposed in their extremity to *take*, by force, a supply of corn from the Indians. To this the pilgrims replied, that such an act was forbidden by God's law; that the Weston people were few, sick, and, of course, very feeble, and might not succeed in getting possession of the corn, and, in the end, would be sure to be cut off; finally they advised them to try to live honestly, as the Pilgrim Colony

itself was then trying to do, on ground-nuts, clams and other shell-fish.

Sanders, on receiving this advice, abandoned the counsel of his violent companions, and sailed with his vessel to the fishermen on the coast of Maine, calling, on his way, at Plymouth. After he left, the Weston men scattered about the country, and some of them died of want.

While such was their condition the whole Plymouth Colony were in public consultation concerning the Indian plots. Two chiefs whom Wituwamat had drawn into his interests had become afraid of the consequences; and, to save themselves from the wrath of the dreaded Standish, had come to the colony and exposed the scheme. The facts were clear. The Indians were determined on war. The pilgrims believed themselves a true government, ordained of God to be "a terror to evil doers," as they had already proved themselves "the praise" of them that did well. The general court of the people authorized the Governor

and his Council, with Captain Standish, to meet the case according to their best wisdom, and in the fear of God. Thus commissioned, the Governor sent Standish to Wessagusset. The Captain refused more than eight men, though many offered to accompany him. He desired not to excite suspicion.

But the day before he was to start a poor fugitive from Wessagusset reached Plymouth. His name was Phineas Pratt. He came weary, frightened, and hungry, with a pack on his back, and with a pitiful tale. He feared his people would be killed to a man. He had purposed a week since to escape, but the savages knew his purpose, and told him if he did the wolves or bears would eat him on the way. He knew what they meant by this, but made the attempt. An *Indian* wolf was put on his track, and would soon have destroyed him if Pratt himself had not lost his way. The savage not finding his victim, passed by Plymouth to Manomet. After Pratt had reached Plymouth, the Indian came back and entered the

settlement with special professions of love, but really as a spy. He found many women and children there, but no weakness nor fear ; and, as his character and purpose were known, he had the honor of being the first one to be put in chains and under guard in the newly-completed fort.

When Standish reached Wessagusset in his shallop he first went on board a Weston fishing vessel which Sanders had left for the use of his men in his absence. But no living thing could he find. He fired a gun, which brought her crew from the shore.

“Why do you leave your boat thus unguarded ?” demanded the Captain.

“O,” they replied, “we have nothing to fear from the Indians, not needing even a gun or a sword, while at the same time we live and sleep together.”

“Well,” replied the Captain, “if you have no *need* of caution so much the better.”

He then took the vail from their eyes with respect to the Indians ; and, having made them

see their true condition, declared the purpose of the Governor; that he had been sent to save them and to invite them to Plymouth, unless they thought they could make some better provision for themselves.

The boasting Weston men were now thoroughly humbled. They put themselves at once under the directions and protection of Standish. The stragglers were called in, and commanded not to leave the settlement under the pain of death. A pint of corn a day, which the pilgrims could not afford for themselves, was given to each man.

In the mean time the Indians sent a man, under the pretext of trade, to see what the Captain had come for. He found the Captain "carrying things very smoothly;" yet the cunning spy reported that he saw by the Captain's eyes that "he had anger in his heart."

This put the Indians on the watch for the favored moment to spring upon their prey. A noted "brave," named Pecksuot, told Hobomok, who had come with the pilgrim party, that he

knew what Standish had come for. "Tell him," said the Indian defiantly, "we fear him not, neither will shun him; but let him come when he dares, he shall not take us unawares."

Often, after this, the *braves* would come into Standish's presence, sometimes singly, and at others in considerable numbers, and sharpen their knives before his face, and use insulting gestures. Among them was Standish's old acquaintance, Wituwamat. He boasted loudly of the excellency of his knife. It had pictured on the handle a woman's face. He said he had another at home with a *man's* face on it. By and by these would marry. Then, flourishing the shining blade in the Captain's face, he said, tauntingly, "Soon this will *see*, and soon this will *eat*, but not speak."

Pecksuot joined again in the insults. He told Standish that though he was a great Captain he was but a little man, "while I," he added, swelling with his own importance, "though no chief, am large and strong and brave."

Standish, the while, the true lion, kept perfectly cool, while these cunning foxes dared to insult him. He waited the moment when the right ones should be in his presence together. That moment at last came. Pecksuot, Wituwamat and his younger brother of like bloody character and insulting words, and still another leader of the conspiracy, were in the room together. The doors had been fastened. Standish and three of his men were face to face to these four stalwart savages. The conflict was commenced by the Captain, who snatched the knife from the neck of Pecksuot. Each took his man, and engaged in the grapple for victory or death. No quarters were asked or expected. Pecksuot, though bleeding freely, made a plunge at Standish's throat, and wrestled with giant energy for the recovery of his knife. Doubtless the Captain's history would have ended here if he had succeeded; but though his foeman's inferior in size and strength, he was his superior in the skillful handling of the deadly weapon. He plunged it into his breast, and the haughty

Indian died without a word or a groan. The other savages were equally determined in their resistance, but were all killed but the young brother of Wituwamat, who yielded and was taken prisoner; and, after awhile, his connection with the conspiracy being fully established, he was hanged.

Standish, who was as prompt to follow up the advantages of a victory as to achieve it, sent the Weston men in one direction in pursuit of the panic-stricken and flying savages, while he, with his men, pursued the principal remaining sachem. He fled with his followers into a swamp, and the Captain sent after him a challenge to single combat; but it was wisely if not politely declined. Standish, seeing a file of Indians rallying, turned to attack them. They attempted to secure an advantageous post on the top of a hill; but he cut them off and gained it himself. The Indians then broke and run. Hobomok, who was a great fighter and swift of foot, cast away his bear-skin coat and outstripped the pilgrims in the pursuit.

But mortal fear makes good runners, and the Indians escaped.

Hobomok was much pleased with this victory. He witnessed, without moving a hand, the deadly strife which ended in the triumph of his white friends. When it was completed he smiled, and said to Standish: "Yesterday, Pecksuot, bragging of his strength and stature, said you were a great Captain but a little man; but to-day I see that you are big enough to lay him on the ground."

Standish remained at Wessagusset until several more of the Indians had been killed by his men, and their panic made complete. A part of the Weston men chose to go in their vessel to the fishing stations on the coast of Maine. When these had sailed out of sight, Standish, with the others, who now utterly abandoned the settlement, came safely to Plymouth, bearing the head of Wituwamat. He was received by his energetic government and people with much of the same feeling with which, long after, their successors received Grant returning

from the fall of Richmond and the capture of Lee. They breathed easier, for they and their wives and children and hard-earned homes were safe.

The Indian spy was brought out to see the head of his chief, which was put over the gate as a warning. He was asked if he knew it. He answered, Yes. He was then generously set at liberty. This proved good policy, for he carried dismay every-where, and the chiefs hastened to make peace with the pilgrims.

CHAPTER XXI.

INCIDENTS OF THE THIRD SUMMER.

THE war-cloud having passed away, the pilgrims turned their attention to the cultivation of their lands. They would need, more than ever, large crops in harvest-time, for they had now only about corn enough for seed. How could the largest amount of farming be best performed? This was a question which greatly occupied the minds of the chief men. Under the hard terms exacted from them by the merchant traders the work had been done in common by all, and all shared equally in what was earned; that is, a bare living was given to all alike, and the rest of the gains went to the merchants. We have seen that to this arrangement made by their agent contrary to their orders, the chief pilgrims stoutly refused to agree; and it was not signed by them until they had

been a year in Plymouth. Still they had all along complied with it. Now their necessities required that they should adopt the very best plan to secure the largest crops. The old arrangement of giving the weak the same in harvest-time as the strong, the lazy as much as the industrious, and the obscure as much as those who bore burdensome responsibilities, made the wheels of industry drag heavily and beget painful jealousies. After much debate the Governor was authorized to put in operation a different system of labor. The whole colony was divided into families, and land assigned to each, to be cultivated on their own responsibility. A certain part of the proceeds was to be given for the public expenses and general debt; the rest to belong to those who earned it.

The plan worked finely. All seemed possessed of new vigor. Those who for one reason or another the Governor could not compel to work without being accused of tyranny, now went into the field without a murmur. Even

many women and children did good service among the growing corn.

When the planting was over their stock of provisions was alarmingly low. The remaining corn was divided among the families, which afforded to each individual but five kernels! Captain Standish once renewed the supply by a trading excursion, but for months together they had neither bread nor corn, and often they did not know at night where "a bit" would come from in the morning. Governor Bradford thus describes the expedients they resorted to under such circumstances: "Having but one boat left, we divide our men into several companies, each take their turn to go out and fish, and return not till they get some, though they be five or six days out; knowing there is nothing at home, and to return empty would be a great discouragement. When they stay long and get but little the rest go a digging shell-fish, and thus we live the summer, only sending one or two to range the woods for deer; they now and then get one, which we divide

among the company ; in winter we are helped with fowl and ground nuts."

Elder Brewster, who, with his family, lived during this summer chiefly on fish and clams, thanked God "that they could suck of the abundance of the sea and treasures hid in the sand."

While thus suffering, the pilgrims were disturbed by unpleasant news contained in letters from England. But even this was attended by the evidence of God's providential care. One John Pierce, a merchant, in whose name their right to establish a colony in America was secured, had obtained another "charter," professedly in the name of the merchant adventurers, but really in his own name, and solely for his own benefit. He secured by it from the wicked rulers the ownership of the whole colony, and the power to hold the pilgrims as mere tenants ! How little did their government regard their rights !

But God was their defense. Pierce fitted out a vessel called the Paragon, with goods and one

hundred and nine emigrants to *his* colony at Plymouth. He set sail in her in February of this year, 1623; but she was driven back by fierce, contrary winds. Again he started, and was allowed to go into mid ocean, when a terrible storm dismasted his vessel and sent it back a wreck to the shore whence it had come. He was glad now to sell out ship and cargo and abandon the enterprise.

In June Admiral Francis West came to Plymouth harbor. He brought orders from the home authorities to allow no free fishing in American waters. All must pay for a license to fish or not drop a line. But men of the same spirit with those who, a hundred and fifty years later, refused to endure dictation in such matters by rulers thousands of miles away, were afloat upon the waters. They refused either to buy a license or refrain from fishing. They believed the country belonged to God, and that "the abundance of the seas are *his*." As neither the Admiral nor those who sent him could enforce it the law was repealed.

The Captain of the Admiral's ship undertook to play his little part in oppressing the pilgrims. As he found them almost starving, and knew they had furs to sell, he offered them as much as they needed of his cargo of provisions. But thinking that *they must have* them, he meanly and wickedly set a very high price upon the food, and a very low price upon the furs. But men who had fought the elements and the Indians, and had made great progress thus far in fighting that bitter foe, Want, were not to be easily cheated. They refused all traffic with him, and he sailed away to Virginia to find more manageable customers.

The situation of the colony became more embarrassed by news brought by Admiral West. They had been expecting supplies by a vessel which had sailed before West left England, and which he had passed at sea, and now she had been a long time due. Besides, a wreck had been seen, which they feared was that of the expected ship.

Added to these present dark clouds was one rising in the distant—not far distant—future. The corn planted in May had come up and grown for awhile with flattering prospects. But the July sun was scorching hot, and the sky cloudless. For many weeks the heavens gave no rain. The corn put forth immature and worthless ears, and its stalks began to wither. The grass became well-made hay. The heart of the most resolute began to faint, and discouragement was creeping into even the Plymouth Colony. Hobomok shook his head despondingly. “I am much troubled for the English,” he said, “for I am afraid they will lose all their corn by the drought, and so they will be starved.”

“These things,” says Winslow, “moved not only every good man privately to enter into examination of his own estate between God and his conscience and to humiliations before him, but also to humble ourselves together before the Lord by fasting and prayer.”

They set apart a day for this purpose, and

met for public confession of their sins, and for supplication to God, in the fort on the hill. The Indian visitors looked on surprised, and asked what it meant, as it was not their Sabbath. On these occasions Elder Brewster conducted the service, others adding words of instruction and prayer.

The day commenced with a cloudless sky, and the sun abated none of his scorching rays. But God's ear was not turned away from his people, nor did he stand afar off. As the day declined the clouds began to gather on all sides, and the pilgrims lay down that night assured that God had heard, and would send an answer of peace. When they awoke the sound of rain saluted their ears. "It distilled in soft, sweet, and joyous showers." The drought was broken, and the fields put on their richest green and promised an abundant harvest. The observing Hobomok broke out again into expressions of happy surprise. "Now I see," he exclaimed, "that the Englishman's God is a good God, for he has heard you, and sent you

rain, and that without storms and tempests, which we usually have with our rain, and which beats down our corn; but yours stands whole and erect still. Surely your God is a good God."

The pilgrims soon received other tokens of God's loving care. The vessel for whose safety they had felt so much anxiety arrived the latter part of July, and soon after a smaller one, built to remain in the country. These were the Ann and Little James. They were laden with goods, and brought sixty emigrants. A small number only of them were old Leyden friends, among whom were the two daughters of Elder Brewster, Patience and Fear. He had brought two sons with him in the Mayflower, and his oldest son, Jonathan, having come in the Fortune, his family were all again united.

Many letters were received, among which was one from their old friend, Robert Cushman. He explained why so many of those who came were strangers, rather than friends of the Ley-

den Chnrch. The merchants, at least many of them, partook of the spirit of the times, and hated the religious character of the pilgrims. They threw obstacles in the way of their emigration, and succeeded in preventing Robinson, their Pastor, from coming to Plymouth. Instead, they sent over men of a very different stamp, and much more like the Wessagusset colonists. Some who now came were independent fortune seekers, having no connection with either the merchants or pilgrims. These expected to build fine houses and get rapidly rich. Such dreams were soon dispelled. They made bitter complaints when they saw the destitution of the colony. Having a good supply of provisions for some time, they expressed a fear that in their necessities the pilgrims would lean upon them ; on the other hand, many who had growing crops feared that these new comers would eat up their corn, so the Governor assured both parties that they must depend upon themselves.

There was one of the passengers in the Ann

whose coming we may suppose deeply interested Governor Bradford. This was the widow Alice Southworth, a woman of distinguished talents and religious worth, who brought with her two sons and considerable property. It will be recollected that the Governor's wife was drowned in Provincetown Harbor. It is said that between him and Mrs. Southworth there had been a youthful partiality. This early love had been renewed since the death of their partners, and they were married two weeks after her arrival. The Southworth boys became distinguished members of the Plymouth Colony, and their mother one of its brightest ornaments.

The Governor's reception of his intended wife could not have been with feasting. He says of the general entertainment of the recent emigrants, that "The best dish we could present them was a lobster, a piece of fish, without bread or any thing else but a cup of fair spring water."

The crops ripened apace and promised an abundant harvest. The coming of old friends,

thus reuniting some families, brought joy to many hearts. Standish had gone out and returned with corn enough for each to have a little until the new should be gathered. The pilgrims' sorrow had been turned to gladness, and they appointed a day of public Thanksgiving, which they observed with joyful hearts.

CHAPTER XXII.

IN PERILS.

THE Plymouth Pilgrims had endured “perils in the sea,” “in the wilderness,” and “by the heathen.” Their Christian faith and patience were now to be tried by “perils among false brethren,” and “perils by their own countrymen.”

Soon after the breaking up of Weston’s Colony there came a man in a boat with some fishermen. He was dressed as a blacksmith, and introduced himself by a strange name. He made many inquiries about the Weston Colony, and when told what had happened he was so agitated that he betrayed his true name and person. It was Weston himself. He immediately sailed to Wessagusset, hoping to save something from the property he had landed there. A few weeks later he found his way to Plymouth in a still lower condition. He had been shipwrecked,

and cast ashore with only the clothes upon his person. Falling into the hands of the Indians they stripped him of these, and in this poor plight he found his way to a fishing-station in Maine. Here he begged or borrowed a suit of clothes, and returned to the pilgrims for sympathy and help. The pilgrims themselves were greatly embarrassed by the state of their own affairs, "But they pitied his case and remembered former courtesies. They told him he saw their want, and that they knew not when they should have a supply; also how the case stood between the merchant-adventurers and themselves, which he well knew. They said they had not much beaver, and if they should let him have it it might create a mutiny, since the colony had no means of procuring food and clothes, both which they sadly needed."

But Weston's need was great, and the pity of the pilgrims was abundant, and so of their penury they loaned him enough beaver skins to commence trade on a small scale, and so be in the way of recovering his lost fortune. But he

rendered evil for good, paying only in bitter words and mean conduct. He even used the fact of the loan to raise a mutinous spirit among the unprincipled new comers at Plymouth, and the fault-finding adventurers at London. But his slanders recoiled upon himself, and the integrity of his injured friends was apparent to all the candid.

The ship Ann, after lying at anchor in Plymouth Harbor one month, returned laden with clapboards and furs for the adventurers from the colonists. Winslow, whom we have accompanied on so many interesting excursions among the Indians, sailed in her as their business agent.

It was now September, 1623. The pilgrims were busy with their harvesting. "The sweet, soft, and gentle showers," which had been sent in answer to prayer, had continued, with timely alternations of warm sunshine, and their granaries overflowed with plenty. From this time Hunger, the dreaded herald of disease and death, never visited the Plymouth Plantation.

While thus busy, Captain Robert Gorges, son of Sir Ferdinand Gorges, sailed into the harbor. He brought a commission from the London authorities to act as Governor-general of all the northern English settlements in America. He appointed Governor Bradford as one of his chief counselors. He brought also emigrants and goods to found a colony in the interest of his father. They came not as the pilgrims came, in poverty, spurred forward by persecution, and upheld by an ardent desire for religious freedom. Wealth had supplied them with the means of an easy beginning.

The Captain, after enjoying for two weeks the generous hospitality of the pilgrims, set sail for Wessagusset, where he landed the colonists and their outfit. Though mainly bent on gain, they were not such reckless adventurers as had preceded them at that place. They were accompanied by a clergyman of the English Church, a most amiable man by the name of Morrel. As Gorges had been commissioned to

rule in all state matters, so Morrel was appointed “to exercise superintendence over the New England Churches.”

This spot, now known as North Weymouth, or “Old Spain,” seemed to possess special attractions for the early settlers, notwithstanding the bloody seal which had been set upon it. Its deep ship channel, extending from the bay far into the mainland, with numerous islands and indentations here and there; its “Great Hill,” which commanded an extended and beautiful view of land and water, and its long tract of rich meadow, made it an Eden in comparison with the place in which the pilgrims “were seated.”

Not far from this “Great Hill,” and in the midst of these marked advantages, tradition has assigned the place of this settlement. It was by God’s special favor that the pilgrims were thrown, in spite of themselves, into a locality where all these attractions were wanting, otherwise they had been out-numbered, out-voted, and their God-regarding common-

wealth lost in the worldly wisdom of the after-comers.

This settlement by Gorges failed in a little over one year, Mr. Morrel, who had kindly forbore to mention in America his appointment as the superintendent of the Churches, having returned to England.

In January, 1624, William Bradford was re-elected Governor. He earnestly requested to be excused, saying that if it were an honor others should share it, and if a burden it was not fair to impose it for a series of years upon the same person; and, at any rate, he wished to retire from the position. But he was not excused. To share the burdens and honors five assistants were given him, and he was intrusted with "a double vote."

In the winter of this year the Plymouth Colonists had attempted a trading voyage along the coast of Maine in the Little James, the small craft which their merchants had sent over with the Ann for that purpose. Bradford remarks that she was the pride of those

who manned her, “too much so,” he feared, for their vain-confidence was sadly humbled by her ill-luck. She was cast away, and made a complete wreck, and every thing lost. She was afterward repaired at great cost, but never proved profitable.

In the spring, as the planting approached, those who had come in the *Ann* as independent settlers “evil-affected” the minds of some of the earlier colonists who were bound by the Company agreement. These desired to be independent too. The chief men ever seeking to gratify, so far as possible, the wishes of the people, consented to this, granting mainly the same terms as they had done to those who came later. An acre of land was granted to each individual as near the town as possible, to be held as private property. But some of them found their independence burdened with many inconveniences which they had before escaped in their closer relations to the wise managers of the Company.

In March Mr. Winslow returned with a

vessel laden with various goods for the Colony. The most valued part of this cargo was "*four neat kine*," consisting of three heifers and a bull, the first brought into the country, and the beginning of a supply of milk and butter.

Mr. Winslow gave a discouraging account of the state of feeling in the London Company. They were divided into bitter factions. This had been aggravated by the return of some of the disappointed independent adventurers. These had brought many railing accusations against the pilgrims, some of which were amusing enough, showing how hard they were pressed to find material for their slander, and all of them easily answered. Among other things they said, "They don't have the sacraments," when all their accusers knew that their Pastor, Robinson, who would have administered them, was kept away by fraud. "Their children are not catechised!" they exclaimed, which was notoriously untrue, and the last fault likely to be true of them. "Their fish wont take salt," they declared, "and so can't

be preserved." "As true as the other accusations," says Bradford. "But their *water* is not good," they clamored again. "As good as any in the world," replied Bradford. "But," he adds, "if they say that our water is not so good as the London wine and beer which they dearly love, I will not dispute." We wish he had "disputed" on this point, for a man of his sense could have made a good case on the side of "fair spring water."

The news brought by letters from the Leyden friends were not the most cheering. The merchants persisted in opposing their emigration. Robinson wrote that the London Company was divided into three parties. A small number were the bitter and open enemies of the pilgrims. A few were their open, steadfast, and sincere friends. The greater part did not care for them or any other emigrants, except so far as they could use them to increase their gains, though they "leaned to the Church party."

Robinson concludes that the greater part had rather any person would come than he. It was

even so, for he was chief of those “chief pilgrims” whose religious character was too clearly defined, and whose love of freedom was too persistent for the greedy seekers of money and power.

Under these difficulties Winslow had freighted the vessel, and brought three important persons to the colony. First, a carpenter, who proved a skillful mechanic and a faithful man. He rendered important service in boat-building and repairing, and in many other ways. His early death was much lamented. Secondly, a saltmaker. He caused great trouble and vexation by his “ignorant, foolish, and self-willed” conduct. Thirdly, a clergyman of the English Church, whose coming was a scheme of the enemies of the pilgrims to break down their “Puritan notions.” It proved a very feeble effort to accomplish a very difficult end. The minister’s name was Lyford. Winslow and his friend Cushman had “consented” to his coming, “to give content to some in London.” The latter writes that “he is none of the most emi-

nent and rare," but hopes he will prove "an honest plain man."

When he came ashore he was full of fair words, and "so bowed and cringed" unto the pilgrims that "he made them ashamed," and "would even have kissed their hands if they had suffered it." He was received cordially, and, at his desire, admitted to the Church. A larger maintenance was voted him than had been given to any member of the colony. The intelligent, pious, and laborious Elder Brewster, who had done the work of a pastor, had "wrought with his own hands, that he might not be chargeable unto any of them." Lyford was admitted, as Brewster had been, into the council-room of the Governor, to advise concerning matters of state. When admitted to the Church, Lyford shed many tears, and grew eloquent in his expressions of gratitude that he had found so pure a communion, and brethren of so sweet fellowship. He made unsought confessions of disorderly conduct in the past, for which he professed deep penitence.

Matters went smoothly for awhile in reference to this new shepherd. In the mean time he contracted an intimacy with one of the independent emigrants who came in the Ann, by the name of Oldham. This man had been troublesome to the pilgrims from his first coming; but, under the fair speech and seducing example of Lyford, had sought and obtained admission to the Church, though soon proving that he was unchanged in heart. Lyford and Oldham secretly united themselves with the irreligious and insubordinate members of the colony. They circulated slanders and encouraged rebellion. Lyford, at length, set up a separate meeting on the Sabbath, and administered the sacraments with ceremonies the most offensive to the pilgrims. Oldham, growing bold in impudence, defied the legal demands of Standish, and gave him saucy words. We have seen that the Captain could “bide his time,” and the rebel for the moment eluded his authority only to feel more keenly that it was in the end sure and decisive.

When the ship in which Winslow came was laden by the colony, and ready to return, Lyford and Oldham were observed to be very busy writing; and their letters, when read by them to their intimates among the restless and unprincipled, seemed to excite much merriment. Suspecting plots against the peace of the colony, the Governor was sent in his official capacity on board the vessel just before she was about to hoist her anchor and spread her sails to depart. He demanded of the Captain the letters of Lyford and his associates. The Captain was pleased at the demand, for he believed the letters contained treason against the Plymouth Commonwealth, toward which he had friendly feelings. Twenty letters were opened and read, all of which were full of misrepresentations, falsehoods, and plots against the colony. Extracts from some of the letters, and entire copies of others of them, were taken. A few of the worst of Lyford's were retained in the originals, and copies of them returned to the mail bag, so that if their genuineness was

denied he might be confronted with his own handwriting.

Having secured his budget of information against the mischief-makers, the Governor returned in the night, the ship having sailed just before dark.

For a short time the Lyford party were quite dumb. They knew their own guilt, and thought that the visit to the ship had let light into their dark counsels. But the pilgrims, having learned by one of the letters that the conspirators intended, as soon as the vessel left, to revolutionize Church and State, and set up public worship under Lyford on King James's model, thought they would preserve a “masterly inactivity.” They preferred, if there must be war, that their enemies should fire the first gun. The impudence of Oldham to Standish, and his refusal to mount guard in compliance with his order, and Lyford's establishment of an offensive and unlawful public worship, were the attacks which brought on the collision. Short work was made of Oldham. He was “*clapt*” into the guard-house in

the fort, and permitted a fine opportunity for reflection in close confinement. The hireling shepherd was arrested and brought before the *general* court. Bradford clearly and forcibly stated the circumstances of Lyford's coming; his professions, and wish to unite with their Church; the generous treatment he had received; and pointed out the meanness and injustice of his present plotting.

At this point Lyford, affecting injured innocence, denied that he had done a wrong thing. Bradford replied by reading his intercepted letters. The lying rebel was silent.

The attention of the court was now turned toward Oldham and his fellow-plotters. He had been tamed somewhat by his opportunity for sober second thought; but the spots of the moral leopard were not changed. Bradford referred to the fact of their coming for their own benefit and pleasure, and to the kind treatment they had received, and aid which the colony had given them in their enterprise. He charged upon them the grossest ingratitude,

and said, “They were like the hedgehog in the fable, whom the cony, in a stormy day, from pity, welcomed into her burrow ; but who, not content to take part with her, in the end, with her sharp pricks, forced the poor cony to forsake her own burrow, as those do now attempt to do with us.”

Oldham felt that these words were “pricks.” Mad at the force of truth, and foolish as he was angry, he interrupted the proceedings of the court, calling upon his crew to interfere, and do on the spot as he had often heard them say they would do, assume the control of the colony. But not a hand was raised, not a word uttered by his comrades in his defense. Guilt made cowards of them all. The pilgrims were twice armed ; for they had a just cause, and the cool Standish, backed by the *pilgrim* soldiers. Bradford proceeded to read Oldham’s letters, and those of his confederates. Their cause made no show of defense, and Lyford and Oldham were both sentenced to banishment from the colony. Oldham immediately left. Ly-

ford, who was a prince of hypocrites, burst into tears, and into loud self-denunciations. He said, "I fear I am a reprobate, with sins too heavy to pardon." He promised amendment with many tears, and begged forgiveness in piteous tones. His tender-hearted judges relented, though some of them seem to have suspected that his repentance was feigned. Their deacon, Dr. Fuller, said that he would be willing to plead in his behalf on his knees. Lyford was put upon probation for six months. But he slyly wrote to the adventurers in England, justifying former charges and making additions to them. The enemies of the pilgrims for awhile rejoiced. But Winslow soon went again on the colonial business to London, and when the merchants were having a meeting on these charges, some time after his arrival, he walked into the midst with such witnesses, and such a budget of evidence concerning Lyford's conduct in England and Ireland before he went to America, that his friends were confounded and his cause overthrown.

When Winslow returned in the spring of 1625, he landed at Plymouth and walked up from the shore without being noticed. An exciting transaction was going on in the principal street, and the people were absorbed with the sight. Files of soldiers were drawn up on either side, and a man was "running the gauntlet." As he passed between the soldiers each one gave him a thump with the butt of his gun, exclaiming, "Mend your manners." The victim of this singular punishment was Oldham, who had returned to Plymouth, and scoffed at its rulers. Winslow's appearance and testimony concerning what he had learned of Lyford's and Oldham's former conduct, confirmed the justice of their punishment. Lyford was now sent away from Plymouth, even his wife being a sorrowful witness against him. He died a few years later in Virginia, leaving no evidence of "the repentance which needeth not to be repented of." Oldham afterward gained the confidence of the pilgrims so far as to be permitted to come to Plymouth when he pleased.

In his death as in his life, he was an occasion of trouble to the colonists. The Indians one day beat out his brains with a tomahawk; and thereby hangs a tale of war, suffering, and bloodshed, at which we shall glance in the later portion of our narrative.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CHANGES AND TRIUMPHS.

THE leading disturbers of the peace being finally dismissed from the pilgrim community they had quiet again. No doubt their long-tried, modest, but truly pious and able religious teacher, Elder Brewster, was more valued, since the troubles in the Church, than ever before. The great lack of their means of grace was the sacraments. Brewster refused to receive ordination, not feeling called to the full work and responsibilities of a Christian minister; and his pastor, Mr. Robinson, had written to him, saying that a ruling elder, in his opinion, should not administer those ordinances. So he continued "to teach" on the Sunday, which means, we suppose, that he explained and enforced portions of God's word. (the true *preaching*.) and continued in the spiritual oversight of the Pilgrim Church.

All feared that the late troubles would be very disastrous to the spiritual interests of the colony. But God made the wrath of man to praise him. Additions were immediately made to the Church of sincere and earnest converts. They professed to have been made to feel more deeply the necessity of a *true* faith in Christ by Lyford's hypocrisy; and that the late troubles had convicted them of their duty of being the sincere helpers of God's people. The pilgrims were full of gratitude for this unexpected effect of a sore trial, and were inspired with new faith and zeal.

The cultivation of the land went forward this summer, 1625, on a larger scale than ever, the Little James was sent on a trading excursion, the laws of the colony were respected and obeyed, and new vigor was manifested in every department of the Plymouth interests. One fact only seemed now to trammel their progress; that was, their bondage to the London merchants. They determined to make every honest effort possible to be free. For this pur-

pose they sent Standish, some time in the summer, to London. Two vessels were laden with valuables, and he went in the larger one, which took the smaller one in tow. Such was the favorable condition of the wind and sea that the little craft was towed the whole distance until they reached the English Channel. But, alas! the pilgrim trial of faith was to receive a new lesson. The smaller boat, which was to empty its freight into the treasury of the merchants, and pay so much of the Plymouth debt, was seized by a Turkish pirate, and the master and crew were sold into slavery. Those were not the times of war steamers with guns of long range, or English vessels could not have been taken in sight of home! Fortunately the Turk thought discretion the better part of valor, and did not pursue the larger vessel, which contained Standish. Probably he would not have gone into Turkish slavery without a warm fight. As it was, he escaped with sorrowful news for the merchants.

In the mean time the friends at Plymouth

had gathered a plentiful harvest. Peace was in all their borders. After the harvest, Winslow, and some of "the old standards," went to the Kennebec and had good success in trading. The winter of 1625-6 passed pleasantly away, and the spring brought important and solemn changes. Standish, who had returned, communicated much interesting news. The great plague raged fearfully in London, bearing multitudes daily to the tomb. The quarrel among the merchants had resulted in the departure of the most of them from the Company. The few which remained were kindly disposed toward the pilgrims, but oppressed by the heavy debt the latter owed them. The Captain had obtained a loan by giving fifty per cent. interest, paid a small portion of the debt, and made good progress in an arrangement to extinguish it all; and, finally, had bought with good judgment needed articles for use and trade.

But these items of business news were of small account in comparison with others which he brought. Their Pastor, for so the pilgrims

still regarded him, Mr. Robinson, was dead. Though he had been dead more than a year, it was a fresh bereavement to his flock in the wilderness. “He fell sick Saturday morning, February 22, 1625. Next day he taught twice; but in the week grew feebler every day, and quit this life on the first of March. All his friends came freely to him; and if prayers, tears, or means could have saved his life he had not gone hence.”

“He died in the fifty-first year of his age, even as fruit falleth before it is ripe, when neither length of days nor infirmity of body did seem to call for his end.”

So wrote Bradford, while the cry of the Pilgrim Church seemed to be, “O my father! my father!”

Robert Cushman, too, was dead! These great and good men, though far away, had been the true friends and counselors of the still struggling pilgrims, and their death seemed to leave them orphans. They mourned as children for beloved parents.

Standish doubtless also brought news, which though not much affecting the pilgrims personally, was nevertheless to them a matter of deep interest, that King James was dead. He had been largely the cause of their coming to the new world. His "harrow" had entered deeply the nation's heart, and now he had gone to answer for his deeds to the King of kings.

The troubles caused the colonists by the unfriendly merchant-adventurers were not ended, although they had withdrawn from the company. The pilgrims had put up on Cape Ann some "stages" on which to dry fish. These merchants, fitting out a vessel and sending her to Cape Ann, took possession of them. Captain Standish had some warm talk with them about the matter, and seemed inclined to follow his words by warmer deeds, when the dispute was settled by both parties uniting and building a new stage for the intruders.

Governor Bradford went during this summer (1626) to the coast of Maine to buy goods for the colony of the English and French trad-

ing parties, and succeeded in getting a small amount. There was no pause in his activity for the promotion of the public good

When the harvest of this year was gathered, the houses of the colony put in order against the fierce attacks of wintry cold, and the men generally scattered during the pleasant days to the not very profitable business of fishing and hunting, the chief pilgrims held grave counsel over the state of their affairs. There was only one year left of the seven of partnership with the merchants. At its close all the property of the colony was to be divided, according to agreement, among the whole company, even to their houses and gardens, and every home convenience, and then a heavy debt would be due the London partners. This obligation must be met, and its crushing weight avoided, if possible. Standish had, during the previous fall and winter, nearly completed an arrangement to buy them off. They would sell out for eighteen hundred pounds sterling, (about \$9,000,) to be paid in

nine annual installments. Nine bonds were made out, and signed by eight of the prominent men for \$1,000 each, and Mr. Allerton sent to England to exchange them for a clear title of the Plymouth Colony. This done, and the payments finally met, the pilgrims would be free.

Allerton sailed before winter set in, and returned in the spring of 1627 with the arrangement completed, though he had to hire money for present necessities at a high rate of interest. The friends who had sent him were glad of his success, though Bradford records the fact that they felt keenly the heavy burden they had assumed. "They knew not well," he says, "how to raise this yearly payment, besides discharging their other engagements and supplying their annual wants."

After much counsel the following plan was adopted: The firm of eight pilgrims who had assumed the debt agreed to permit the original colonists and the approved new-comers to take shares in the colony property which they had

bought ; every father of a family, besides his own share, could take one for his wife, and one for each child living with him ; the shareholders were to own their own homes and improvements, and each have twenty acres of land fit for tillage ; these shares were to be paid for by a yearly portion of the fruits of the industry of each purchaser ; the trade of the colony was to belong exclusively to the firm who were to pay the debt ; and the cows, goats, and swine were to be divided among the shareholders. The value of a certain red cow was \$160, which shows that at this time the cattle were few and greatly desired. There were one hundred and fifty-six purchasers, among whom was the faithful friend of the colonists, Hobomok. He took his twenty acres of land, which is a pleasant evidence of his civilization ; and it is further stated that “when he died he left some good hope in the settlers’ hearts that his soul had gone to rest.”

This plan worked well. Their financial affairs improved from this time, “so that their

proceedings were both honored and imitated by others."

The chief pilgrims, feeling now for the first time since they came to America that they were the sole managers of their colony interests, yearned more than ever for a reunion with their friends in Leyden. They were a broken Christian family, whose mutual affection had not diminished by separation. But if the reunion ever took place the pilgrims must pay the expense of the emigration to Plymouth. This, with their already heavy enterprise, they undertook to do. "To effect this," says Bradford, "they resolved to run a high course and great venture. In the fall they sent Allerton again to England. He was authorized to sell a part of the right of the trade of the colony to raise money to pay the expenses of the Leyden Church to Plymouth. He returned in the spring of 1628 with a good report. He had engaged four well-tried friends to accept the charge of the transportation of the Leyden members for a share in the

colonial trade; he had paid the first annual installment to the merchants, and had obtained from the London authorities a patent for land fifteen miles each side of the Kennebec River.

The pilgrims lost no time in building a “block-house,” at a convenient point on that river, for trade with the Indians and fishermen. Their own attempts at catching fish had proved a failure, and they now gave their main attention to trade.

Allerton had not only brought “a reasonable supply of goods,” but had brought a young minister by the name of Rogers, paying his expenses out of the public treasury. But their hope of having an ordained minister, so that they might have the sacraments, was again blasted. Mr. Rogers was not like Lyford, a knave, but was afflicted with insanity, and the Plymouth Church soon returned him to England.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FRIENDLY VISITORS.

THE pilgrims began to feel that they were not alone in the American forest. Hitherto the savages had been their only neighbors. Now English settlements had been commenced at the head of Massachusetts Bay, and on the coast of Maine. The Dutch, who had, previous to the settlement of Plymouth, traded with the Indians about the mouth of the Hudson River, had followed the pilgrims' example, and founded a colony where New York now stands. The Plymouth people had heard from them from time to time by the uncertain reports brought by the Indians. They had long wished for a neighborly acquaintance and friendly trade. They had missed the opportunity of an introduction to the Dutch when one of the ships of the latter was reported as aground in Narra-

gansett Bay, at the time when Winslow visited the sick sachem, Massasoit.

In the spring of 1627 the Chief Secretary of the Dutch Settlement, Isaac De Rasieres, wrote a letter to Governor Bradford. It was very full of flattering titles and high-sounding compliments, bestowed upon the pilgrim governor. The meaning of it all was, that the Dutch wanted to be acquainted with the Plymouth people, and to open a trade with them. Bradford replied, and told the honorable Secretary that his letter was most cordially received, only that his “good-will and friendship” was expressed “in over-high titles,” and “more than belonged to them.” He proceeds, however, to equal the Secretary in “high titles” in his reply, after the manner of the age, and assures him that the Plymouth Colony would like to trade, but intimates in very polite though meaning terms, that they did not concede the right of the Dutch to trade with the Indians in the vicinity of Plymouth, telling them that King James had given that right to the pilgrims. The

Secretary writes again, is as profuse as ever in “high titles” and flattering compliments, and tells the pilgrims with exceeding great politeness that the Dutch Colony at Manhattan received their right to trade in the Plymouth neighborhood from *their* rulers in Holland, and that they should do so when they pleased, and the pilgrims might help themselves if they could. After this correspondence had taken place the honorable Secretary decides to visit his friend Bradford, and talk over the mutual interests of the two colonies face to face. This decision was very wise; for the pen in such cases is less friendly than the tongue, especially where the latter is prompted by a “generous hospitality.”

So De Rasieres sailed from Manhattan, in a trading vessel, through Long Island Sound and Narragansett Bay, to the mouth of the Manomet River, which flows into Buzzard’s Bay. From that point he wrote to Governor Bradford, sending his compliments, and telling the Governor that he designed visiting him, but that

the distance from that place to Plymouth by land was greater than he had undertaken for years, and that he would be greatly obliged to his Excellency for a less laborious mode of reaching him. In response the Governor sent the shallop to Scusset Harbor, that part of Sandwich which lies on the Cape Cod Bay shore, and the point directly opposite the anchorage of the honorable Secretary's vessel. The distance across was six miles only. By landing here and crossing to the other shore, and so sailing to Plymouth, he saved the long and perilous voyage round Cape Cod. The pilgrims early established a "block-house" for trade on Buzzard's Bay, conveying their freight across here, and so by water to Plymouth.

De Rasieres "came honorably attended with a noise of trumpeters." Bradford calls him "a man of fair and genteel behavior." He brought goods, with which he commenced a trade among the pilgrims. Among other things he had for sale the Indian *wampum* and *suckawhock*. The wampum was their white, and the sucka-

whock their black money. It was made from a large species of clam which the natives called *quahaug*, found on the New England sea-shore, and still known by that name. This money was made principally by the Narraganset and Long Island Indians. They used the delicate, pearl-like lining of the shell for this purpose, the black, or more accurately, perhaps, the purple, was twice the value of the white, as very little of the shell was of that color. Small pieces were taken, drilled, and ground to a smooth surface and polished.

The pilgrims bought a large quantity of this money of their visitor, and at first found only a dull sale for it, but after awhile it proved a profitable article. It was not known until this time to them, nor generally to the Indians, but came into extensive use.

This Dutch official and distinguished merchant, who sold the pilgrims the money, had a sharp eye to business in so doing, as he afterward wrote to his home government. He says that if the Plymouth men should go themselves

to the money-making Indians they would find out how profitable a trade the Dutch were driving in furs with them, and, he significantly adds, "which if they were to find out it would be a great trouble for us to maintain, for they already dare to threaten that if we will not leave off dealing with that people they will be obliged to use other means."

Among other friendly purposes of this visit, De Rasieres desired to secure an alliance between the Plymouth and Dutch colonies against the French. This was agreed to, though the Plymouth Governor dryly remarks, "We knew it was with an eye to their own profit." The keen Dutch merchant had not flattered the pilgrims by "high titles" into dullness in seeing his selfish aims.

But the visit seems to have been a very agreeable one to all concerned, and was the beginning of a friendly intercourse and profitable trade between the two colonies. We fortunately have the Secretary's account of this visit, which was recovered a few years ago

from piles of documents in a library at Holland. We may use his eyes in seeing the pilgrims at their homes. He thus speaks of their method of taking alewives in Town Brook: "At the south side of the town there flows down a small river of fresh water, very rapid but shallow, which takes its rise from several lakes in the land above, and there empties into the sea, where in April and the beginning of May there comes so many herring from the sea which want to ascend that river that it is quite surprising. This river the English have shut in with planks, and in the middle with a little door which slides up and down, and at the sides with trellis-work, through which the water has its course, but which they can also close with slides. At the mouth they have constructed it with planks, like an eel-pot with wings, where in the middle also is a sliding-door, and with trellis-work at the sides, so that between the two dams there is a square pool into which the fish come swimming in such shoals, in order to get up above, where they deposit their spawn,

that at one tide there are from ten thousand to twelve thousand fish in it, which they shut off in the rear at the ebb, and close up the trellises above, so that no more water comes in ; then the water runs out through the lower trellises, and they draw out the fish with baskets, each according to the land he cultivates, and carry them to it, depositing in each hill three or four fishes, and in these they plant their maize, which grows as luxuriantly therein as though it were the best manure in the world ; and if they do not lay their fish therein the maize will not grow, so that such is the nature of the soil.

“ Their farms are not so good as ours, because they are more stony, and, consequently, not so suitable for the plow. They apportion their land according as each has means to contribute to the eighteen hundred pounds sterling which they have promised to those who had sent them out, whereby they have their freedom without rendering an account to any one ; only if the King should send a Governor-general

they would be obliged to acknowledge him as sovereign chief.

“They have better means of living than ourselves, because they have the fish so abundant before their doors. There are also many birds, such as geese, heron, and cranes, and other small legged birds, which are in great abundance there in the winter.

“The tribes in their neighborhood have all the same customs, only they are better conducted than ours, because the English give them the example of better ordinances and a better life; and who also, to a certain degree, give them laws, by means of the respect they, from the very first, establish among them.”

The following account which he gives of the pilgrim mode of religious worship at this time shows how much, even in their sacred hours, they indulged fears of their savage neighbors. The plot of Wituwamat and the massacre of the Virginia Colony were yet in painful remembrance. Perhaps, however, their love of military discipline, under Captain Standish,

may account in part for their parade of arms.

The Dutch visitor writes that "the houses are constructed of hewn planks, with gardens also inclosed behind and at the sides with hewn planks, so that their houses and court-yards are arranged in very good order, with a stockade against a sudden attack ; and at the ends of the streets there are three wooden gates. In the center, on the cross-street, stands the Governor's house, before which is a square inclosure upon which four guns are mounted, so as to flank along the streets. Upon the hill they have a large square house with a flat roof, made of thick sawn planks, stayed with oak beams, upon the top of which they have six cannons, which shoot iron balls of four and five pounds, and command the surrounding country. The lower part they use for their Church, where they preach on Sundays and the usual holidays. They assemble by beat of drum, each with his musket or firelock, in front of the Captain's door ; they have their cloaks on, and place

themselves in order, three abreast, and are led by a sergeant without beat of drum. Behind comes the Governor in a long robe; beside him, on the right hand, comes the Preacher with his cloak on, and on the left hand the Captain, with his side arms and cloak on, and with a small cane in his hand; and so they march in good order, and each sets his arms down near him. Thus they are constantly on their guard night and day."

De Rasieres, having spent several days at Plymouth, was escorted on his return by the Governor and his attendants to Buzzard's Bay, where there was a friendly leave-taking.

An account of a visit to Plymouth about five years after this, in 1632, of a very different personage, will give us a still nearer view of the pilgrim worship in their Church fort on the hill. The colony had now three hundred inhabitants, and, of course, as they were a Church-going people, could show a goodly number in their Sabbath congregation. They had, too, as we shall see, a pastor. Some Plymouth people,

visiting Nantasket, doubtless for furs or fish, found what they least expected to find, though much desired, a Christian minister. His name was Ralph Smith. He was in quite a destitute condition, and begged to be carried to Plymouth. He here found, as the homeless and suffering ever found, "kind entertainment and shelter." He was invited even to "exercise his gifts, which were rather low," and was finally chosen their Pastor.

So at the time of the visit of which we are about to speak the pilgrims had a Pastor and a good-sized congregation. The visitor was Mr. Winthrop, Governor of the Massachusetts Colony. That colony had rapidly increased in numbers, and it was highly becoming that the rulers of a kindred people should exchange fraternal greetings. The following is Governor Winthrop's account of his excursion, for this purpose, to Plymouth: "The Governor of Massachusetts Bay, with Mr. Wilson, Pastor of Boston, and some others, went on board the 'Lion,' on the 25th of October, and thence

Captain Pierce carried them to Wessagussett, where is now a prosperous settlement of a graver sort than the old ones. The next morning the Governor and his company went on foot to Plymouth, and came thither within the evening. The Governor of Plymouth, Mr. William Bradford, a very discreet and grave man, with Elder Brewster and some others, came forth and met them without the town, and conducted them to the Governor's house," where they were very kindly entertained, and feasted every day at several houses.

"On the Lord's day there was a sacrament, of which they partook; and in the afternoon Mr. Roger Williams, according to a Plymouth custom, propounded a question, to which the Pastor, Mr. Smith, spoke briefly; then Mr. Williams prophesied, (preached,) and after, the Governor of Plymouth spoke to the question; after him the Elder; then some two or three more of the congregation. Then the Elder desired the Governor of Massachusetts Bay and Mr. Wilson to speak to it, which they

did. When this was done, Mr. Fuller, their surgeon, put the congregation in mind of their duty of contribution ; whereupon the Governors, and all the rest, went down to the Deacon's seat, and put into the box, and then returned."

On Wednesday, the 31st of October, at five o'clock in the morning, the Governor and his company came out of Plymouth, whose Governor, Pastor, Elder and others, accompanied them nearly half a mile in the dark. Lieutenant Holmes, one of their chiefest men, with two companions and Governor Bradford's mare, came along with them to a great swamp, about ten miles."

At this point the two parties separated, the Massachusetts company arriving that night at Wessagusset, where they received a bountiful entertainment. Their guide, during the journey, had carried them, one by one, over the streams on his back. The next day they sailed out of "Weymouth River" into the open bay, and passed many of its beautiful islands to their homes in Boston.

By these visits we are afforded a glance at the increasing comfort and sociability of the pilgrims' situation; but in their estimation there was a great deficiency to be supplied before the demands of their social and religious affections could be satisfactorily met. The deficiency they proposed to meet by the results of a diligently prosecuted trade.

CHAPTER XXV.

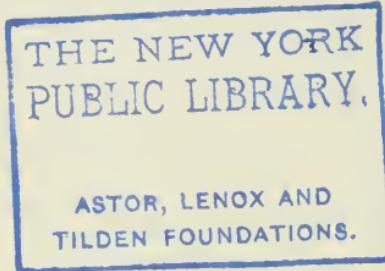
PILGRIM TRADE, AND ITS RESULTS.

WE have seen that the chief pilgrims arranged, through Allerton, the conveyance of their remaining Leyden friends to the colony. Before the close of 1630 this had been accomplished. The expense of their passage and support until they could gather crops of their own was about six thousand dollars of our money. This the principal men freely gave from the proceeds of their trade, for the pleasure of a reunion with those they loved. No stronger evidence could be given of the genuineness of their Christian affection.

About the time the Plymouth Colony received its addition from Leyden, emigrants of a very different character were landing not far from them. Captain Wollaston, an Englishman, and "a man of pretty parts," landed a



Leyden-street



company further up the bay, about eight miles south-east of where Boston now stands. He was attracted by a beautiful swell of land not far from the shore commanding a view of the bay with its numerous islands and inlets, and also of the country far inward. It is known at the present time as Mount Wollaston, in Quincy. Here the Captain landed his emigrants, supplied them with the means to provide for their own comfort, and secure a good stock of furs for himself. He then put an agent in charge, took his servants, and sailed for Virginia. The men he left behind were bad enough; but there came among them, after Wollaston departed, a man of the name of Thomas Morton, who was a very prince of evil doing. He had come to the country, it is supposed, with Weston's Company. He flattered Wollaston's men, got control of the colony, and turned out the agent. Under his prompting they ate, drank, and made merry. They commenced a trade with the natives by selling them guns and ammunition, and teaching them to mold lead shot of various kinds. The

pilgrims had strictly prohibited this kind of trade. It became the occasion of much trouble and the loss of many lives. The conduct of Morton and his crew matured into crimes of every hue. The settlers in every direction sent to Plymouth, beseeching them to put an end to a colony which was corrupting even the savages, and endangering the peace of all the settlements. The pilgrims sent an earnest remonstrance to Morton, which he spurned, telling them in effect to mind their own business, and continued to heap to himself the wrath both of man and God. Urged by the other colonies and their own safety, the Plymouth authorities sent Captain Standish, with a few of his pilgrim soldiers, to remonstrate with Morton with a little wholesome military force. Morton, as cowards generally do, stimulated his own and his men's courage with strong drink, retired to his log-house, which he barricaded, and then defied the Captain. The soldiers fearlessly assaulted the house, which they took without bloodshed. Morton's gun was double-loaded,

but he was too drunk to use it. The den of wickedness was broken up, and Morton was carried to Plymouth, and finally sent to England for trial. Thus the pilgrims were a terror to English as well as Indian evil doers.

But the Plymouth people could not right all their wrongs. The grant of lands to them on the coast of Maine became the occasion of many unpleasant and vexatious collisions with other traders. They had a fort and depot of trade on the Penobscot. A French shipmaster happening there when the principal traders had gone to Plymouth, and finding only a few servants in charge of valuables, began to take liberties. He and his men entered the fort with many polite airs, took the muskets from their racks; and, first assuring themselves that they were loaded, bestowed upon them many expressions of generous compliment. Then, very politely pointing them at the keepers of the Plymouth furs, and other valuables, he demanded their transfer to his vessel. When this was done the Frenchman took his leave,

bidding the servants say to the pilgrims that "Some gentlemen of the Isle of Rhé had been there to leave their compliments." The furs alone were worth twenty-five hundred dollars, and the entire loss was a serious one to the embarrassed and struggling owners.

There was an incident which occurred at the pilgrim trading post on the Kennebec some time after this robbery which afflicted the Plymouth people much more seriously. Indeed, they called it the "saddest occurrence" which had taken place since they came into the country. They claimed, by the grant of the English authorities, an exclusive right to trade on that river, fifteen miles from its mouth, and the same distance upon either side. They had built a fort, stocked it with goods, and sent a company of their best men to exchange them for furs. In all this there was, of course, much expense involved. One day, when their excellent agent, John Howland, was in charge of the post, there came an English captain, by the name of Hocking, in a vessel belonging to two

English lords. He had been in the Piscataqua River, and, probably, not meeting with good trade, turned an envious eye to the pilgrim locality on the Kennebec. He boldly sailed past the fort, and, in spite of remonstrance, dropped his anchor far above, where he could intercept the trade as it came in the canoes down the river. Howland remonstrated, urging the rights given to the Plymouth Colony, and their great outlay to secure the benefit of them, and was answered with taunting words. He then threatened, but was defied. After much consultation with his men, two of them were sent in a canoe to cut the cable of Hocking's vessel, and set it adrift. This they did; but, as the vessel swung round, Hocking, who was standing on the deck, leveled his gun and shot one of the men through the head, killing him instantly. The other man, under the excitement of the moment, returned the shot and killed Hocking. The affair produced great excitement in all the scattered English settlements, especially in that of Boston Bay. When

John Alden went there, a short time after, in a Plymouth vessel, the magistrates arrested him, although he was not even at the Kennebec when Hocking was shot. The pilgrims immediately sent Standish to the Bay Company to explain the affair, and to secure Alden's relief. In the end, the colonists every-where, learning the facts in the case, declared that Hocking had procured his own death, and the pilgrims stood acquitted of blame. Even the offended aristocratic owners of his vessel, who were for awhile full of anger at the Plymouth people, dropped the matter.

Though in trade, as in all other enterprises, meeting with continual causes of discouragement, the pilgrims pushed forward, in every direction, their plans to pay their financial obligations and meet their current expenses. In 1633 they commenced a trade on the Connecticut. They had heard much of its sweet waters, and of the rich furs of the natives along its banks. They called it, probably from the Indian pronunciation, "Co-night-e-cute." This

was rather a dark but quite a "cute" way of spelling it. The Dutch at Manhattan, hearing of their purpose, hurried forward a few men, who began a little fort where Hartford now stands, and warned off all comers. The pilgrim vessel, laden with goods and the frame of a trading house, sailed up the river and began a settlement at Windsor. As they passed the Dutchmen they were commanded to come to at their peril; but nothing more alarming was shot at them than a few Dutch oaths.

Scarcely had the pilgrim fathers sent their men to open this avenue of income when a fatal disease appeared at Plymouth. It seized all ages, and in a short time twenty died; among whom were some just arrived from Leyden. They had reached the earthly home for which they had so long yearned, to go from it to a heavenly mansion. As in their sickness of the first winter, death sought the ripest and most precious sheaves, as well as the opening flowers and early fruit of infancy

and youth. Dr. Samuel Fuller, the faithful Deacon, the skillful physician, the warm friend, and the ripe Christian, was one of the victims. His fellow-pilgrims dropped generous tears over his grave, and uttered words of sincere eulogy. His loss was severely felt in every department of the colony's interests. The sickness prevailed extensively among the Indians, who had anticipated its approach from the immense swarms of a species of locust which had appeared in the woods the preceding spring.

Just before this sickness commenced several prominent families had removed across Plymouth Harbor to the north-east, and built cabins on and around a beautiful hill near the shore. Among these were Captain Standish, John Alden, and Jonathan Brewster, the oldest son of the Elder. Their going was agreed to by their friends, on condition that they would reside in Plymouth in the winter, the better to attend the public worship on the Sabbath. This they did for several years. They called their new town Duxbury, probably in honor of

Captain Standish, whose ancestral home was in Duxbury, England. Cattle had become quite "a commodity," the pilgrims said; and the people of Plymouth began to push out in every direction to find meadow land for pasture. The trade on the Kennebec and "Conightecute" brought rich returns in spite of all obstacles, and good progress was being made in reducing the debt assumed by those having its management. But that upon the Connecticut came near involving the colony in the loss of property and more precious lives by an Indian war. The Pequod Indians, a fierce tribe living in that region, murdered a Captain Stone and a part of his crew the next year after the pilgrim trade began. Stone had no great reputation for fairness, and the Indians said he had provoked them. Two years after this John Oldham went to trade on the Connecticut. He was then a member of a new settlement on the Charles River, called Watertown; and, it is believed, was not quite as bad a man as when the pilgrims ran him through

the gauntlet with the thump of the butt of a musket and the good advice, "Go and mend your manners." He was at Block Island, at the mouth of the river, when some Pequods came on board for the professed purpose of trade, and brained him with a tomahawk, taking as prisoners the two boys and two men who were with him. These murders justly alarmed all the English settlers. The Massachusetts Colony hastened off a detachment of ninety men, whose commander sailed to Block Island with fire and sword, though the carnage and burning was not equal to the haste and fierceness of the expedition. It provoked revenge without exciting fear. The Pequods took a most horrible revenge on men, women, and children, and, in return, were exterminated. The war was not one of the Plymouth Colony, and so its exciting details do not belong to this sketch. The Governor of the pilgrims remonstrated with the Massachusetts authorities for having needlessly provoked the war; and Bradford says of their first expedi-

tion, which brought on the general conflict, "It was done superficially and badly managed, and did little good." Yet when the crisis came, Plymouth Colony armed sixty men, and put them, fully provisioned at their own expense, on board one of their own vessels. When Lieutenant Holmes, their commander, was about to sail with his force to the seat of war, word came from Massachusetts that the war was as good as over, and that they need not go. So the principal burden to the pilgrim colony of this famous and bloody war was the interruption of their trade.

A painful incident occurred, just after the close of this war, within the jurisdiction of Plymouth; and, as its result illustrates the spirit of its government, we will briefly state it, believing that the details would not be pleasant to the reader. An Irishman by the name of Peach, of a good family and great force of character, came to Plymouth after his discharge from service against the Pequods. He had distinguished himself in its exciting conflicts, and

seems to have been restless in the tranquil atmosphere of the pilgrims. He was idle, contracted debts without the ability or will to pay, and, of course, was soon in trouble. In this condition he was prepared for any mischief. He seduced from their employers three young men, and wandered into the woods. As they four sat by the way-side, an Indian came along with some valuables which he had bought at Plymouth. Peach proposed to his companions to kill him and take his goods. They cared not to resist his will, or, perhaps, dared not. They were in bad company, and in the way of the transgressor. Peach invited the Indian "to drink tobacco with him;" and, in his unguarded moments, stabbed him repeatedly, and left him for dead. But the victim revived, and was found alive. Three of the guilty men, including Peach, were arrested, and put upon trial at Plymouth for murder. Among the twelve jurymen were Bradford, Winslow, Alden, and Standish. They were found guilty and hanged. Three white men for one Indian; but the jus-

tice sought by the pilgrims did not respect persons. The effect was good upon all of both races.

We propose now to give a closing notice of the pilgrim business transactions. These, quite as much as their courts of law, illustrate the stern integrity of their chief men. We have spoken of the jostling of their trade by various incidents. There was one, to the pilgrims the most painful of all. That was the mismanagement and wrong-doing of Allerton, their agent, and one of their own number. He had done them much good, showed great energy, and was generously trusted. But in transacting their business in England he did not adhere to their instructions. He launched into heavy and unauthorized expenditures, for their and his own individual profit. He raised their debt in two years from four hundred to four thousand pounds sterling. He was dismissed from their service in 1631 or 1632, but his accounts complicated their affairs for many years after. He was dealt with the more gently

for Elder Brewster's sake, whose daughter Fear he had married. Bradford quotes, as an explanation of his conduct, 1 Timothy vi, 9.

After the dismissal of Allerton, Edward Winslow was several times sent to England by the pilgrims. The amount of furs sent by the colony surprised, under the circumstances, even their creditors; and the returns by Winslow of high prices obtained, sometimes agreeably surprised the pilgrims themselves. One of their principal friends in England exclaimed, in view of their energy, "These Plymouth people, but for Allerton's mismanagement here, would have been the richest colony in America!" The debt of the colony hung upon the eight chief men for at least twelve years, but all except Dr. Fuller lived to see it extinguished. These "undertakers," as they were called, never faltered until the last penny was paid. Neither sickness, war, robbery, mismanagement of their trusted friends, nor changes in the market, caused them to pause. There was a Christian heroism in these exertions.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE PILGRIM CHURCH AND ITS CONFLICTS.

WE have seen the pilgrims more than diligent in business. We propose now to observe them more closely in their religious history.

In our last notice of the Pilgrim Church affairs they had the Rev. Ralph Smith as Pastor, the man whom they found in distress at Nantasket. Two years later a very different man appeared among them. He was young—not more than thirty years of age—well educated, and full of mental energy. His name was Roger Williams, a Welshman. He had come with his family to Boston in the early part of 1631. He there uttered some sentiments on religious and political freedom such as even the radical Puritans did not appreciate, and great offense was given. Just then the new Church at Salem desired an assistant for their

Pastor, Mr. Skelton, and gave Williams a call. The magistrates of Boston objected. Think of Boston office-holders telling the religious people of Salem who shall preach the Gospel to them ! But the rulers in those days believed that they were God's appointed guardians of religious faith and practice. But the Salem Church still said to Williams, Come, and he went. Before summer was out, however, the authorities of the Massachusetts Colony made Salem too hot for him, and he moved to Plymouth. The pilgrims received him gladly, and gave him a place in the pulpit of their fort-church on the hill, by the side of their Pastor. For about three years he preached to them in connection with Mr. Smith, to the great comfort and lasting profit of all. He was, indeed, a great and good man ; but the opinions he uttered in the unwilling ears of the men of Boston were freely expressed here, and were heard with but little more favor. A minister of the Bay Colony said he had "a windmill in his head;" but Governor Bradford, who loved him as a Christian and a Gospel

minister, regarded him simply as "unsettled in judgment." Williams was, in the mean time, yearning to be useful to the Indians. While at Plymouth he formed an acquaintance with Massasoit, submitting to some intimacy with him at his own filthy wigwam, and among his repulsive people, to learn their language and character. In 1633 Mr. Skelton, of the Salem Church, died, and Williams was invited to return. The wide difference between him and the pilgrims on some matters of political and religious faith made his removal from them mutually agreeable, though they gave him a dismissal to the Salem Church without disparagement of his piety. He was soon banished from the Massachusetts Colony, and compelled to wander in the woods for months in mid-winter, cold and hungry. He found at last an asylum with his old friend Massasoit, and afterward became the chief founder of Providence, R. I. The pilgrims never aided the persecutions against him. Of Governor Winslow he says: "It pleased the Father of mercies to touch

many hearts with relentings, among whom that great and precious soul, Mr. Winslow, melted, and kindly visited me at Providence, and put a piece of gold into the hands of my wife for our supply.

Williams is known in history as one of the earliest and strongest friends of religious freedom as it is now understood and received.

In 1636 Mr. Smith was, in a friendly manner, dismissed from the pilgrim pulpit. His ability to feed the flock of Christ was very small, and they earnestly sought a more efficient shepherd. Fortunately they found one in the Rev. John Rayner, and after a short trial he was settled. Bradford says of him: “He was able and godly, of a meek and humble spirit, sound in the truth, and every way irreproachable in his life and conversation: with him we enjoyed many years of much comfort and peace and good agreement.”

The year after Mr. Rayner’s settlement another very able, learned, and pious minister appeared at Plymouth. His name was Charles

Chauncy. So well were the pilgrims pleased with him that they very earnestly requested him to be their Pastor in connection with Mr. Rayner. So perplexed and unfortunate had the colony been in getting regularly-ordained ministers, after their own heart, that they seemed desirous to keep *all* such that might come to them. But, alas! Mr. Chauncy was not, to their minds, quite "sound in the truth." He believed in immersion as the only proper mode of baptism, and refused to be convinced to the contrary, though they appointed their Pastor to debate the question with him publicly, and invited the ministers far and near to discuss the subject by letter. He even declined their proposal to baptize candidates in any manner which answered to their convictions of duty. He would immerse only. As the pilgrims could not sacrifice their convictions of truth so far as to agree to that, the good men parted. Chauncy became afterward the President of Harvard College.

Chauncy had scarcely left Plymouth for a

settlement in Scituate when a professed minister of Christ, by the name of Gorton, came. With him the pilgrims were not captivated. They found it nearly as difficult to get rid of him as they did to keep Chauncy. He called himself "professor of the mysteries of Christ," and blessed God that he "was not brought up in the schools of human learning." He, and not Williams, "carried a windmill in his head;" and it was so peculiar in its construction that it fanned away all the good grain of common sense and left only the chaff of fanaticism. He gave immense trouble to all the colonies, and the most of them, including Plymouth, banished him, one adding whipping. But every such correction increased his esteem of himself and his love for his errors. He was the last poor minister who pestered the Mayflower pilgrims. Their declining years were comforted by Pastors who "took heed to themselves and to all the flock over the which the Holy Ghost had made them overseers." Rayner remained with them eighteen years.

But there were other and different trials for the little flock. The country was being better known, and the later emigrants found more fertile and attractive places for settlement than Plymouth. Not only so, but even some of the early members of the Pilgrim Church, on account of the barrenness of the place, were moving away. In 1643 many meetings of the Church were held to inquire what was best to be done. They did not like these separations of old Christian friends, and many whose affection for Plymouth was greater than their love for greener spots were willing to move if they could all go together and make one Church. Thus the "Forefather's Rock" and its environs came near being abandoned, and the footprints of the pilgrims here were within a little of being effaced. They voted to remove; and, what is even more strange, purchased, after a hasty examination, a town site in Nauset, (now Eastham,) in the very region they had rejected "in their search after a habitation." A more accurate survey of the

place, and their sober second thought led to the rejection of the unwise project. The purchase had been made in the name of the whole Church; but individuals who were determined to go assumed the financial obligation, and commenced the settlement of Eastham. Among these were Thomas Prince, who had been twice elected Governor, and other leading men, whose names are among the prominent "Cape names" of the present day, such as Doane, Snow, Higgins, and Cook. These commenced a new Church, leaving "the mother Church" still more desolate. The mourning of its early members at this separation is thus pathetically expressed in the old records: "Then was this poor Church left like an ancient mother, grown old and forsaken of her children in regard of their bodily presence and personal helpfulness; her ancient members being most of them worn away by death, and those of later times being like children translated into other families; and she, like a widow, left only to trust in God. Thus she that had made many rich became herself poor."

There were some other trials which this “ancient mother” Church was called to endure, which she lamented more than the removal of her children. Some of them, both at Plymouth and the new Church, were learning to hold in light esteem the regularly-appointed educated ministers. They preferred exercising their own gifts. These persons forsook the house of God, and refused to support their pastors, so that many of them had to leave their spiritual flocks unattended to seek a living in other employments. Not only was reverence for ministers declining, but the authority of rulers and the counsels of the aged were treated lightly. While the hearts of the pilgrims were aching under these sad departures from godliness “the people commonly styled Quakers” came among them. They certainly were not like those sober, excellent citizens and sincere Christians who bear that name now. Their doctrines, the pilgrims thought, in a good measure occasioned and every-where increased the grievous state of things in reference to

ministers, the Church, and all that were in authority. They saw in the coming of these “ranters,” as they called them, and “horrid heretics,” the destruction of their fair heritage in the wilderness, which they had obtained by the sacrifice of the lives of dear friends, and by incessant toil and self-denial. What they fondly hoped to leave unmarred to their children, these came to spoil. No doubt these fears were in a great degree groundless; there was in them a serious lack of that faith in God which had made the pilgrims at other times, and in reference to other trials, so morally sublime. And if their fears were supported by facts, and the Quakers were fierce wolves among the pilgrim flock, they had near them the Chief Shepherd on whom to call, and the “sword of the Spirit, the word of God,” with its keen blade, which, surely, the pilgrims knew how to use. With this well wielded, and supported by Him who died for the flock, the wolves would have been sent howling away. But, we grieve to say, they resorted to fines,

imprisonments, banishment and whipping. To these penalties the Massachusetts Colony added death! The pilgrims did indeed pray for their deluded enemies, and use with them arguments from reason and the Bible; but their error was in not trusting entirely to these. Alas for the infirmities of good men! It was many years before the New England Churches learned "the better way."

We have now followed the history of the Plymouth Colony through twenty-three years from the time of the landing on "The Rock." We have seen the struggles and triumphs of its trade, its stern integrity, and genuine though sometimes misdirected Christian zeal. We will now glance at the last days of those few "chief pilgrims" who have been the inspiration of the whole pilgrim enterprise from the beginning, and then turn to the laws and the social and religious customs of the community which they established and molded.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE CHIEF PILGRIMS.

THE larger number of the chief pilgrims lived to see an important era in the history of the Plymouth Colony. This was its union with the colonies of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New Haven, in 1643. For several years this union, or "confederacy" as it was called, was a matter of discussion. They were of one nation and religious faith. The Indians, Dutch, and French with whom they were surrounded were considered their common enemies, and so they wished to be united if either was attacked. Besides, a union would promote the interests of trade and good neighborly feeling. It was very much such a "confederacy" as that which constitutes the "United States," and was the beginning of that great and powerful "Union" which governs the Western World,

and whose influence is felt every-where. The several colonies retained their independence in local matters. As soon as it was formed, some Indian chiefs, until this time having a haughty bearing, came and submitted to the English government. It was truly a fresh starting-point of success to the Puritan settlers generally, but Plymouth Colony was every year more and more outnumbered by the later settlements. She that was first became the last, but not in intelligence and influence. Says one of our great historians, "This colony, in the measure of its scanty means, was prosperous and energetic."

The sketch that this volume presents does not extend beyond this period, except in the reference to the Quaker troubles, which commenced in this colony in 1657, and in the notice we are about to give of the last days of "the fathers." From this time the history of Plymouth Colony is mixed with that of the other New England Colonies, until 1686, when all their charters were taken away by the King of England.

and their histories in all great affairs run together.

Carver, it will be recollected, did not live beyond the first spring after the landing, and so did nothing in forming the pilgrim State, except by his pious example and wise counsels, whose influence long survived him.

Dr. Fuller, who died in the great sickness of 1633, lived long enough to be felt powerfully for good, not only in Plymouth but among the Indians, whose conversion he sought, and in the Massachusetts Colony, to which he was twice called to exercise his medical skill in staying a prevalent disease, and once to give counsel in forming a Church.

Elder Brewster died in April 1644, and so lived to see “the Union” consummated. He was eighty-four years old, twenty-three of which he had spent in America. As he was the foremost man in the gathering of the Pilgrim Church, so he was, no doubt, the most influential in its stability and growth. As we have seen his sun rise and steadily hold its unclouded

course through its meridian, let us pause awhile to observe it as it “melts away into the light of heaven.” Until the able Rayner was settled, in 1637, he must have been the chief instructor of the Pilgrim Church from the time it parted with Robinson in Leyden. The Pastor, Ralph Smith, was greatly inferior to him in convicting sinners and strengthening believers. He is believed to have removed to Duxbury, with his sons Jonathan and Love, in 1632. His wife, the companion of his youth and of his great changes and toils, had died some time before 1627. His son Wrestling had taken of his father the portion of goods falling to him and gone to live on the Piscataqua River, not, however, as a prodigal. Scarcely had the father become settled in his new *cabin*—for no doubt his new home would bear that name—when his daughter Fear, the wife of Isaac Allerton, died, leaving in her father’s care her little son Isaac.

Scarcely had time been able to mitigate the keen sorrow of the Elder, when the last female

member of his family, his daughter Patience, now for some time the wife of Governor Prince, was called home to heaven. Coming between these bereavements was the marriage of his son Love to a Miss Collier. The bride's father was a long-tried and intimate friend of Elder Brewster, one of the Christian and steadfast “merchant adventurers ;” so the marriage was undoubtedly agreeable to both parents, and to the Elder especially, as he found a home in his loneliness under the same roof with the young married couple.

Here then, in Duxbury, on a spot which we propose to visit with the reader, did the great and good man spend his declining years. He was more than seventy years old, yet vigorous in body and mind. He continued to work upon his farm, for he ever loved the toils of the field, and is said by tradition to have planted here the first apple-tree of New England. He did not abate his spiritual labors, for he resided in Plymouth during the first winters after he removed to Duxbury, and served “the mother Church ;” and, until 1637, was the religious

teacher of the little Church of his neighborhood. He was still employed in the public service. Only seven years before his death he was a prominent member of a committee to establish a code of laws for the colony. No doubt he was much in his study, especially during the cold days and long evenings of winter. His library consisted of four hundred choice volumes, including many valuable works of the Christian Fathers, and the Bible in several languages. It was one of the most costly and valuable in America at that time. One of its old Latin volumes, over which the Elder devoutly pored, is now in the Athenæum Library of Boston. On its illuminated title-page, in the trembling hand of its pilgrim owner, is written in Latin, "Man is all vanity." It seems to have been his motto, at least in his old age, for the same is written in one of his volumes now in the library of Yale College.

The closing moments of the veteran pilgrim were full of serenity. They are thus described by Bradford, for nearly fifty years his junior

companion: "Upheld to a great age, notwithstanding the many troubles and sorrows which he had passed through, he had this blessing added to all the rest, to die in his bed in peace, in the midst of his friends, who mourned and wept over him, and administered to him what help and comfort they could; and he again, while he could, *recomforted* them. His sickness was not long. Until the last day he did not wholly keep his bed, and his speech continued until a little more than half a day, when it failed; and at about nine or ten that evening, without a pang, as a man fallen into a sound sleep, he sweetly departed this life into a better."

Of his children, two sons only lived to attend his dying moments, and to follow his dust to the grave, namely, Love and Jonathan, both living at Duxbury. Wrestling had died some years before at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. From some hints in the old record we learn that the Elder was interred on "Burial Hill," that place consecrated by his faithful religious

teaching in the old Fort Church. No stone marks his resting-place, but

“The soul, immortal as its Sire,
Shall never die.”

Standish was the next one of the “old standards” to pass away. He died in Duxbury in 1656, at an advanced age. He was the military leader of the colony to the last. At the alarm of warlike preparations by the Narragansetts, in 1645, he took command of the Plymouth soldiers, mustered for active service; and again, in 1653, he was at the head of the war council in reference to Dutch aggressions. He and his long-tried friend Brewster were immediate neighbors during the last twelve years of the Elder’s life. Standish appears in the pilgrim history mainly as an energetic and skillful soldier, though he was long “an assistant” to the Governor, a trusted business agent, and Treasurer of the colony. There is a traditional anecdote of his early colonial years which has found its way into all the later his-

tories. It runs thus: Having lost his wife in the first winter's sickness, he desired his friend, John Alden, to "pop the question" for him to Priscilla Mullins, a young lady who had come over in the Mayflower with her parents. Alden did the errand promptly, if not willingly. Priscilla looked at the messenger, who was certainly much younger, if not handsomer, than the friend who had sent him, and said archly, "Prithee, John, why do you not speak for yourself?" So John did speak for himself, for what less could he do under such circumstances, and in due time he went to Cape Cod, where Priscilla was living, to be married. He rode on the back of a bull, for horses were not introduced into New England for many years after. When returning with his bride he put a handsome piece of broadcloth upon the bull's back, set her upon it, and gallantly trudged by her side, leading the animal by a ring in his nose.

As the tradition goes, the Captain, who was not eminent for his meekness, never forgave John. But the whole story sounds like a pretty

piece of fireside gossip. The Captain was not wont to do important business in so cowardly a way. John Alden is reputed to have been a pilgrim of the strictest sort, standing upon the nicest point of honor; and as to the Captain's life-long pique at his friend John, it is made unlikely by their intimacy for many years in the Governor's council, their moving together to Duxbury and living there as neighbors, and lastly, by the marriage of the Captain's daughter to Alden's son.

We wish we could speak, as in the case of Brewster, of the evidence that this famous warrior was also an eminent Christian. Though sharing the privations and ever aiding in the great work of the pilgrims, and evidently loving their society to the end, there is nothing said of his religious faith and hope.

It is not probable that when the Plymouth Colony were paying honors to the martial remains of their military leader that they knew that another of their first men had fallen. Edward Winslow, the ex-Governor, the faithful

business man, the wise counselor, the steadfast friend and true Christian, died in May, 1655. His last days were much occupied, after the happy close of the pilgrim money obligations, in negotiations in England for the United Colonies. Once while there he was called before the government authorities to answer to certain charges in reference to his conduct at Plymouth. His accuser was that miserable Thomas Morton whom Standish routed from Mount Wollaston. The accusations were like the accuser. Winslow, he said, had spoken in the public religious meetings without a minister's ordination. To this the accused answered, "It is true; and this we regard as the privilege of Christian men, especially if called upon by the pastor." "And you marry, not being a clergyman?" "Yes," it was replied, "as a magistrate I do, we at Plymouth believing marriage to be a civil compact." Nevertheless, the accusation being so serious (!) and the witness being so respectable, (!) and the accused person being only a pilgrim, he was put in

prison, and detained in close confinement for seventeen weeks!

Governor Winslow's residence, after the removals from Plymouth commenced, was in Marshfield. He named his place Careswell, after an English castle. This beautiful country seat remained in the Winslow family until within the memory of some now living. Governor Winslow was in England in 1655, when Oliver Cromwell appointed him to a public service in the fleet sent to the West Indies. He died on shipboard, and was buried in the sea with the honors of war. More fitting, it would seem, to his life would have been a death among his people, and a psalm sung over his grave on Burial Hill.

Scarcely had the grave closed over Standish before William Bradford died. For thirty-one years he was at the head of the Plymouth affairs, for the most of the time as Governor. When first elected to that office, after Carver's death, he was only thirty-two years old. He was a good ruler, using his great influence not

only for the political but for the educational interests of his people. He is said to have been zealous for the public instruction of the children, and in spirit belonged to the later history of New England. His last home was, we have been told, on Jones River, about half way to the Duxbury residence of his friends, Brewster and Standish. He died in March, 1657, in the sixty-ninth year of his age, and was buried, no doubt, on Burial Hill, where he had so often worshiped; but no one can point us to his grave, and no monument but that of his great and good deeds perpetuates his memory.

John Howland, who had been often an “assistant” and trusted agent of colonial business, died in 1672, at the age of eighty. Though coming over in the *Mayflower* as a servant in Governor Carver’s family he rose to be a chief pilgrim, and was honored in his life and greatly mourned at his death.

John Alden lived to be eighty-nine years old, and died in 1686. He is said to have been the last survivor of the *Mayflower* pilgrims; and it

is a singular fact that tradition has represented him as the first to leap upon the Rock at the landing. But both of these claims for Alden are doubtful. A daughter of Isaac Allerton, who was one of the children in the Mayflower, is believed to have been living at New Haven in 1698. After the death of Captain Standish he was for some time Treasurer of the Colony. It was said of him, "He possessed much native talent, was decided, ardent, and persevering, indifferent to danger; a bold and hardy man; stern, austere, and unyielding; of exemplary piety and incorruptible integrity; an iron-nerved Puritan, who could hew down forests and live on crumbs. He hated innovations and changes, steadily walked in the ways of his youth, and adhered to the principles and habits of those whom he had been taught to honor."

Alden was not from Leyden, but hired at Southampton. The pilgrims said of him then that "he was a hopeful young man." He died with the extinction of the Plymouth Colony.

Isaac Allerton, we have seen for a long time

prominent and useful among the first pilgrims, but at a later period become entangled in the meshes of Mammon. After leaving Plymouth, in 1631 or 1632, he traded awhile on the coast of Maine, and then went among the Dutch at the mouth of the Hudson River. He removed to New Haven in 1647, where "he built a grand house on the creek, with four porches," and where he died in 1659. His sons settled in Maryland.

It is an interesting fact that the descendants of these chief pilgrims have been among the distinguished names of New England. Brewster, Bradford, and Winslow left sons who had risen to prominence in the colonies before the death of their fathers. From John Alden descended two Presidents of the United States, John Adams and John Quincy Adams. From the marriage of Alden's son to Standish's daughter came Wheelock of Dartmouth College, and Kirkland of Harvard College. From the undistinguished Mayflower pilgrim, George Soule, came the eminent Joshua Soule, late Bishop of

the Methodist Episcopal Church. Bishop Soule visited his relations in Duxbury during one of his last official visits to New England.

Thus is the seed of the righteous blessed.

Turning from the closing history of the standard-bearers, let us study the character of their little commonwealth in the *curious laws* by which they were governed.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

CURIOUS LAWS.

THE situation of the pilgrims was peculiar. They were far from the King who claimed a right to rule over them. They were almost alone in the midst of a vast country. Their dangers were many, their habits simple, and their wants few. It is no wonder, therefore, that their form of government was simple and their laws singular. We shall want to know something about both in order to understand their history and character.

The pilgrims formed at first, and lived under, a kind of association, of which "the compact" signed in the Mayflower's cabin was "the constitution." It was a voluntary association ruled by the majority. The officers at first were a Governor and Assistant; the number of the assistants was soon increased to seven, and,

with the ruling Elder, and Pastor when they had one, were the Governor's counselors. The pilgrims were quite particular, in administering the oaths of office, to recognize the right of the English Government to rule over them; but they made no very definite practical reference to the superior power of the King or the Parliament in their government, and the English people were giving both too much trouble to leave them any time to molest their brethren across the ocean. They came to the New World to be free, and they were so. President John Adams said that their policy "was founded on revelation and reason too. It was consistent with the best, greatest, and wisest legislators of antiquity."

The forty-one persons who signed *the compact*, thus forming a little State, and constituting themselves *citizens*, voted into their number whom they pleased. Those thus made "freemen" had equal rights with the original members, and a majority of the whole made the laws. Persons were admitted of "competent

estates and civil conversation, though of different judgments, yet being otherwise orthodox."

The Governor for a long time had no pay except when on duty, and then only "a living," though his duties were often responsible and difficult. Very great deference was paid to those in office, as our narrative has shown; yet empty honors seem not to have captivated the plain pilgrims, for they shunned office. Church members sometimes refused to become freemen for fear of being put into office; and a fine of one hundred dollars was imposed upon any person chosen governor who refused to serve, and fifty for refusing to be assistant, unless the persons elected had just served a year. The later children of the pilgrims have not needed such a law.

Very early the scattered population of the colony was divided into towns, and "town meetings" became a means of local government. They were held at first in the churches, and, later, in "town houses" built for the purpose. They were the primary schools in which the

people learned to make their own laws and govern themselves.

When the little pilgrim commonwealth was but three years old, it declared by the General Court "that all criminal facts, and all matters of trespasses, and debts between man and man, should be tried by the verdict of twelve honest men." Thus early did they manifest their desire to deal justly by all.

But very few court records were made until 1632. From this time they were kept with great care so long as the Plymouth Colony lasted. These records have been printed in many large volumes by the State of Massachusetts, and contain curious things which illustrate the character of our pilgrim fathers. We shall give a few of them. We must remember their peculiar position, and the kind of people who were to be governed, in judging of the laws.

The first offense in the colony which called for the notice of the court was committed by John Billington, whose reputation was a very

sad one. He was not a Leyden emigrant nor a pilgrim, but one of those smuggled on board the Mayflower at Southampton. From the first he was annoying to the pilgrims, who bore long and patiently with him. In the spring of 1621 he indulged in contempt of Captain Standish's lawful authority, and hurled at him "opprobrious speeches." This was putting his hands into the lion's mouth. He was convicted by the Court, and sentenced "to have his neck and heels tied together." He was not long in this position before he learned respect for law, and begged so hard for forgiveness that a part of his sentence was abated.

The pilgrims were jealous not only for the honor of their State, but for the whole law of God. They "ordered that *profane swearing* should be punished by sitting in the stocks three hours, or by imprisonment." It makes us sad to think how many men and boys, and even women, would spend in these days much of their life "in the stocks" if they were put there three hours for every profane word! But

they are now wisely left in the hands of God, who has said, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain."

The pilgrims enacted also that *telling lies* should be punished by a fine or sitting in the stocks. Under this law a certain woman was brought before the Court, but the grave judges contented themselves with admonishing her "to be wary of giving offense to others by *unnecessary talking*." Most excellent advice, and in full agreement with the spirit of the divine command concerning the use of the tongue, and, no doubt, Mrs. "M. B." profited by it. But one Mr. "Smith" was not dismissed so gently; for he having lied about "seeing a whale, and other things," was fined twenty shillings.

A young couple—no doubt they were *young* or they would not have behaved so naughtily in such a matter—for marrying improperly, without their parents' consent, were fined fifty dollars, and sentenced to imprisonment during the pleasure of the Court. But they escaped

the penalty by satisfactory confession, and consenting to a regular form of marriage.

One "R. B." was "summoned to answer for speaking contemptuously of singing psalms, was convicted of the fact, and promised that he would be warned of so doing for the future. The Court sharply admonished him that he should acknowledge his fault, which he engaged to do, and was discharged."

One Mrs. Bessy was brought before the Court for her cruel and unnatural practice toward her father-in-law in "chopping of him in the back." Sentenced to be whipped; and, no doubt, all the people said "Amen." Certain other members of the same family were found guilty of the same thing, "though not in so high a degree." They were made to sit in the stocks.

The pilgrims kept a watchful eye on those whose places in God's house were vacant on the Sabbath, and "R. G. was fined ten shillings for neglecting public worship."

The Sabbath, we have seen, was to them a

loved, holy day, in which, under all circumstances, whether at home or abroad, whether with friends or enemies, all worldly business was laid aside. It is no wonder, then, that they made laws against Sabbath-breaking, and that a certain “J. W. was sharply reproved by the Court for writing a note upon common business on the Lord’s day;” and that others were punished for like offenses.

They prized the Bible above all price, and over its pages they constantly pored most devoutly. It was natural, then, that they should want others to do so, and that any one who did not love it grieved and shocked them. But it was very unwise for them to say that “any person denying the Scriptures to be a rule of life should be whipped at the discretion of the magistrates, so as it shall not extend to life or limb.” People cannot be whipped into a belief of the Bible, and God has reserved the punishment of all final unbelievers to himself.

They very properly thought that card-playing was against the best interests of the little State, so

they “ordered that card-playing should be punished with a fine of fifty shillings. Servants or children playing at cards, dice, or other unlawful games, for the first offense to be corrected by their parents or master; for the second to be publicly whipped.”

The pilgrims, having come into the wilderness to escape the persecutions of King James, very early made laws against the intrusion into their colony of a more cruel and powerful tyrant. They said to King Alcohol, “Be very careful how you come among us; we do not want you except by the permission of very discreet men, and under certain peculiar circumstances.” He would have received a fitting treatment if he had, whenever he appeared, been cast into the sea. But they only said, “The sales of strong liquors and wines are forbidden to all *except strangers*, and not allowed to them without a license.” We think this law increased the number of “strangers.”

The marriage covenant among the pilgrims was not made in the presence of ministers, but

before magistrates; and so these officers of the law were charged to see that husbands and wives bore themselves kindly toward each other. “H. R., for abusing her husband, was sentenced to be publicly whipped at the post; at the earnest entreaty of herself and others, and promising amendment, it was suspended; but if at any other time she be taken with the like fault it is to be executed.”

Slanderers, whom the pilgrims abhorred in a special manner, they being so far removed from their own honest mode of speech, were promptly taken in hand. So “S., the daughter of R. K., was presented for slander, and found guilty; ordered to be punished severely by whipping.”

“A. H., for making a proposal of marriage to E. P., and for prosecuting the same contrary to her parents’ liking, and without their consent, and directly contrary to their mind and will, was sentenced to pay a fine of five pounds, and find security for good behavior, and desist the use of any means to obtain or retain her affections.” The fine and admonition were not

without effect; for “A. H. did solemnly and seriously engage before the Court that he will wholly desist, and never apply himself for the future, as formerly he hath done, to Miss E. P. in reference unto marriage.”

In 1639 the pilgrims undertook the difficult task of “ordering” the dress of the ladies. “It was ordered that no garment shall be made with short sleeves; and such as have garments with short sleeves shall not wear the same unless they cover their arm to the wrist; and, hereafter, no person whatever shall make any garment for women with sleeves more than twenty-two and a half inches.”

Though some of these laws exhibit the pilgrims in a character of austerity, they aimed at the good of all; and many other laws show great tenderness and generosity. There came among them at one time a certain Mr. Ling, “a merchant venturer at the beginning of the colony, who, being fallen to decay, felt great extremity and poverty.” To him the Court, in its own poverty, appropriated a hundred dollars.

The Plymouth Colony began very early to feel the destitution of the section of country in which they were located in respect to timber for mechanical purposes, and accordingly, in 1626 they decreed by the Court, that no boat or building material, or whatever tended to the destruction of the timber, should be exported. They held, too, at the same time, as very precious, the services of their handicraftsmen." The court ordered that "tailors, shoemakers, carpenters, joiners, smiths, sawyers, which do or may reside or belong to this plantation of Plymouth, shall not use their trade at home or abroad for any strangers or foreigners till such time as the necessity of the colony be served, without consent of the Governor and Council."

At the same period they tried to regulate by law the trade in corn, beans, and peas, and forbade that any should be sold to go out of the colony without leave from the Governor.

At the important period of "the Confederation," in 1643, the Plymouth Colony numbered eight towns and three thousand people. It

now commenced a new career, strengthened to receive the many thousands of the oppressed yet in the Old World, who were awaiting with deep anxiety the result of the mighty struggle which was going on between the King and the people, and looking to the New World as a refuge if the battle should turn against them.

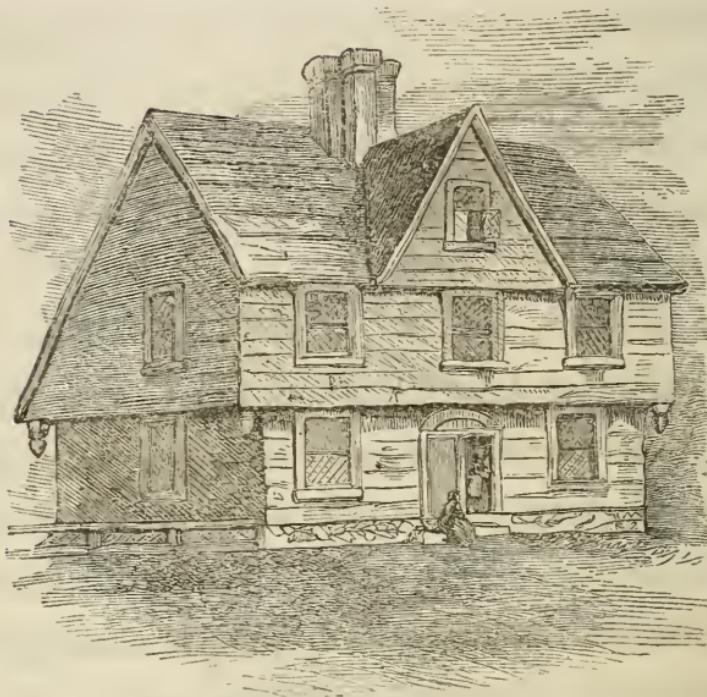
Having just looked in upon the court of our ancestors, let us now enter their churches and homes, to glance at their social comforts and religious provisions and privileges. If some of their ways seem singular, we shall, nevertheless, find the people honest, cheerful, and for the most part truly pious.

CHAPTER XXIX.

DOMESTIC AND RELIGIOUS CUSTOMS.

HAVING had so intimate an acquaintance with the pilgrims, we naturally desire a closer view of their home life. We shall expect to find them living in houses which are comfortable and tidy, if not elegant, and to see them giving attention to education and religion.

The first houses were made of logs, and, probably—we do not know certainly—much in the style of the log-cabins of our present pioneers. They were thatched with straw or reeds at first; but these were so easily set on fire, that in 1627 a law was made requiring roofs to be covered with boards. Dwelling houses soon became varied in style according to the taste of the owner, yet a general uniformity prevailed. A specimen of one of the oldest styles of building is still standing in Medfield,

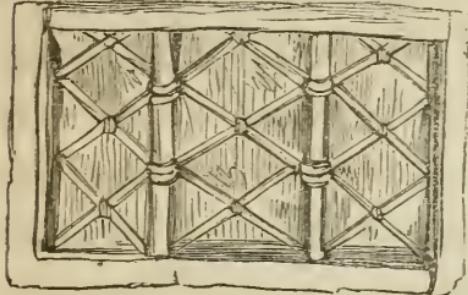


Mass., eighteen miles south-west of Boston. It is known to have been built before quite all of the Mayflower company had passed away. It has a very steep roof with two attic stories, being only ten feet from the ground to the eves, while it is twelve from the eves to the top of the roof. We do not think this style was common in the early days of the colony, but one of still greater peculiarity bears the marks of being better adapted to that age, a truthful picture of which is seen above. In the middle of these

dwellings there was an enormous chimney, containing bricks enough to build a moderate-sized modern cottage. The upper story was larger than the lower one, making a projection just over the lower windows. A tradition says that this device was intended for the better defense of the house against Indian attacks, the projection enabling the occupants to fire down upon those who attempted to force the windows or

doors. The windows had small diamond lights, set in lead sashes.

A few of those ancient houses still



linger, scattered here and there in the older settlements. Within a few years, one which was standing near Dock Square and Faneuil Hall, Boston, bearing the date upon its plastered gable of 1680, gave way to the ruthless march of improvement.

In all the pilgrim houses was the ample fireplace, in one corner of which, or before the

blazing fire, stood "*the settle*," a bench with a high, close back to keep off the wind from the opening door. Blocks of wood sat about the room or by the fire for the young folks. It is presumed that "sanded floors" were in early use, as paint was an expensive article.

While the furniture was, of course, very plain, and not very abundant, there are accounts of a few exceptions even among the early settlers. Some of the pilgrims were men of wealth, who, when they fled from oppression to America, brought a few of their luxuries with them. It was probably later than the Mayflower pilgrims' day when the ornamental chimney-pieces, made of Dutch tiles, began to be used ; but they date back quite early in the history of our fathers, while a few of them linger at this day as mementoes of past generations.

The general costume of the pilgrims was, no doubt, that which they brought with them from England, and was after the fashion of the times. It looks to us like a very sober kind of dress. The broad-brimmed hat with a receding crown,



worn by the women as well as the men, is a very sensible-looking article, being made of soft and durable material. Indeed, they seem to become the women well, and if introduced now might have quite a fashionable run, and be an improvement over the present modes. The white linen collar of the men, sharp-pointed in front, and laid over upon the coat almost to the shoulder, would better, we think, become the women ; but their flowing, loose coats, long vests

reaching to the hips and open at the bottom, become them well, and look comfortable and manly. Their *trousers* extending to the knees, and hose fitting closely to the well-developed calves, with broad buckles on shoes rather delicate for such ample feet, complete the peculiar costume. Cleanly and wholesome-looking were these pilgrims, and not without a certain unaffected grace of manners, if the pictures of them which have come to us are correct.

Having glanced at the dwellings and persons of the pilgrims, let us enter their homes and partake of their hospitality. The entertainment will be cordial, without unmeaning compliments. "Brown bread," made of rye and Indian meal, will certainly be set before us, for it is known to have been early a common article of food with the Plymouth settlers. "Hasty pudding" and milk will, perhaps, make our wholesome supper. If our imagined visit is to a Mayflower family, tea and coffee will not be known; perhaps, if it is in the summer, they may have beer made of roots

from the forest; for they brought from the fatherland the idea that *beer* was better than pure spring water, and their children soon adopted the foolish notion that cider was better than that universal good gift of God. So cider, apples, and nuts became the pilgrim dessert, which were served up in the long winter evenings, while friends gathered about a rousing fire of enormous logs.

Succotash, a preparation of beans and corn, and herring, both articles of food borrowed from Indian housekeeping, will be freely served; and in the winter we may be treated to a bowl of *samp*, also a native dish made of corn.

Deer, wild fowl, and fish were, doubtless, staple articles in pilgrim families. Quite early the practice became common of serving up salt fish *on Saturdays*, not on *Fridays*, for the pilgrim would not even seem to follow a religious usage of Roman Catholics.

It is well known that the Plymouth Colony gave early an earnest attention to popular education. When their enemies among the mer-

chant adventurers accused them of not teaching their children, Bradford, referring to another absurd complaint, said it was just as true as that the water of their springs was impure. They at first made the Bible the principal text-book. Children learned to read from the Psalms of David. When the Massachusetts Colony laid the foundation of a college in Cambridge, in 1636, the Plymouth Colony became its early friend and patron ; and when the printing-press was established at the same place they were prompt in availing themselves of its aid to help forward their efforts to instruct the whole people. Military training of some sort necessarily became a part of the education of their young men. Hence the *militia* laws, and yearly “trainings,” and the required use of guns, old match-locks at first, to which “*a rest*” was attached ; that is, a stick to thrust into the ground, on which to rest it when taking aim in firing.

But it is in the religious history of the Plymouth Colony that the most striking feature

of the pilgrim character is seen. In 1643 the colony had ten ministers; that is, a Gospel preacher to every three hundred of the population. Robert Cushman, with whom the reader has become some acquainted, has the honor of preaching the first sermon; it was delivered, probably, in the "common-house;" for at that time—the summer of 1621—the "block-house" church on Fort Hill was not built. Its subject was emigration—the cause and true spirit of the pilgrim emigration to America. Cushman was not a preacher, and his *sermon* seems rather an earnest religious counsel to pilgrims on the proper spirit of their pilgrimage; and we should give the honor of the first and many next succeeding *sermons* to Elder Brewster, who was Christ's honored minister, whatever he lacked in title. The first church edifice was erected at the public expense in 1648.* It stood on the north side of the "Town Square," at the foot of Fort Hill, and for forty years its bell—for even the first church had a

* See Frontispiece.

bell—rang out a call to its holy service. It is rather strange that we have no information concerning the architectural style of this first church. How interesting would be its “photograph!”

An early pilgrim construction of church edifices was square, with a four-sided roof running to a point on the center, on which was a belfry and bell. There were doors on three sides of the building, each often covered by “a porch,” in which were three doors. One of these ancient buildings, with all its peculiarities, stood on Lynn Common, Mass., within the memory of some of the present generation.

The pilgrims required the men and women to sit apart on opposite sides of the church. The boys were seated in the middle, in front of the preacher, and under the eye of the deacon, whose seat was near the pulpit stairs. In addition to these restraints the boys had a “tithing-man” seated in their midst. It is presumed that these young folks were guilty of no disorderly conduct.

The men came to church in the early days each with his gun, for fear of the savages, and armed sentinels were stationed outside. The "well-to-do" people rode to church on horses fitted with saddles and "pillions," which conveyed two persons, to whom sometimes a child was added. But most of the people walked, not accounting five or six miles any too much toil in order to hear the word of life; and instances are recorded in which mothers walked ten or twelve miles for years together, not unfrequently carrying their infants in their arms. No vehicles of any sort were much in use during the existence of the Plymouth Colony.

There were two public services on the Sabbath, morning and afternoon, with a short intermission. The sermon was one hour long, measured by an hour-glass. They sang the Psalms without the aid of instruments. The simple reading of the Scriptures without explanation was not practiced. It was contemptuously called "dumb reading," and was much disapproved. There were no stoves in the house

of God to abate the cold of the severest winter. No doubt, even under these physical inconveniences, the Sabbath service was the spiritual feast of the week. Having endured banishment for the free enjoyment of its privileges, they improved it gladly in the midst of war's alarms and winter's colds.

The pilgrim children were carried to church to receive baptism when but a few weeks old, and, as they increased in years, were taught great deference to older persons. The adults were very discriminating in bestowing marks of respect upon one another. The prefixes "Mr." and "Mrs." were bestowed only upon persons of some social pre-eminence, always including the minister and his wife. Others were addressed as "good-man," "good-wife," or "good-woman."

Having thus followed the pilgrims from Scrooby to Plymouth, and seen them in their trials and successes; having looked into their courts of law, houses of worship, and well-ordered homes; the curious reader may inquire

whether they have left any mementoes about their Plymouth residence. We have seen their early, can we trace their last, footprints. We should like to take a literal *view* from Plymouth Rock. Let us do so.

CHAPTER XXX.

“ PILGRIM HALL ” VISITED.

IT was a beautiful morning in October, 1867, when we took the cars at the Old Colony depot, Boston, for Plymouth, about one month earlier in the season than the arrival of the *Mayflower* at Provincetown Bay. The trees were clothed in their autumnal beauty. There were intervals of the country through which we passed, between the villages, which presented an aspect doubtless not much different from that which they wore in the pilgrim days. The encroachments of civilization have not taken away all the silent grandeur of the rocky hills, and the wide range of forest trees. The foliage which these forests presented must have been to our fathers one of the most marked features of the country. They had seen nothing like it in the fatherland, nor in their sojournings in

Holland. The deep, mellow greens, the scarlet and golden colorings, shaded by the somber rocks, well illustrated the cold sternness which attended the genuine beauty and tenderness in their own character. There was, no doubt, a fitness here of the country to the pilgrims, and to their noble, but to the world strange, purpose.

But we were interrupted in this current of thought by the pause of the cars and the shout "Plymouth!" The depot is in the north part of the town, and the first sounds which salute the ears of the visitor to this historic shrine are the clatter of machinery and the puff of the steam-engine, the earnest asserters of the spirit of progress in New England's material prosperity.

The first object of interest with us, because the nearest to the depot, was *Pilgrim Hall*. It is a substantial stone building with a vestibule of wood. In front is a piece of the boulder upon which the pilgrims first stepped when they landed, the coming of which to this position we shall have occasion more fully to

notice. It is surrounded by an iron fence. In the drapery around the top of this fence are cast the names of the signers of the compact in the cabin of the Mayflower. We do not appreciate the taste which has given a funereal air to the surroundings of this precious memento.

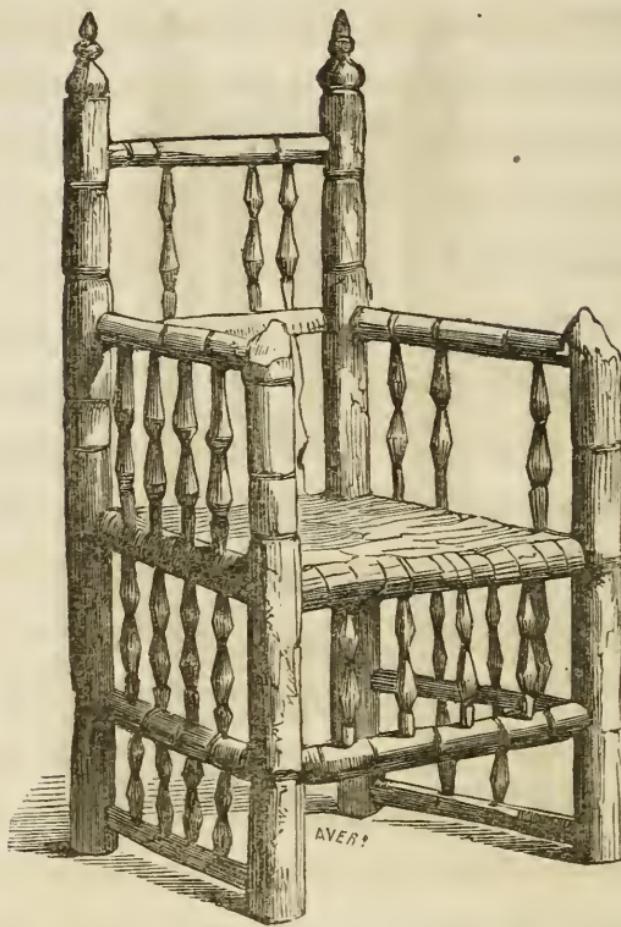
Entering the building you are met by a courteous old gentleman, who for twenty cents admits you to a sight of the treasures within. He has Russell's "Pilgrim Memorial" to sell, the purchase of which will greatly aid the visitor, not only while in the Hall, but at every point of his observation.

The "Carver Chair" is near the door as you enter the ante-room to the Hall. It is ample in its dimensions, has the remains of a "flag bottom," over which has been nailed by some modern owner, who had an eye more to the useful than the historic, a piece of canvas. It was never a highly-finished article, and if it was ever *substantial*, age has so much weakened it that if some modern Falstaff were to sit in it the crash would be decisive. The Yankee,



however, with his open knife, has evidently ventured to occupy it. It has been *whittled* most sacrilegiously, a thing which the careful old gentleman having the present charge would certainly "nip in the bud."

The Brewster chair, occupying a place, very properly, beside that of the Governor, is still more whittled and weak in the joints. They



both give a fitting idea of the comfort rather than the elegance sought by their original owners. These, no doubt, sat often side by side in them, in the *Mayflower*, during its perilous passage across the ocean, and the long waiting at Cape Cod. If they could speak, how much they would tell of the heroic will and

the quiet Christian faith of their early occupants. We sat down with caution and reverence in the Carver chair. We should have preferred sitting in the seat of the Elder, but our fears, quite as much as our modesty, forbade it. The reader may laugh at our sentimentalism, but the associations did for the moment deeply move us.

We must not pause to notice so minutely every relic. Our guide has already gently reminded us that we shall need a long time to get round at this rate. Here is a deed "written and signed" in June 30, 1688, by Peregrine White, who was born, it will be recollected, in the Mayflower. The whole execution is most creditable to one born and "brought up" in days of small educational privileges and great labor and sacrifices. The handwriting is not only very plain, but approaching, in the form of some of its capital letters, to elegance. Beside this hangs a still older deed, dated August 28, 1655. It is acknowledged before Captain Standish, whose signature is firm and a little

flourishing. We notice that he writes it *Myles*, and not "Miles," as it is now generally printed. We do not know whether the Captain adhered uniformly to this spelling, for the pilgrims delighted in the variety of their orthography for the same proper name.

As we pass along we shall not fail to notice the "last will and testament" of Captain Standish. The following is a copy in part: "My will is, that out of my whole estate my funeral charges to be taken out, and my body to be buried in a decent manner; and if I die in Duxborrow, my body to be layed as neare as conveniently can bee to my two dear daughters, Lora Standish, my daughter, and Mary Standish, my daughter-in-law."

This is dated March 7, 1655.

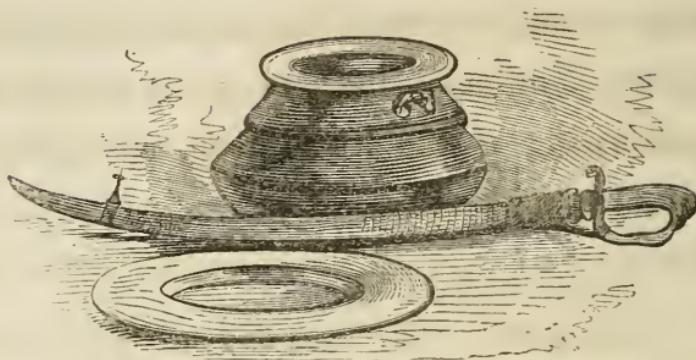
In the same frame with this will is a *sampler* wrought by this daughter Lora, who differs, however, from her father in spelling her name. We noticed no date upon it; but it is, of course, much older than the will, and perhaps quite near the time of the landing. It is in the

style of execution much like those wrought by our New England mothers of a later day. The following is the inscription, wrought, we suppose, with reverent care :

“Lorea Standish is my name.
Lord, guide my hart that I may doe thy will,
Also fill my hands with such convenient skill
As may conduce to virtue void of shame,
And I will give the glory to thy name.

Very different associations cluster round the Standish sword. It is not elegant nor large. It was evidently not made for display at military reviews, but for the stern reality of war ; and if it is that, as tradition says, with which he cut off the head of the bloody-minded Indian at Weymouth, then it has proved itself the sword of vengeance. It looks now placid and peaceful, and we have no doubt has ever been so to all but evil doers.

The Standish pewter dishes, which lie by the sword, are much more formidable in their line than the weapon of war. Their dimensions are enormous, and if they indicate the scale on



which his dinners were served up his appetite must have been as voracious as his sword was valiant; but we suppose they were reserved for the honored Thanksgivings, and other feast days. The iron pot of the same owner was evidently for more common use. A dressing-case which came over in the Mayflower in the White family, and preserved in that of Peregrine White, is quite a fancy article for such a history. It is mainly in the style of a modern study table, resting upon a case of three drawers at either end. The top is eighteen inches long, and the cases of three drawers each, upon which it rests, about twelve inches high by six wide. The mechanic made a rude attempt to inlay the front of the drawers with irregular pieces of

mother-of-pearl shell. The whole is quite a convenient article, rather pretty, though not elegant, and bears the marks of much but careful usage.

The pocket-book of John Alden, which dates back of the time of the landing, would answer for the time when there was no fractional currency, no post-office stamps, no horse nor steam-car tickets, and such manner of things, to be tucked away in one's wallet. Ample size, strong material, and two apartments, describe generally this pilgrim pocket-book.

Here is a more interesting relic, reminding us not of the earthly, but of the heavenly riches of the pilgrims. It is John Alden's Bible, which afforded him and others comfort during the dreary ocean passage. It is in heavy leather binding, which is much more worn with use than is the pocket-book—a good sign! How rich in the imperishable treasure would the children of the pilgrims be if their Bibles were ever the objects of greater interest than their pocket-books!

We were informed that this John Alden Bible was not our translation—that of King James, which was printed about twenty years before the pilgrims left England—but an older translation. The pilgrims, who were doubtless early supplied with the precious word, were too poor to get it in the latest and best form; besides, they would not be likely to be in haste to obtain this treasure from a King at whose hand they had suffered so much. Bradford, even so late as the time when he wrote his history, quotes from “the bishops,” and not from the King James Bible.

There are many paintings of interest to the visitor in the Pilgrim Hall. The portrait of Edward Winslow is the copy of one taken from life, and is the only pilgrim portrait known. Their day was not one of photographs, or we should be able to *see* these honored fathers. There are other historic faces upon the walls, but they do not come within the range of our “Views.”

In the center of the Hall is a painting of

“The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.” Its magnificent gilt frame is thirteen by sixteen feet, and cost four hundred dollars. The picture itself is valued at three thousand dollars, and is the generous gift to the Pilgrim Society of the painter, the late Henry Sargent, Esq., of Boston. As a work of art it is regarded as an effort of great merit. The figures of the chief pilgrims and their families are bold, and their countenances are expressive of striking individuality. The visitors pause before the painting, and study the varied expressions of the group with deep interest. But the student of history, who is seeking only illustrations of its facts, will turn away from this work of genius to the smallest well-accredited relic in the Hall. As a *historical painting* it is a decided failure. It gives no approach to a picture of the scenery of the landing, which could easily have been done. Elder Brewster is represented as bending under the weight of years and infirmities, exciting the sympathy of the beholder in the effort he makes to ascend from the shallop;

while Governor Carver, *who was older than Brewster*, stands in the foreground, the model of meridian manhood, strength, and activity. Carver yielded, as we have seen, a few months after the landing, to the strain which the pilgrim enterprise had imposed; while Brewster, in the terrible sickness of the first winter, was the chief burden-bearer and nurse for others, and lived twenty-three years after the landing, full of vigor of mind and body to the last days of his mortal career. The Indian in the group crouches before the Governor, like a cowed and crest-fallen warrior. It is intended for Samoset, who rushed boldly into the pilgrim camp like a king of the country, who came condescendingly to invite the strangers to his hospitality..

There are many other things of interest in the Hall, but we must not linger to study them.

“The Pilgrim Society,” to which we are indebted for these instructive mementoes of our ancestors, was formed in 1820, and they laid the corner-stone of this hall in 1824. It is by

them this noble enterprise is carried forward. Daniel Webster gave the first address before them in 1820, his star of fame then appearing in its rising splendor.

But the reader may be impatient to get a sight of *The Rock*.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE ROCK AND ITS HISTORY.

PASSING from Pilgrim Hall, along Court-street beyond the Court House and bank, then turning to the left, we are in a few minutes standing on the world-renowned Forefather's Rock. We cannot suppress our disappointment! It is of *itself* a very common affair. A very ordinary-looking rock, a few feet across, lying just above the earth in the traveled way, is all we see. We are naturally surprised that the rock on which the pilgrims landed from their shallop should be here, six or eight feet above the tide water, and a rod or two further in shore than the high-water mark. The facts are these. The rock is directly *over*, but not lying on, the original spot. It has been lifted up, and the whole vicinity filled in with gravel, to make the road and adjacent wharfs. We must imagine Cole's Hill, now rising ab-

ruptly a few feet from it on the west side of the road, as slanting down to the beach until it reaches a spot nearly under the rock, and the rock lying upon the sand partly covered by the tide. *Then* it would be a very convenient, if not the only dry landing-place of the vicinity. From this the shallop's company could scramble up the steep bank, and take a survey of the neighborhood from the slight elevation now called Cole's Hill. Thus located, they could hardly help being attracted to this stepping-stone to the solid land, though they could not have seen, except by a heavenly vision, that it lay at the gateway of a mighty nation. It is . . . “a boulder,” which at a distant period wandered to this place from some far-off land; a real pilgrim, who had waited long to welcome our pilgrims, the firm foundation of whose principles it fitly represented. “It is,” says a geologist, “an extremely hard variety of sienitic granite of a dark gray color. The mica is in very small quantity, in fine black particles. The rock, by rounded edges, bears evidence of

its rolled character, as well as the attempts to break specimens from it, which, fortunately, its extreme hardness renders seldom successful." Fine, large specimens of the rock are preserved for exhibition in a show-case at Pilgrim Hall. These give the visitor, as the parent rock at the shore with its foot and weather-worn surface cannot do, a good idea of its true appearance. A few small specimens are for sale, a piece the size of a common hen's egg bringing a dollar and fifty cents. These take a very fine polish.

But as we look upon this rock, and there come, involuntarily, crowding upon our minds the visions of the way-worn but undaunted pilgrims, with their eye of faith and heart of confidence in God and his truth, we naturally pause and ask: How do we *know* this to be the place on which they first pressed the Plymouth shore? We do not like to indulge here, at least, in filial reveries unless we are sure that this is a genuine relic worthy of our confidence and devotion.

The following statements contain the answer

to this reasonable query: Thomas Faunce, who was the last ruling elder in the first Church at Plymouth, was born in 1646. So he lived during the last years of Bradford, Standish, Alice Bradford, the Governor's second wife, and John Holland, all of whom came over in the Mayflower, except Mrs. Bradford; with the last two he was contemporary more than twenty-five years. Elder Faunce lived ninety-nine years, and died in 1745, having been in his day distinguished for intelligence and piety.

“In the year 1741 the Elder, upon learning that a wharf was about to be built near or over the rock, which up to that period had kept its undisturbed position at the water's edge, and fearing that the march of improvement might subject it to injury, expressed much uneasiness. Though residing three miles from the village of Plymouth, and then in declining health, he left home, and, in the presence of many citizens, pointed out the rock we have described as being that one which the pilgrims, with whom he was well acquainted, had uniformly declared to be

the same on which they landed in 1620. Upon this occasion this venerable and excellent man took a final leave of this cherished memorial of his fathers."

At this farewell visit of Elder Faunce to the rock there was present, with many others, a boy of the age of fifteen by the name of Ephraim Spooner. He, too, became eminent for piety and intelligence, being forty-one years a Deacon of the first Plymouth Church, and fifty-two years Town Clerk. On the anniversary celebration, in 1817, of the landing of the pilgrims, Deacon Spooner, though not able to go, like his aged predecessor, and wet the rock with his tears, conversed freely with the orator of the day before he delivered his oration, and gave to him his oft-repeated testimony concerning the farewell words of Faunce, which he distinctly remembered. The Deacon died in 1818, aged eighty-three, thus connecting some of those now living with the pilgrims, by a very direct line of communication, through which we can almost hear the fathers themselves speak. Their voice has

come to us concerning this matter, through other aged persons, almost as directly, so that we may safely indulge in our pleasant waking dreams of the past while we gaze at the pilgrim rock.

We may with equal satisfaction inquire more particularly about the history of this memento of the past. How came about one half of it to be over this landing place and the other in front of Pilgrim Hall? There is a very pretty story connected with the answer to this question. In 1775, when the rulers of England were exciting the anger of all the American Colonies by "taxation without representation," the descendants of the pilgrims who lived in the vicinity of the rock very naturally caught the excitement, and wished to do something to show their zeal in the cause of liberty. Like most people under such circumstances, they knew not exactly what to do, and so did not the wisest thing possible. A large number of them assembled and resolved to show their own zeal in the good cause, and excite it in others, by removing the historic

boulder to the Town Square, and erecting at its side a flag-staff, from the top of which should float the flag of liberty. It was certainly a good idea to have the memory of the fathers associated with such a flag. So they met at the shore with their screws and levers to remove the rock to a carriage to which was attached thirty yoke of oxen. It was lifted from its resting-place, and the foolish project seemed near its accomplishment, when the boulder burst asunder! No crack had been observed in it, and the excited crowd gazed at the accident in astonishment. They looked at each other as if to inquire what it meant. Some ventured the opinion that it was "a sign," a shadow of coming events; and they read from its separated parts a prophetic story of the separation of the Colonies from the mother country. After consultation they lowered one piece back to its sandy bed, and drew the other part, with twenty yoke of oxen, to the Town Square, where the proposed flag was made to wave over it. Verses were written for the occasion containing more pa-

triotic than poetic fire. In 1834 this portion of the rock made another pilgrimage to its present position before the Pilgrim Hall. It should make one more pilgrimage, and be joined to its fellow at the shore, and then be let alone. As might be expected, during these journeys, or rather while at rest between them, it has been despoiled of many pieces for momentos. Happily, the opportunity for such unseemly manifestations of interest in it is now over.

In May, 1850, the Pilgrim Society took the first steps toward a monument to the memory of the fathers, to be placed on or near the rock. These have resulted, so far, in the erection, in part, of "a canopy" over it. It is a beautiful and costly structure of Quincy granite, with openings on four sides, through which the rock is seen. It measures fifteen feet square at its extreme points, and is to be thirty feet high. The foundation was laid on the 2d of August, 1859, and at the time of our visit was completed to the top of the columns. When fin-

ished it will cast its morning shadow upon Cole's Hill, where sleeps the dust of Carver and those who fell with him during the first winter and spring. It will be at once a mourner for their early death, and a cheerful herald of their immortal fame.

Cole's Hill, or that part of it, at least, immediately fronting the canopy and the sea, has been cleared up and graded, and will, when the Pilgrim Society's plans are fully carried out, be a beautiful public ground. What has been done has required a considerable expenditure of funds in the purchase of old estates and the removal of buildings. We ascended the steps from the rock to the top of the hill, from which a good idea of the vicinity is obtained. A group of happy children were at play on the grounds, a vessel with southern grain was unloading just in front, and only a rod or two from the rock, and a few rods farther off, "mackerel catchers" from the north-eastern coast were discharging their "fares." Bells were ringing in various parts of the village to call the schools

together for the afternoon session, and the children thronged the streets. All deeply impressed me with the strides that had been made since "the landing," even here in staid Plymouth, in all that pertains to the comfort and happiness of the people.

But this "canopy" is not all that the Pilgrim Society have undertaken in honor of the memory of their forefathers. Let us now return to Court-street, pass the Pilgrim Hall, and go back beyond the railroad station. Turning to the left, we soon come to one of the hills on the north-west side of the village. Here, on the 2d of August, 1859, the corner-stone of a "National Monument" was laid with imposing ceremony before an immense multitude. The *foundation* now completed, laid in the most substantial manner in cement, and forming one mass of solid masonry, contains about *one thousand five hundred tons* of Quincy granite. The monument, when complete, will be one of the grandest of the kind in the world. An idea of its style can be obtained from its

picture. The statue of Faith, by which it is surmounted, will be seventy feet high ; and the sitting statues upon the four projecting pedestals will be thirty-eight feet high. The entire design is very beautiful, and will embrace a history of itself. Extensive lands are secured in connection with the monument. The site commands a view of nearly all the places of historic interest in and about Plymouth. When it is completed we shall wish to ascend to the platform on which the figure of Faith stands, and look out upon the storied localities.

CHAPTER XXXII.

PARTING VIEWS.

LEAVING the monument grounds we go back into the village. But before visiting the rest of the interesting sites let us step into the Court House. The building and its grounds are in good taste, and on an ample scale, but the matter of inquiry with us is, the *old records*. We shall find no difficulty in getting a sight of them, for the gentleman having them in charge, though he must be often taxed with the inquiries of strangers, is very courteous, showing readily these relics and answering questions. No records are preserved earlier than 1627; that is, the oldest record-book which we are kindly shown was evidently begun at that date. The paper is, of course, dark colored, and not of fine texture, and the edges are much worn by handling, although it is now substantially

bound. The first record is that of a plan of seven lots laid out in 1620. It is in Bradford's handwriting; it is very legible, and was evidently written from memory seven years after, when the records were commenced. The second entry is of the allotment in 1623 of one acre of land near the town to each person in every family, and a law establishing a trial by jury. This is put down from memory, or copied from some older and lost records. In this second allotment Elder Brewster has six acres against his name, Bradford three, located on Watson's Hill, south of Town Brook.

The records were made in the handwriting of Governors Bradford and Winslow, from 1627 to 1637; they are then for many years made by Nathaniel Souther. When the volume commenced the names of every family and person then belonging to the colony were entered on its pages, in connection with a law for the division of the cattle and a new assignment of lands. So we have, in Bradford's hand-

writing, a starting-point, at this date, to trace down the old pilgrim families.

There are amusing things in these old manuscript volumes, some of which were given in our chapter on "curious laws."

But we must not tarry longer at the depository of these ancient records, for there are other places of interest to seek. Leyden-street is just at hand. It commences on the south-east side of Burial Hill. All about us now is sacred ground to those who cherish with reverence the memory of the pilgrims. We will first ascend the hill and take a general survey of Plymouth and its surroundings, and then visit a few important points. This is the hill on which the fathers built their "platform" and planted their ordnance, and around a part of which they erected a stockade; here, after a few years, was the rude fort built, which was also their first place of public worship. It is one hundred and sixty-five feet above the sea level, and commands a charming view in every direction. On the east is the harbor, shut in

by its two arm-like beaches, seeming almost to meet, making the entrance into which the shallop was guided by the Divine hand on that stormy night when the pilot's wisdom failed and all were bewildered. A little to the north is Clarke's Island, where the first Sabbath in these parts was spent, and where some of the pilgrims would have planted the colony. Far in the distance, just appearing above the horizon, is Cape Cod, where five weary weeks were spent by the Mayflower Company. In the harbor, on the north-east, looms up Standish Hill, which we shall certainly want to visit. On our right, and to the south-east, is Manomet Highlands, by which the pilot of the shallop made the vicinity of the place he sought. Directly across the Town Brook, and near us to the south, is Watson's Hill. That is the spot where Massasoit appeared with his sixty men, and where the famous treaty was made which was so faithfully fulfilled by both parties, and which proved of great benefit to both. The hill was called Strawberry Hill by the pilgrims, but a later

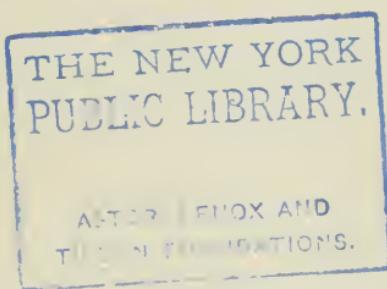
owner by the name of Watson has given it the present name. The Indians called it Cantau-ganteest! They were very fond of this site, as used to be evident by many marks of early settlements. It had never-failing springs of pure water, and was near their hunting and fishing grounds.

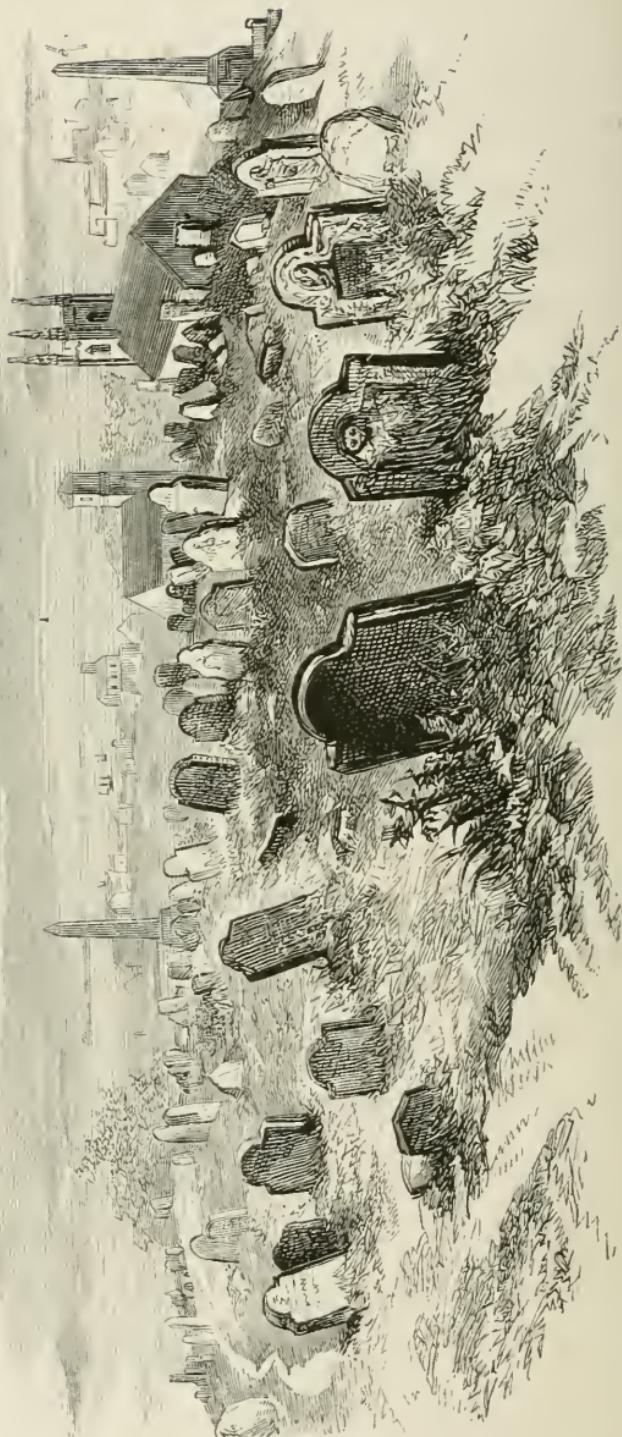
Turning our face toward the south-west we follow the Town Brook up a ravine until it is lost between or around the hills. Billington Sea, from which it flows, is just hidden by the hill-tops. Turning full to the west we see before us, and to the right and left, a continuous range of hills. Plymouth is, indeed, in every direction, a rough-looking country, and in its winter garb of ice and snow must be drear and forbidding. It will be recollected that the pilgrims, viewing it from the Mayflower as she lay at anchor, were delighted with its appearance. They saw Freedom sitting quietly under its trees, or shouting joyously from the tops of its barren hills, and the sight hung a halo upon its forests and rocks, and gave to all the

frosty air of winter the balmy breath of summer.

The valley of Town Brook to Billington Sea is filled with clattering machinery and busy workmen.

Turning to the hill-top on which we stand, graver sights meet our eye. In the town, even now, the living population is not very numerous; *here* is a city of the dead. When this first received the remains of the colonists is not certainly known; but it is thought that immediately after the burials on Cole's Hill of the first winter, when the house was erected which took the double character of fort and place of worship, the hill-top adjoining received their dead. The hill soon received and long retained the name of Fort Hill; and no grave stones were erected until early in the next century. So we have only uncertain tradition by which to mark the exact spot where the fathers lie. The dust of Governor Bradford and of Governor Prince, that of Dr. Fuller and of John Howland, the last survivor of the Mayflower Company,





Burial Hill.

undoubtedly lie near us as we stand musing among the monuments of the dead; but we may not point to the precise place. Monuments have been erected to many of them by their descendants. That of the Cushman ancestors, erected by their descendants in 1858, is the most worthy of the place and object.

Though we are disappointed in our earnest wish to see the graves of the pilgrims, we are consoled by the thought that they live in the strength which they gave to the ever-swelling tide of the religion of Christ, which will yet cover all the earth.

Burial Hill slopes gradually toward the harbor shore on the east, and also toward Town Brook on the south. Leyden-street runs along this eastern slope near the edge of the descent to the Brook. The nineteen lots for that number of families, into which, it will be remembered, the Mayflower Company was divided, were laid out on this street, beginning doubtless near the shore, and coming up to the foot of the hill where the Church of the First Parish now stands. Death

rendered but seven necessary, and the site of these we shall be able to find by the aid of Bradford's hints in the old records. They lie along on the right hand as we go down the street, the Baptist Church now just completed being about the middle of them. Two or three lots beyond this church stood the "Common House" used as a general resort while the others were building. Now let us step down between the buildings occupying these lots and the Brook. The slope is quite sharp, and the pilgrims' "garden lots" running this way must have been very cramped and hard to cultivate. The tide makes up the Brook here so that they must have gone farther up for water. The land immediately around the mouth of the Brook on this side is low, forming a kind of basin, where salt hay was cut in "the olden time," for the use of the parish minister, this being a part of the stipulated pay. As we stood just here, looking into the stream and along its marshy bank, and up to the site of the Common House, we felt the dreariness of the situation of the fathers

during their early settlement, and especially the almost desperate condition of *those seven*, including Brewster and Standish, who alone were able to care for the sick and bury the dead at the crisis of the sickness. The securing of a supply of water alone, for all purposes, at such a time, must have been no trifling task.

Going beyond the mill, which now stretches across the stream just below here, and standing, as we did, at low tide, where the stream empties into the harbor, one is impressed with the labor of bringing the goods as well as passengers from the Mayflower to the shallop's landing on the Brook near the Common House. A dreary sand-flat extends for miles in every direction. As it happened, "a coaster," of perhaps one hundred and thirty tons, lay at anchor about a mile and a half away, and not far from the spot where the Mayflower must have rode while waiting for the colonists to get settled. Though the coaster was smaller than the Mayflower, she seemed to be aground at that distance. The difficulties, then, of the pilgrim's

removal to the shore were increased by the fact that they were able to work only at nearly high tide, and having to accommodate themselves to the changing high water hour whether it was early or late in the day. To have still clung to their purpose of making these shores their permanent home, after their experience of months, so as not to express a wish to return in the Mayflower, proved indeed what they had said before leaving England: "We are well weaned from the delicate milk of our mother country, and inured to the difficulties of a strange and hard land."

Having glanced at the objects of interest in Plymouth we returned to the depot, took the cars for Kingston, and there entered the stage for Duxbury. The distance this way is eight miles. A pleasant sail from the mouth of Town Brook, of about three miles, would have brought us to the same point. In Duxbury, under the guidance of our friend and kind host, the Rev. Dr. Coggshall, we could not fail to find every spot of historic interest. We

sought first, of course, the "Captain's Hill." It is an oval-shaped elevation of one hundred and eighty feet. The view is nearly the same as from Burial Hill, but more extensive and beautiful. On the south-west is Jones River, up which the pilgrims sailed in their shallop before selecting their site, and upon whose banks some were in favor of locating. Between that and the Captain's Hill Bradford had his last residence; and a lot near the Kingston depot is shown as that on which his son, Major William Bradford, lived.

We descended the hill directly east, and paused midway between its northern and southern extremity. Here we had full before us the "Nook," as it was called, extending to the water's edge, and bearing to the north. This was Elder Brewster's farm—the land he cultivated when over seventy years of age, and on which, as we have stated, he planted the first apple-trees of New England, an act which seems trifling, but of no small merit. Turning to the right we see what was

the farm of Captain Standish, which included the hill itself. We passed down the hill still facing east, and walked through a farm-yard, up a cart-path to an old cellar. On this spot a few years ago, lived an aged man, a descendant of the pilgrims, by the name of *Soule*. The house and aged occupant have both passed away. The diamond-shaped glass among the rubbish indicated the age of the building. This house was, beyond a doubt, the immediate successor of that which Brewster built on the same spot, and in which he closed his eventful career. A few years ago, on the land of the vicinity, a silver spoon was found, marked "J. B.," the initials of his son Jonathan.

We turned from this hallowed spot and walked a short distance south-east to the banks of the sea-shore. Here, only a few rods from the wave-washed beach, is the site of the house of Miles Standish. That which he built was enlarged by his son after his death, and the new part occupied as a store. The whole was burned in 1665, and the son erected

another house farther south. A few years ago a distinguished antiquarian made a thorough examination of the ground. After removing two or three feet of dirt and charred matter he uncovered the stone foundations of the house. It showed that the addition was long and narrow, and so placed as to strike the main building at a sharp angle, one corner just touching it. A most singular construction, but perhaps devised for better defense against Indian attacks. The work of the excavator confirmed the tradition that this was the Standish residence, and that merchandise was kept there. Considerable quantities of the remains of axes, hooks, door-trimmings, knives, spoons, pipes, nails, etc., were turned out.

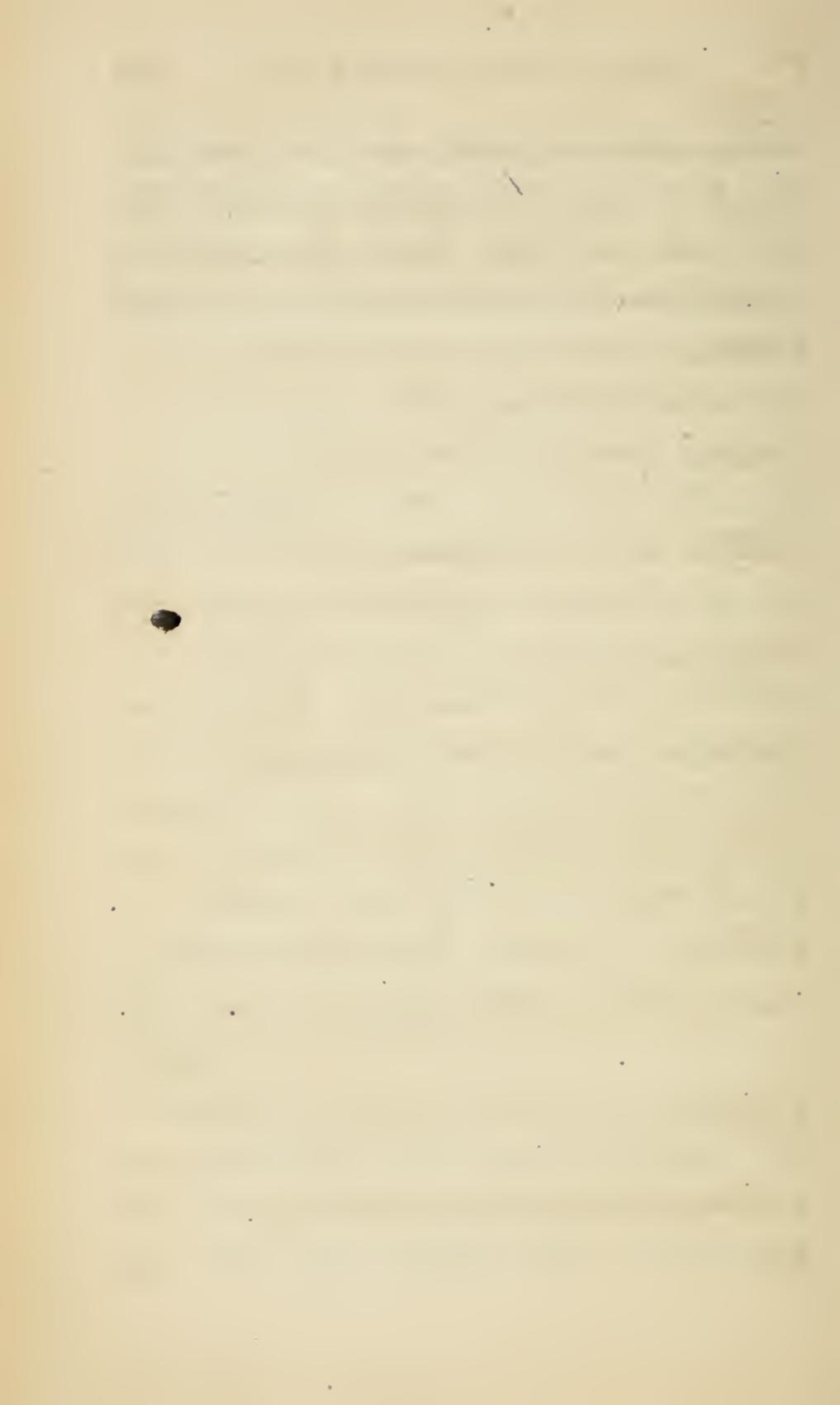
We found, a few rods south-westward of this site, the locality of the famous "Standish Spring." A depression in the ground, around which were laid stones, was all that was to be seen. The sea has tapped it below the bank, and it now bubbles up on the beach.

We walked a little further south to take a better view of the Standish farm. His house stood on the rise of land, which bordered on an extended meadow, the great attraction, no doubt, in his removal here. The meadow is now a salt marsh. The encroachments of the sea have spoiled the best land, have come near the foundation of his house, and will soon efface all evidence of its having stood here. The Captain and the Elder located their houses on that line of their farms which brought them near together. This could not be an accident. Their long-established love for each other was strong in old age. On these lands, when meeting in the fields, and by firesides near the spots we examined, they talked over the eventful scenes of the past, and, could it be otherwise? their hopes through Christ of the eternal future.

Reader, let us from the Captain's Hill take our last survey of this historic locality. The men whom we have attempted to hold up to your view have passed away. The same

ocean, rock, and river, are here, but they who have given them renown are dead. Yet their influence lives. Views that shall embrace them fully must extend to the latest time.

THE END.



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